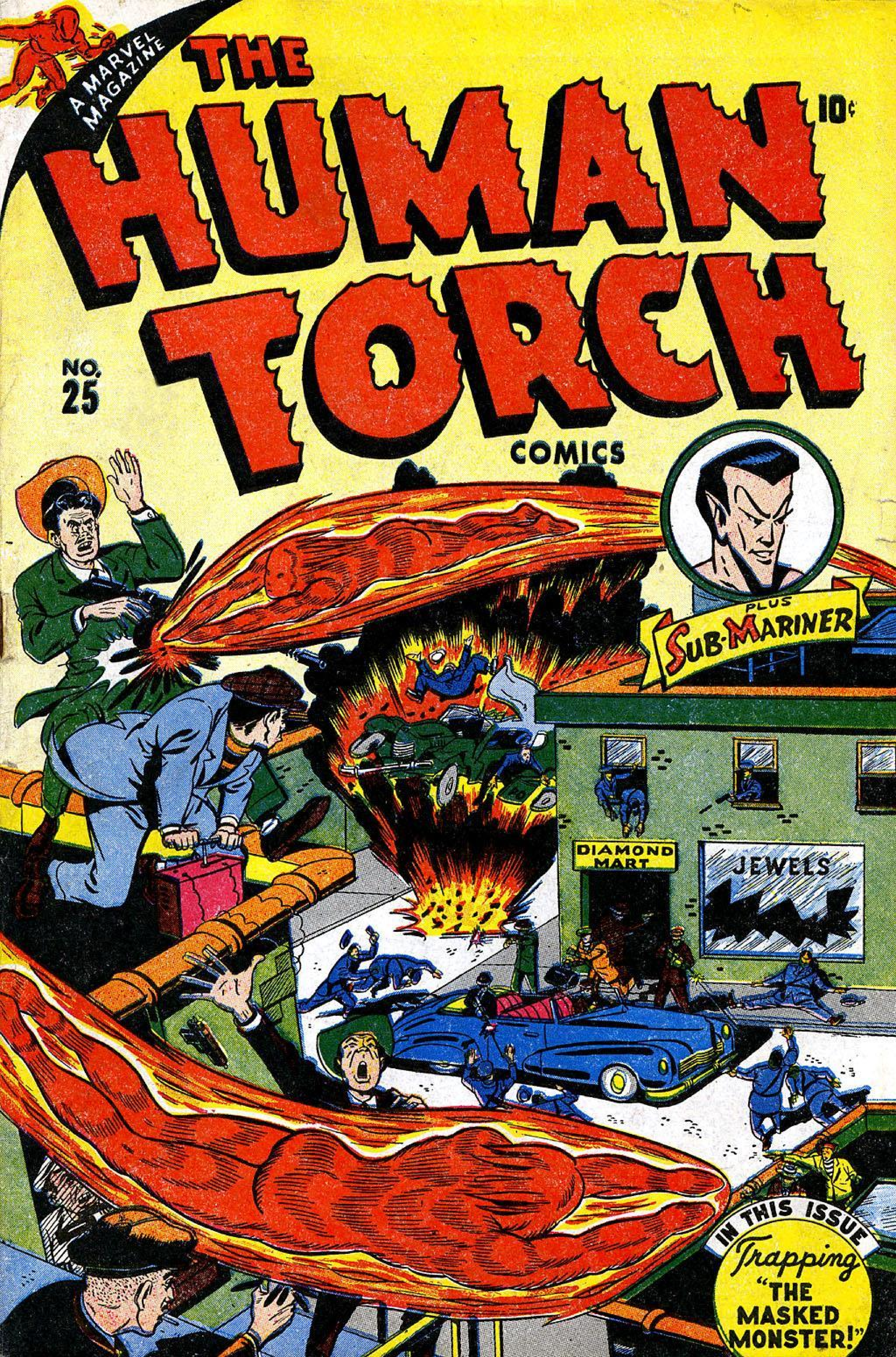
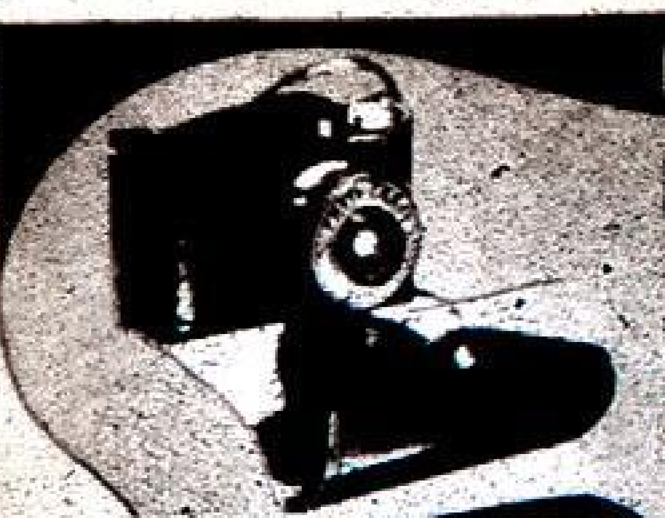

A MARVEL MAGAZINE
THE HUMAN TORCH
COMICS
10¢
NO. 25
PLUS SUB-MARINER
DIAMOND MART
JEWELS
IN THIS ISSUE
Trapping "THE MASKED MONSTER!"

Here's The Greatest Offer Ever Made To Amateur Camera Fans!



For Only $3.98 You Get A Complete 5-PIECE CANDID TYPE CAMERA OUTFIT

Plus a chance to WIN $500.00 CASH

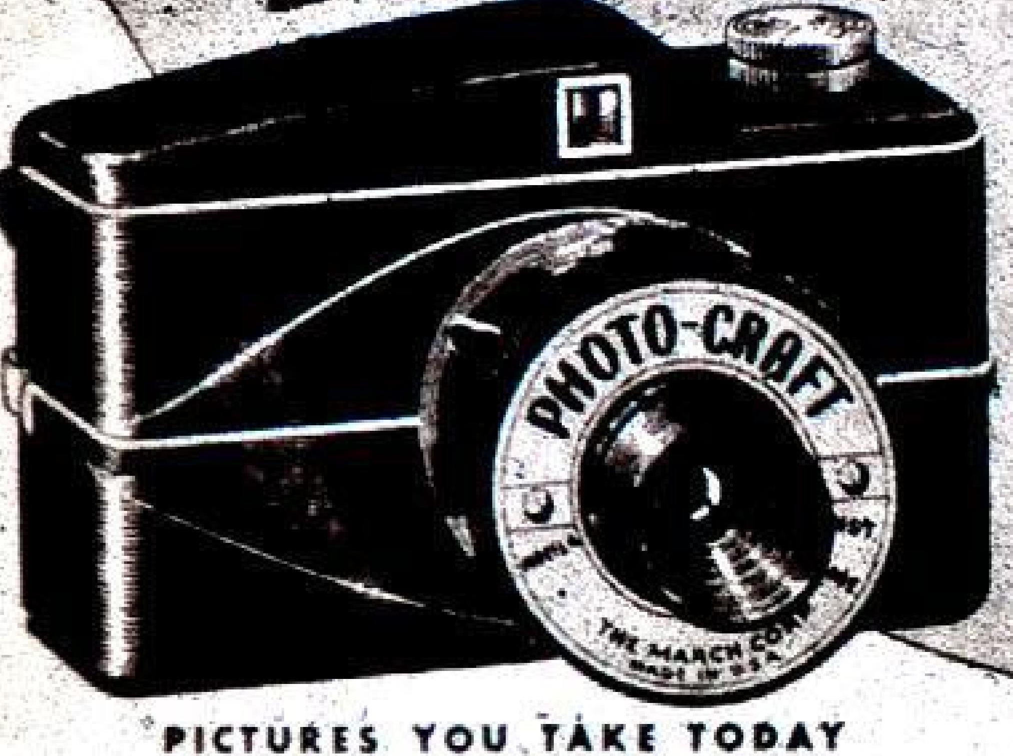


PHOTO-CRAFT
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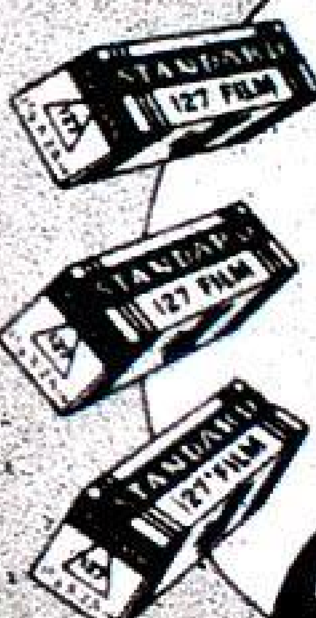
MADE IN U.S.A.



OUTFIT INCLUDES ALL THIS:

- ★ Genuine Prize-Winning PHOTO-CRAFT CAMERA
- ★ Shoulder Strap CARRYING CASE ★ 3 ROLLS No. 127 FILM
- ★ Entry Blank in Amateur Picture-Taking Contest for Best Pictures Taken with a Photo-Craft Camera

58 AWARDS TOTALING $1250

1st Prize .... $500 2nd Prize .... $250 3rd Prize $100
25-$10 Honorable Mentions $250 30-$5 Merit Awards $150

ALL FOR ONLY $3.98 POST PAID

PICTURES YOU TAKE TODAY WILL BE THE TREASURES OF TOMORROW

And, with your very first Photo-Craft snapshot you may win a treasure for yourself, today. For your Prize Winning Photo-Craft Candid Camera outfit comes to you ready to go to work—with a handy shoulder strap-carrying case AND enough film for 48 exposures — for only $3.98. Imagine getting for so little a camera capable of taking Prize Winning pictures. You need no special skill to operate a Photo-Craft. Even if you have never used ANY camera, the Photo-Craft is so simple and "picture-sure" that the first picture you take of a loved one, your mom or the family pet may be a "Prize Winner" — a picture that may earn for you as much as $500! And remember your Photo-Craft will also take full color pictures when loaded with colorchrome film. So whether for a gift or for yourself, order your Photo-Craft now. Complete details of the great $1,250 Prize Contest together with an entry blank are included with your prize-winning, 5-piece Photo-Craft Camera outfit.

LOOK AT ALL THESE FEATURES

- ★ Genuine [illegible] Ground and Pitch Polished Lens
- ★ Takes 16 Pictures on Any Standard No. 127 Film
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- ★ Has "Bullseye" Level View Finder
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Sold on an "Examine At Our Risk" GUARANTEE OF SATISFACTION

Yes, if you don't feel that your Photo-Craft is everything you expected, you may return it in 10 days for complete refund.

RUSH THIS COUPON FOR CAMERA OUTFIT

NATIONAL NOVELTIES, Dept **PW50**
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Rush my Prize Winning Photo-Craft outfit at $3.98 with Handy Shoulder Strap Carrying Case and 3 rolls of No. 127 Film—and complete details of the Photo-Craft $1,250 Contest for Amateur Camera Fans.
My money will be refunded if returned in 10 days.

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☐ I'm enclosing $3.98 in full payment. Ship Postpaid.
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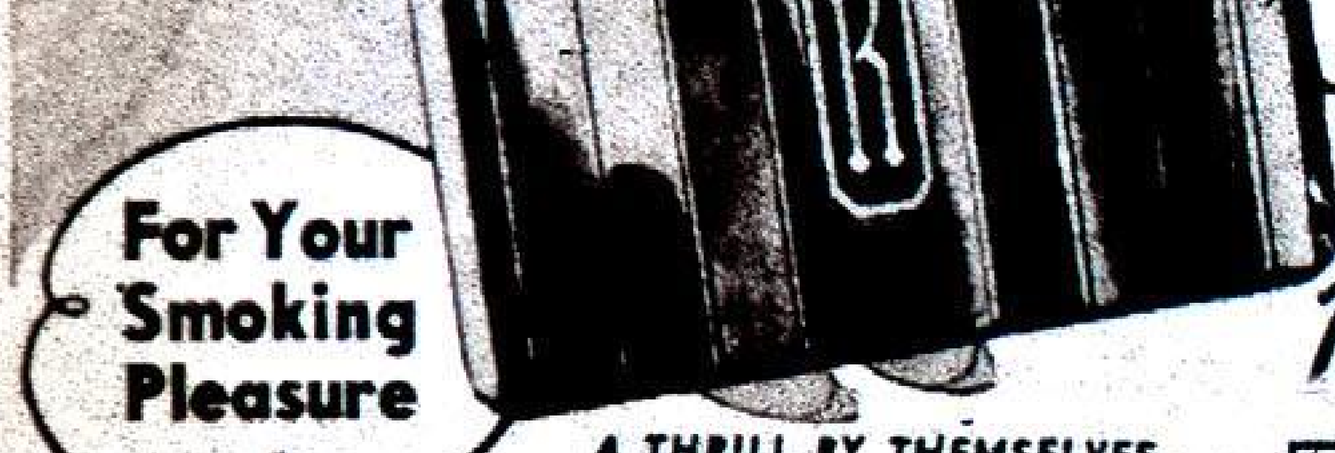
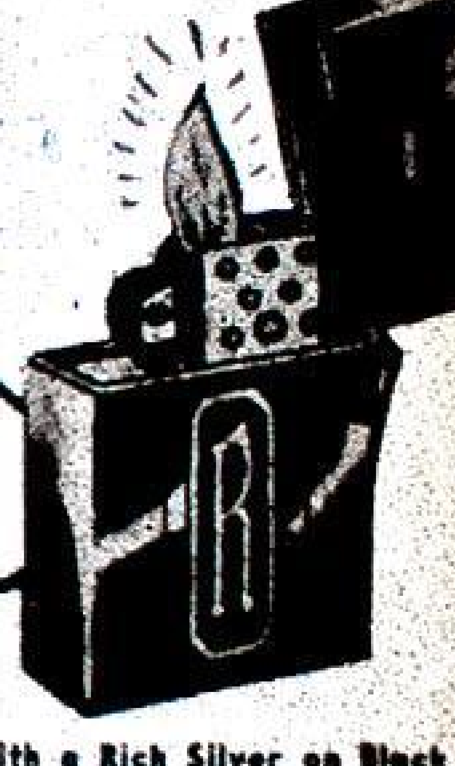
Biggest Smoker's Value Ever!

Windproof LIGHTER and POP-UP Plastic CIGARETTE CASE

Top slides open and pops up your favorite cigarette

BOTH FOR $2.98 TAX FREE POST PAID





A Matched Set You'll Be Proud To Give or Get

Both Personalized With a Rich Silver on Black **MONOGRAMMED INITIAL** of your own choice

For Your Smoking Pleasure

A THRILL BY THEMSELVES . . . . . . A TRIUMPH TOGETHER

Take the lighter, for instance! It's a genuine "Feather Lite," cased in gleaming heat resistant black plastic. Famed for the instant, positive action it's the favorite "flame" of smokers the nation over. Just a twirl of your thumb lights it—and its wind guard *keeps it lit.* And if you want the joy of added smoking pleasure, your answer is the matching POP-UP cigarette case, which is actually a cigarette butler too, ready to serve you on split-second notice! *Every* cigarette that bobs up out of a POP-UP is invitingly fresh, firm and enjoyably fragrant! They're a peach of a pair, both yours to own for only $2.98—and if you don't think you've bought a double value after seeing your thrilling twosome—we'll refund your money *cheerfully* . . . quick as a flash . . . *And that's a promise!*

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PRINT INITIAL IN THIS BOX ☐

Please rush Feather Lite Windproof Lighter and Matching POP-UP Cigarette case personalized with initial printed in box above.

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☐ I am enclosing $2.98. Send my Personalized Smoker Set Postpaid
☐ Send my Personalized Smoker Set C.O.D. I will pay postman $2.98 plus postage.

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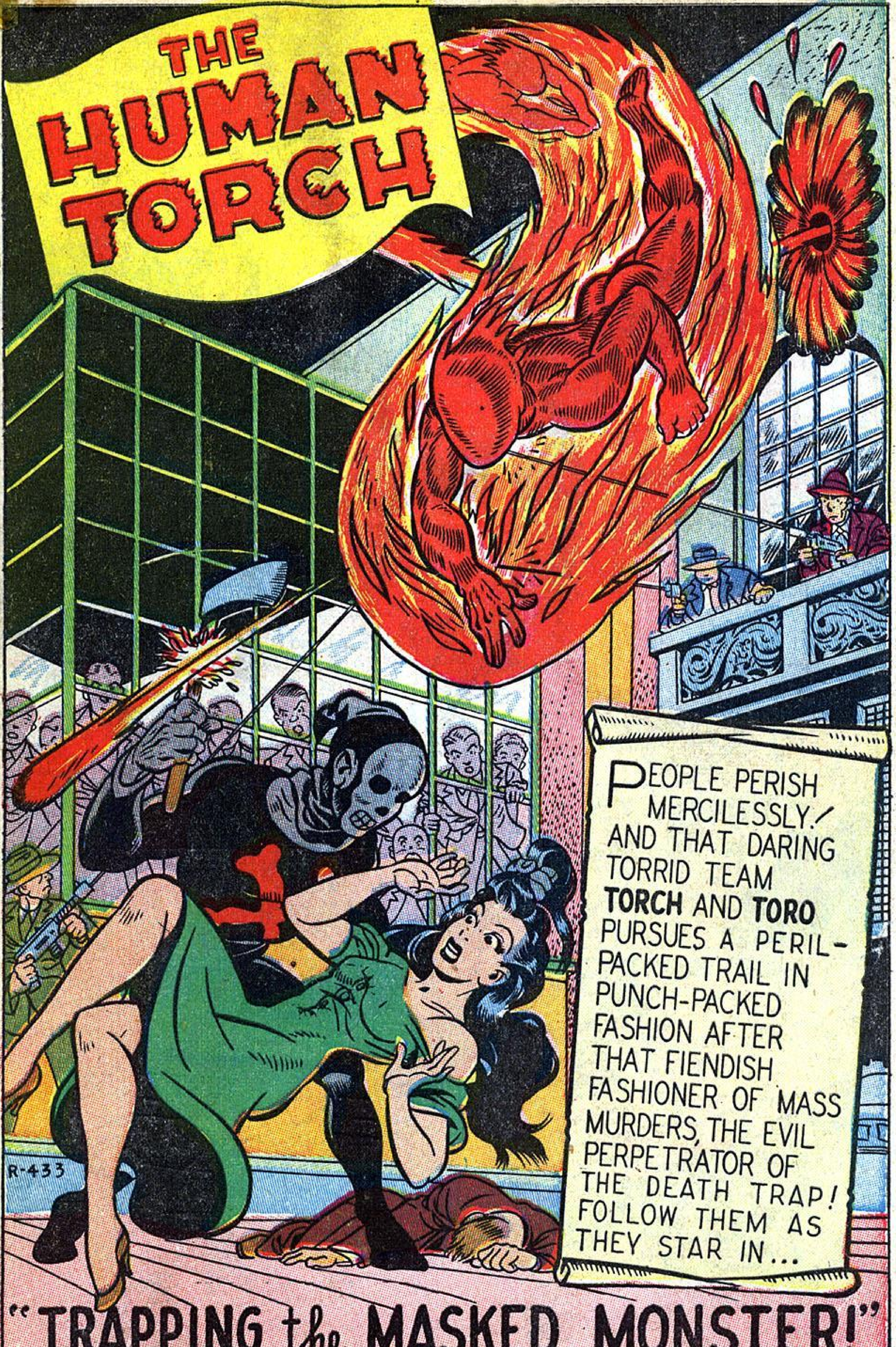
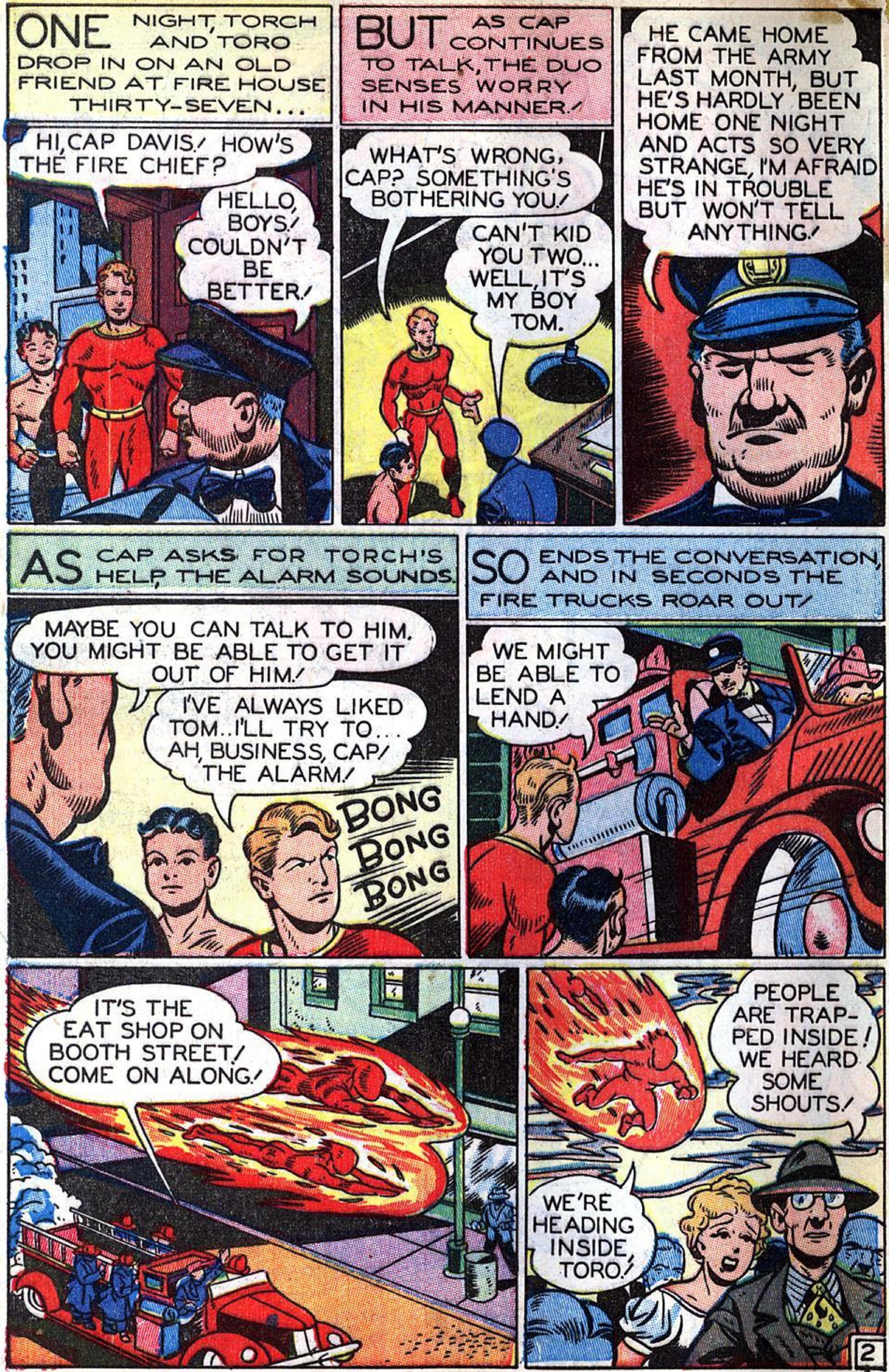
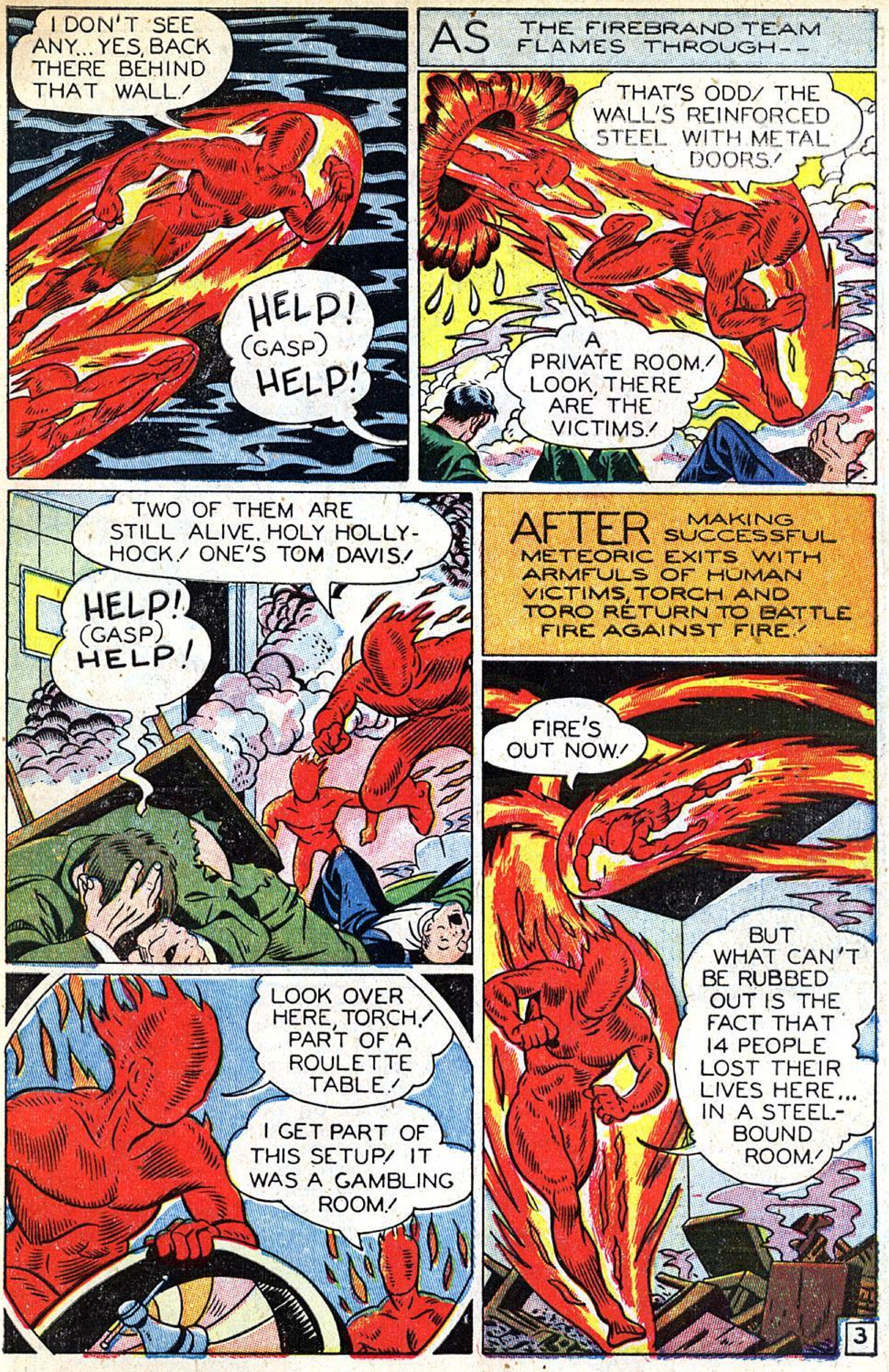
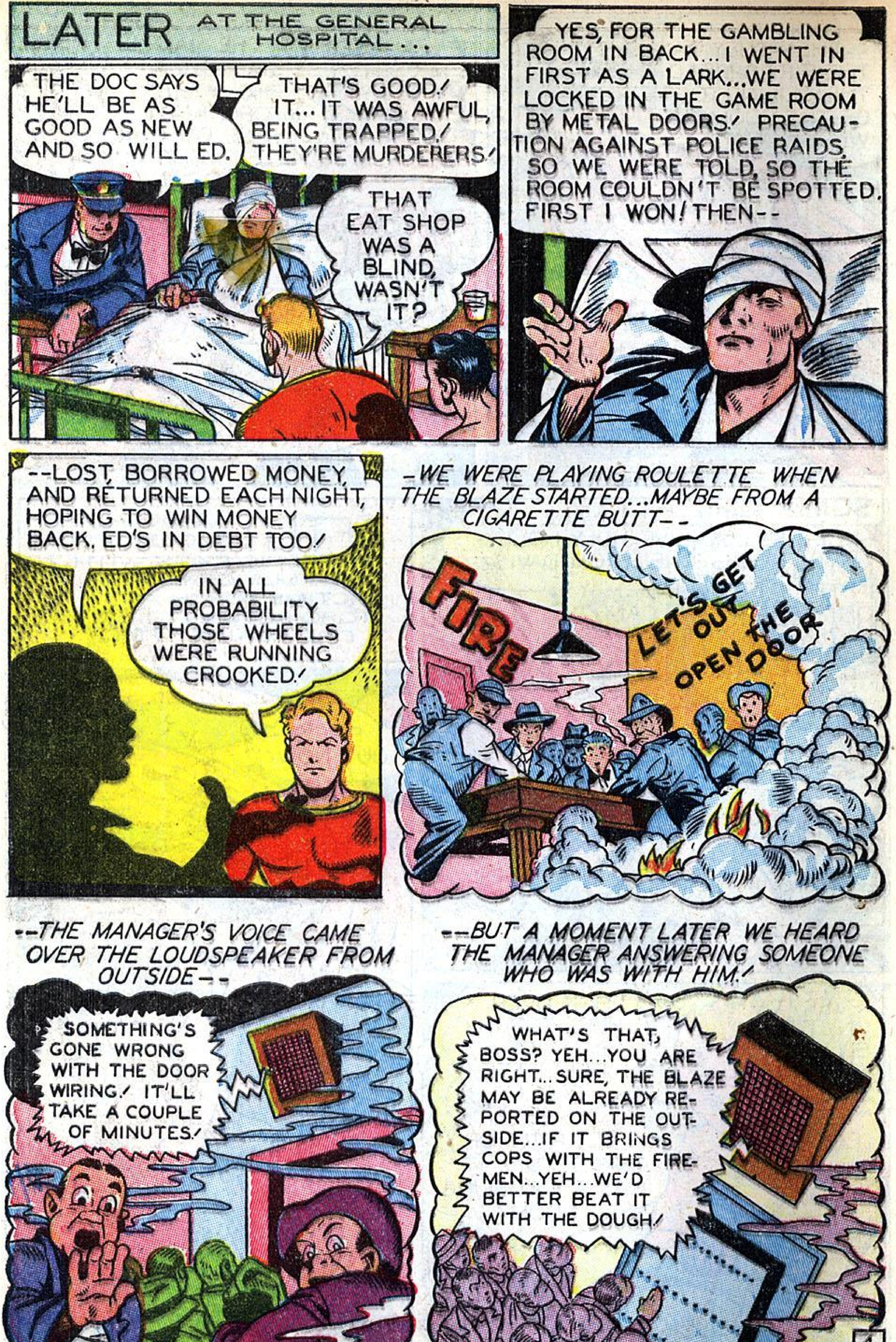
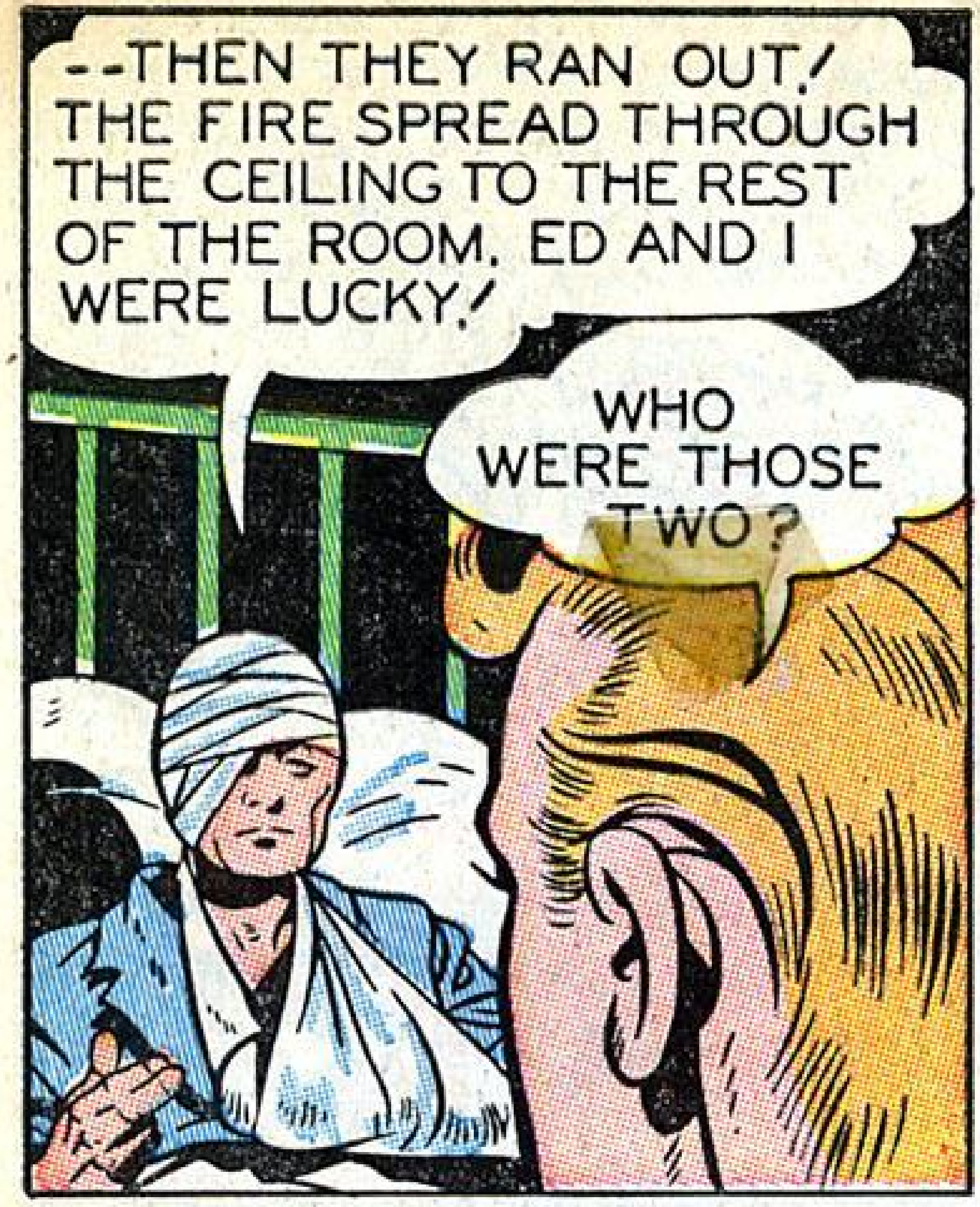

THE HUMAN TORCH
PEOPLE PERISH MERCILESSLY! AND THAT DARING TORRID TEAM **TORCH** AND **TORO** PURSUES A PERIL-PACKED TRAIL IN PUNCH-PACKED FASHION AFTER THAT FIENDISH FASHIONER OF MASS MURDERS, THE EVIL PERPETRATOR OF THE DEATH TRAP! FOLLOW THEM AS THEY STAR IN...
R-433

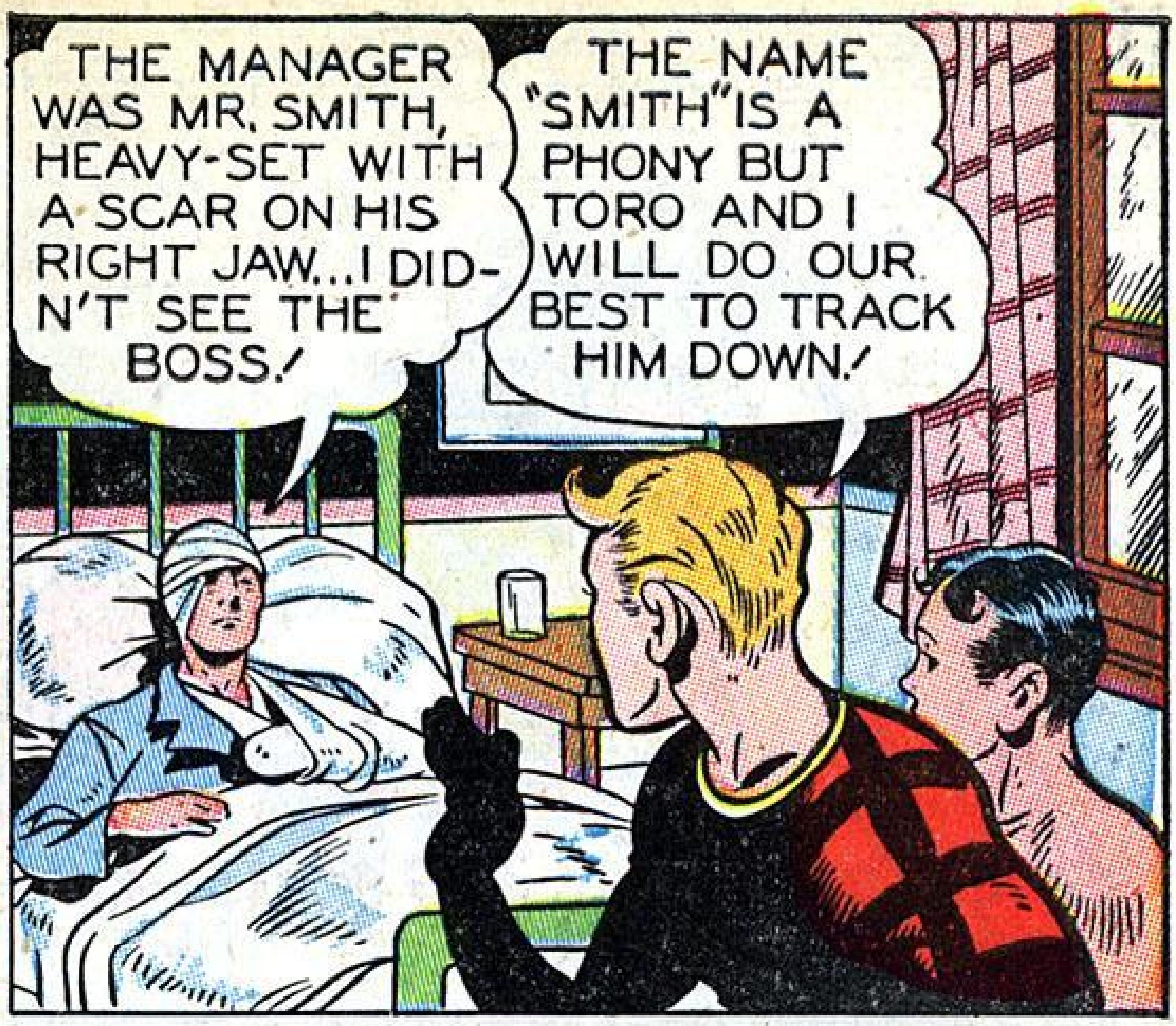
"TRAPPING the MASKED MONSTER!"

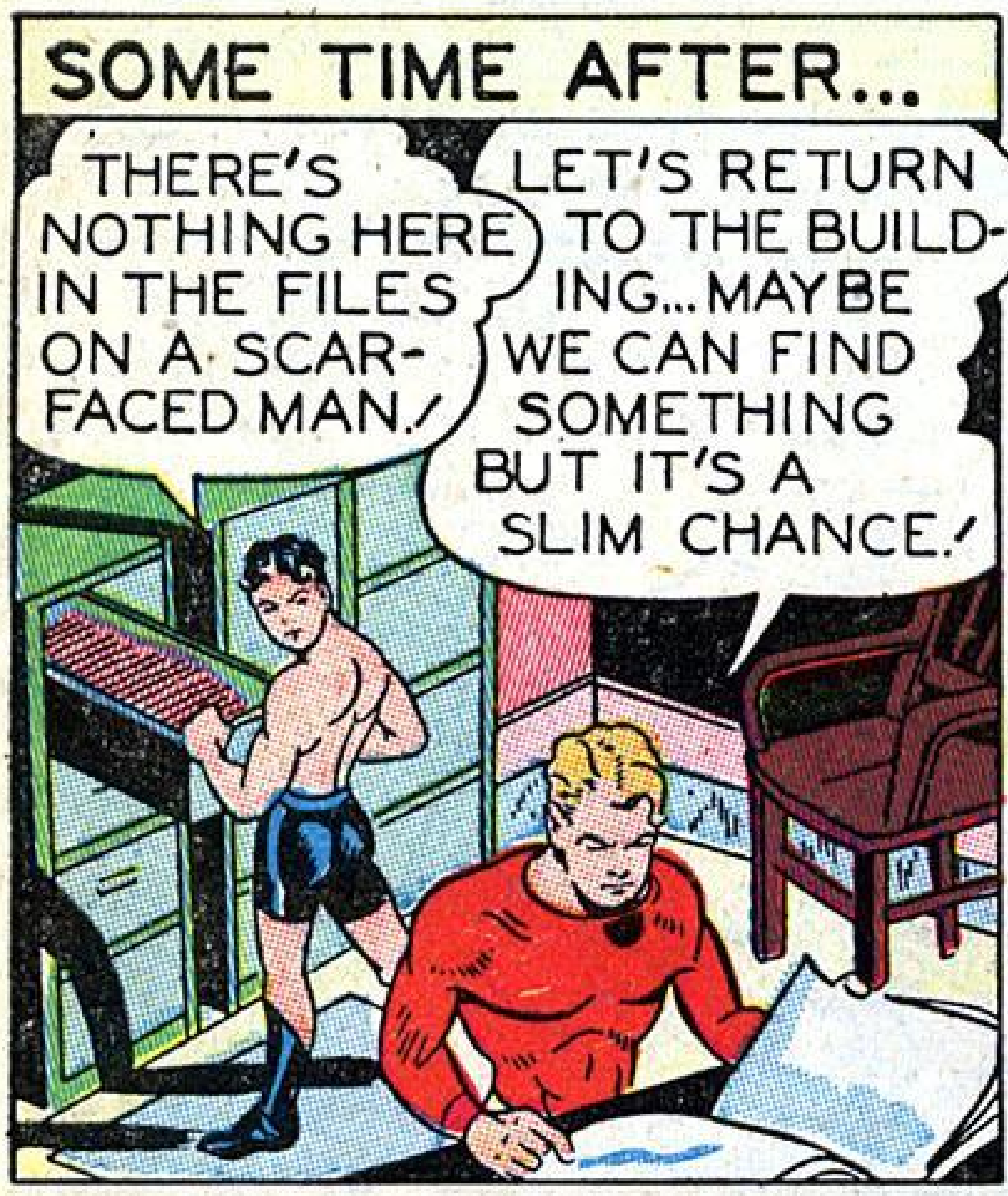

ONE NIGHT, TORCH AND TORO DROP IN ON AN OLD FRIEND AT FIRE HOUSE THIRTY-SEVEN...
HI, CAP DAVIS! HOW'S THE FIRE CHIEF?
HELLO, BOYS! COULDN'T BE BETTER!
BUT AS CAP CONTINUES TO TALK, THE DUO SENSES WORRY IN HIS MANNER!
WHAT'S WRONG, CAP? SOMETHING'S BOTHERING YOU!
CAN'T KID YOU TWO... WELL, IT'S MY BOY TOM.
HE CAME HOME FROM THE ARMY LAST MONTH, BUT HE'S HARDLY BEEN HOME ONE NIGHT AND ACTS SO VERY STRANGE, I'M AFRAID HE'S IN TROUBLE BUT WON'T TELL ANYTHING!
AS CAP ASKS FOR TORCH'S HELP, THE ALARM SOUNDS.
MAYBE YOU CAN TALK TO HIM. YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO GET IT OUT OF HIM!
I'VE ALWAYS LIKED TOM.. I'LL TRY TO... AH, BUSINESS, CAP! THE ALARM!
BONG
BONG
BONG
SO ENDS THE CONVERSATION, AND IN SECONDS THE FIRE TRUCKS ROAR OUT!
WE MIGHT BE ABLE TO LEND A HAND!
IT'S THE EAT SHOP ON BOOTH STREET! COME ON ALONG!
PEOPLE ARE TRAPPED INSIDE! WE HEARD SOME SHOUTS!
WE'RE HEADING INSIDE, TORO!

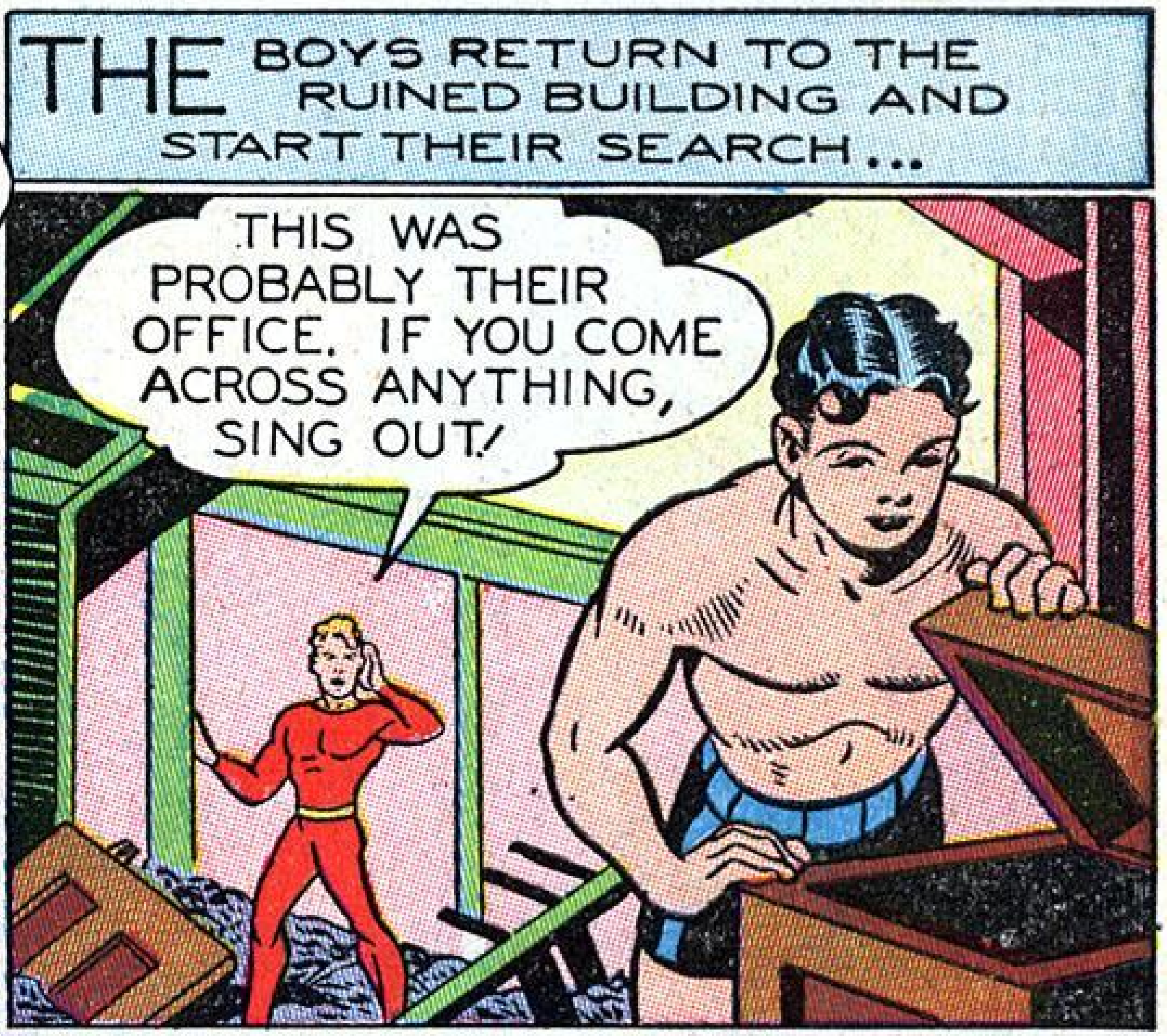

I DON'T SEE ANY... YES, BACK THERE BEHIND THAT WALL!
HELP! (GASP) HELP!
AS THE FIREBRAND TEAM FLAMES THROUGH--
THAT'S ODD! THE WALL'S REINFORCED STEEL WITH METAL DOORS!
A PRIVATE ROOM! LOOK, THERE ARE THE VICTIMS!
TWO OF THEM ARE STILL ALIVE, HOLY HOLLYHOCK! ONE'S TOM DAVIS!
HELP! (GASP) HELP!
AFTER MAKING SUCCESSFUL METEORIC EXITS WITH ARMFULS OF HUMAN VICTIMS, TORCH AND TORO RETURN TO BATTLE FIRE AGAINST FIRE!
FIRE'S OUT NOW!
BUT WHAT CAN'T BE RUBBED OUT IS THE FACT THAT 14 PEOPLE LOST THEIR LIVES HERE... IN A STEEL-BOUND ROOM!
LOOK OVER HERE, TORCH! PART OF A ROULETTE TABLE!
I GET PART OF THIS SETUP! IT WAS A GAMBLING ROOM!

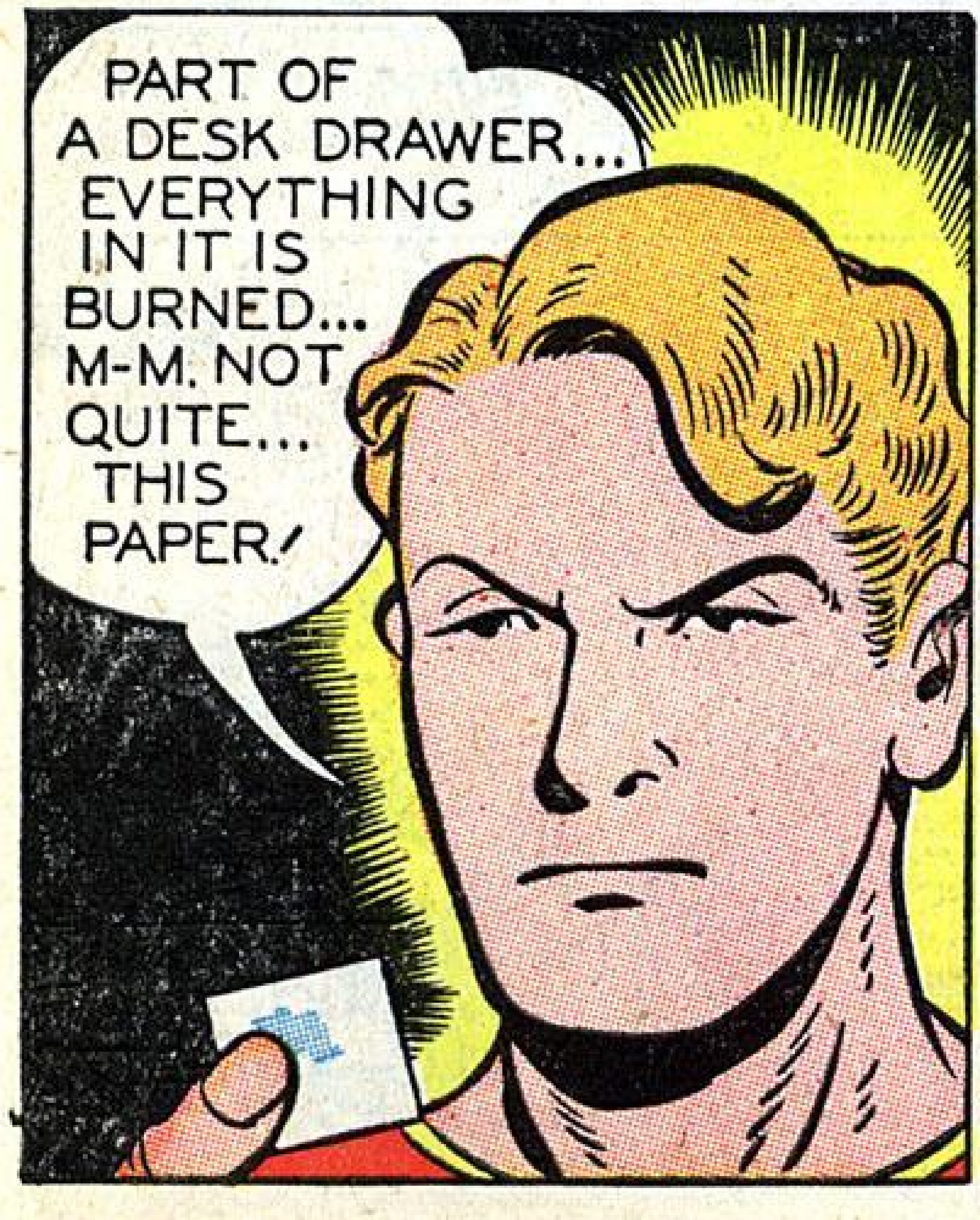

LATER AT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL...
THE DOC SAYS HE'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW AND SO WILL ED.
THAT'S GOOD! IT... IT WAS AWFUL, BEING TRAPPED! THEY'RE MURDERERS!
THAT EAT SHOP WAS A BLIND, WASN'T IT?
YES, FOR THE GAMBLING ROOM IN BACK... I WENT IN FIRST AS A LARK... WE WERE LOCKED IN THE GAME ROOM BY METAL DOORS! PRECAUTION AGAINST POLICE RAIDS, SO WE WERE TOLD, SO THE ROOM COULDN'T BE SPOTTED. FIRST I WON! THEN--
--LOST, BORROWED MONEY, AND RETURNED EACH NIGHT, HOPING TO WIN MONEY BACK. ED'S IN DEBT TOO!
IN ALL PROBABILITY THOSE WHEELS WERE RUNNING CROOKED!
--WE WERE PLAYING ROULETTE WHEN THE BLAZE STARTED... MAYBE FROM A CIGARETTE BUTT--
FIRE
LET'S GET OUT
OPEN THE DOOR
--THE MANAGER'S VOICE CAME OVER THE LOUDSPEAKER FROM OUTSIDE--
SOMETHING'S GONE WRONG WITH THE DOOR WIRING! IT'LL TAKE A COUPLE OF MINUTES!
--BUT A MOMENT LATER WE HEARD THE MANAGER ANSWERING SOMEONE WHO WAS WITH HIM!
WHAT'S THAT, BOSS? YEH... YOU ARE RIGHT... SURE, THE BLAZE MAY BE ALREADY REPORTED ON THE OUTSIDE... IF IT BRINGS COPS WITH THE FIREMEN... YEH... WE'D BETTER BEAT IT WITH THE DOUGH!

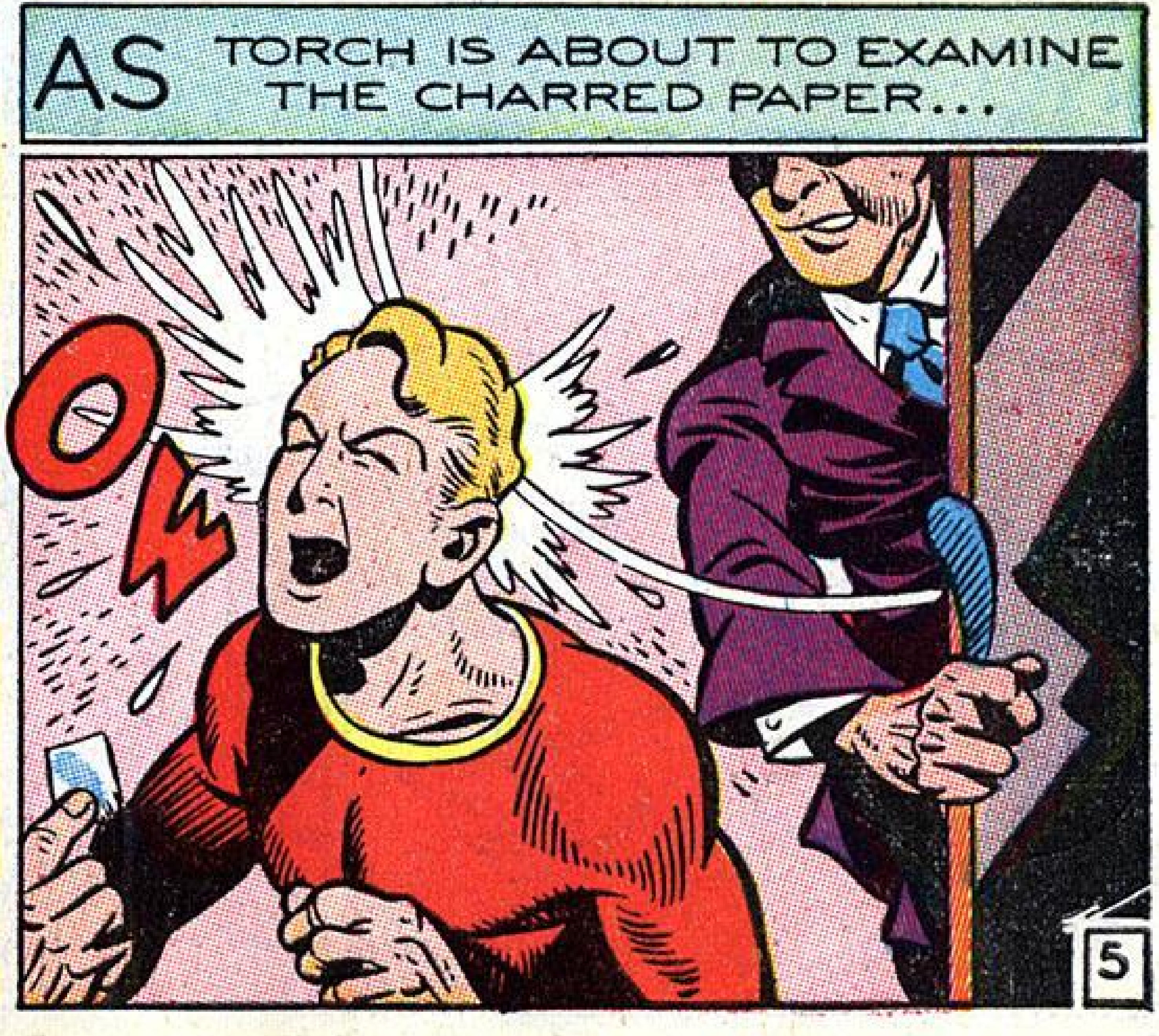

--THEN THEY RAN OUT! THE FIRE SPREAD THROUGH THE CEILING TO THE REST OF THE ROOM. ED AND I WERE LUCKY!
WHO WERE THOSE TWO?

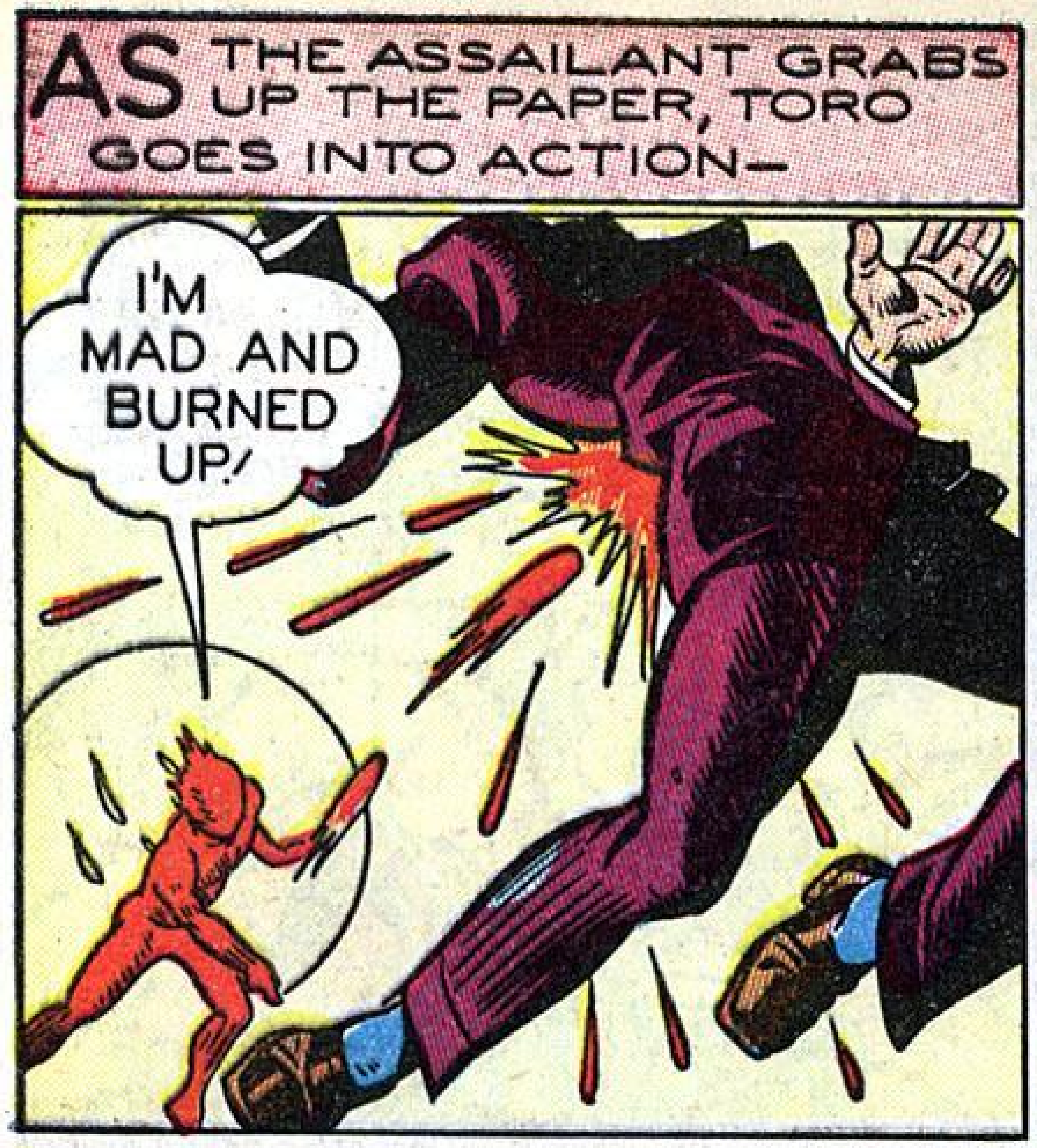

THE MANAGER WAS MR. SMITH, HEAVY-SET WITH A SCAR ON HIS RIGHT JAW...I DIDN'T SEE THE BOSS!
THE NAME "SMITH" IS A PHONY BUT TORO AND I WILL DO OUR BEST TO TRACK HIM DOWN!

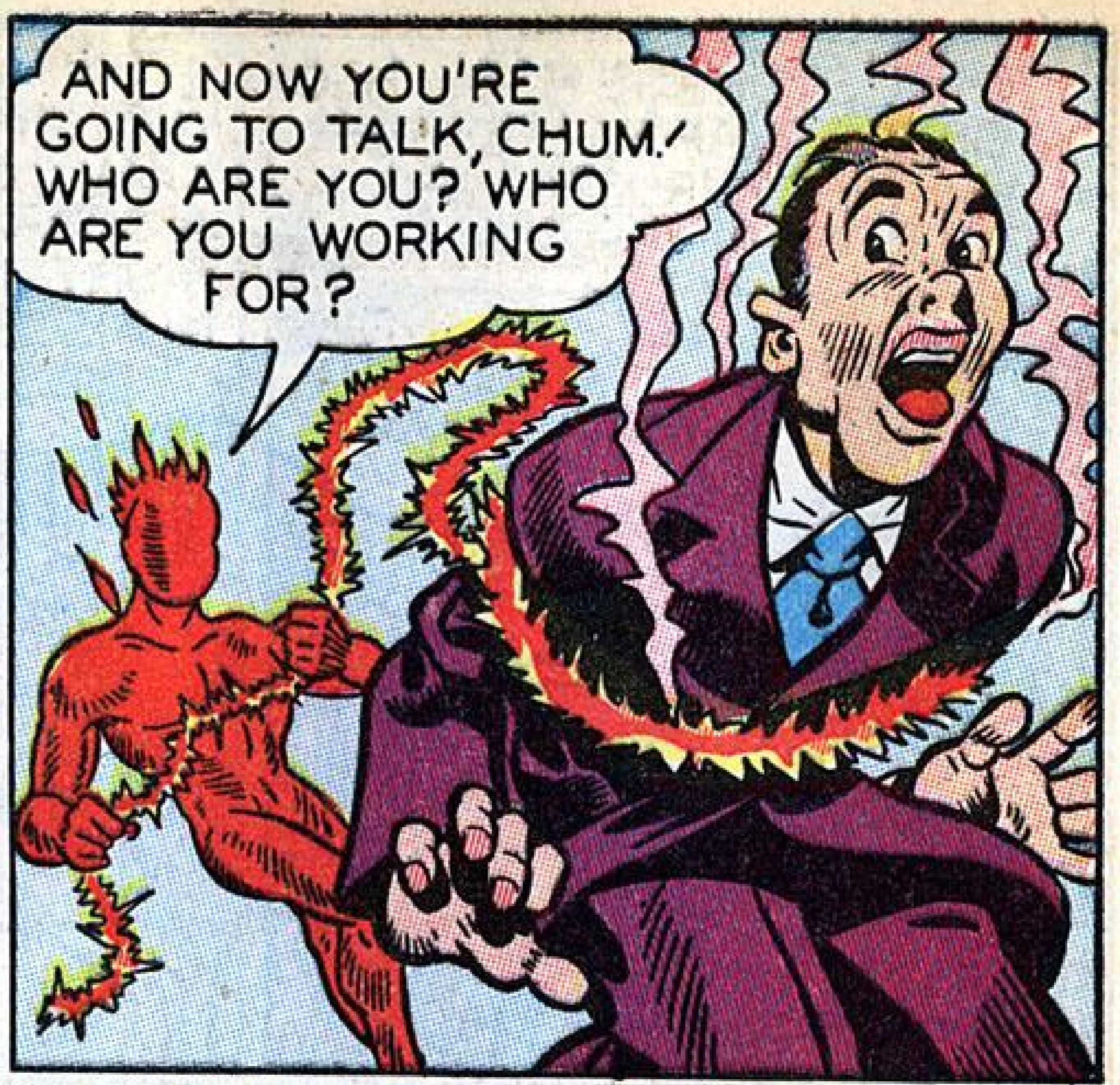

SOME TIME AFTER...
THERE'S NOTHING HERE IN THE FILES ON A SCAR-FACED MAN!
LET'S RETURN TO THE BUILDING...MAYBE WE CAN FIND SOMETHING BUT IT'S A SLIM CHANCE!

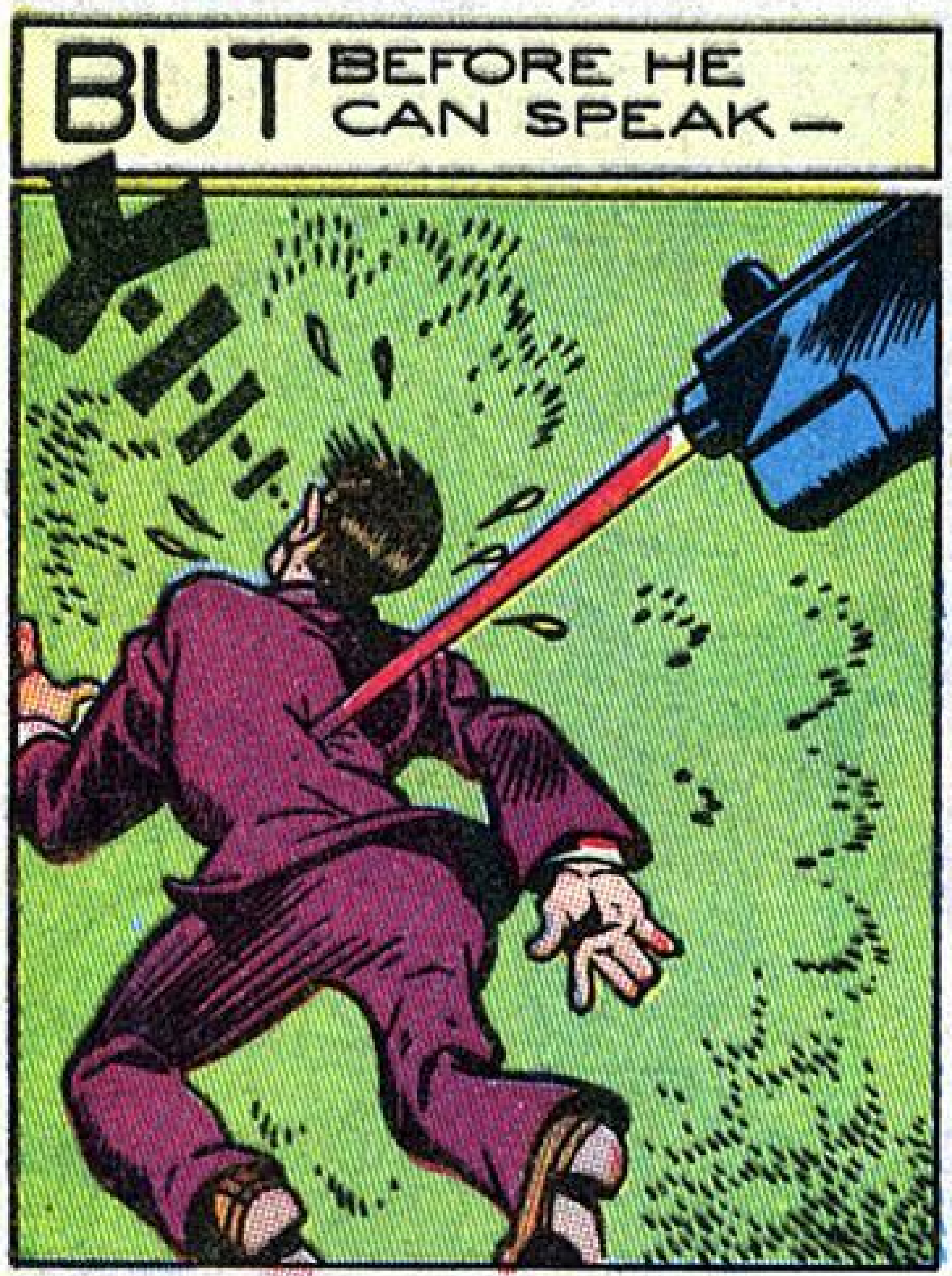

THE BOYS RETURN TO THE RUINED BUILDING AND START THEIR SEARCH...
THIS WAS PROBABLY THEIR OFFICE. IF YOU COME ACROSS ANYTHING, SING OUT!

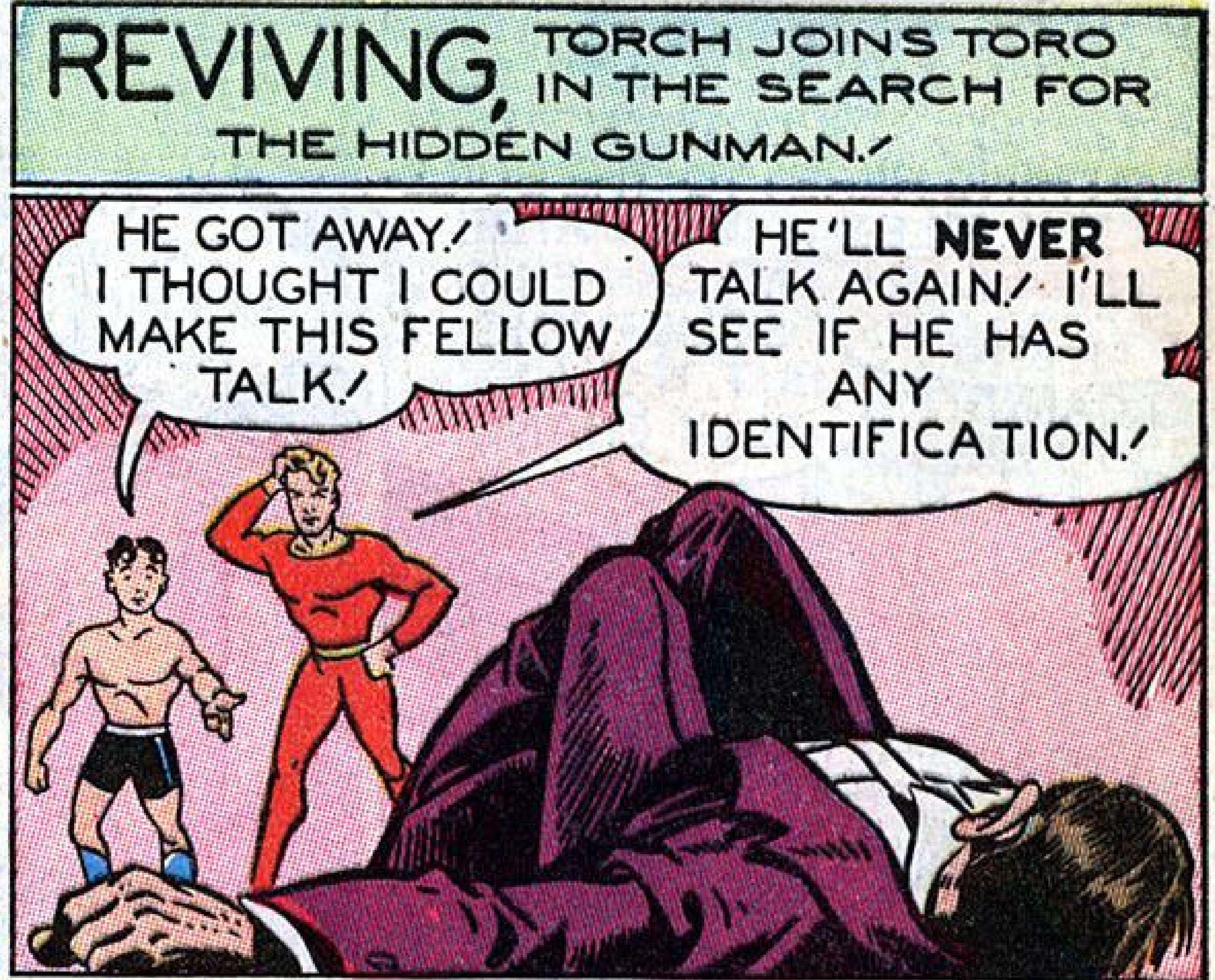

PART OF A DESK DRAWER... EVERYTHING IN IT IS BURNED... M-M. NOT QUITE... THIS PAPER!

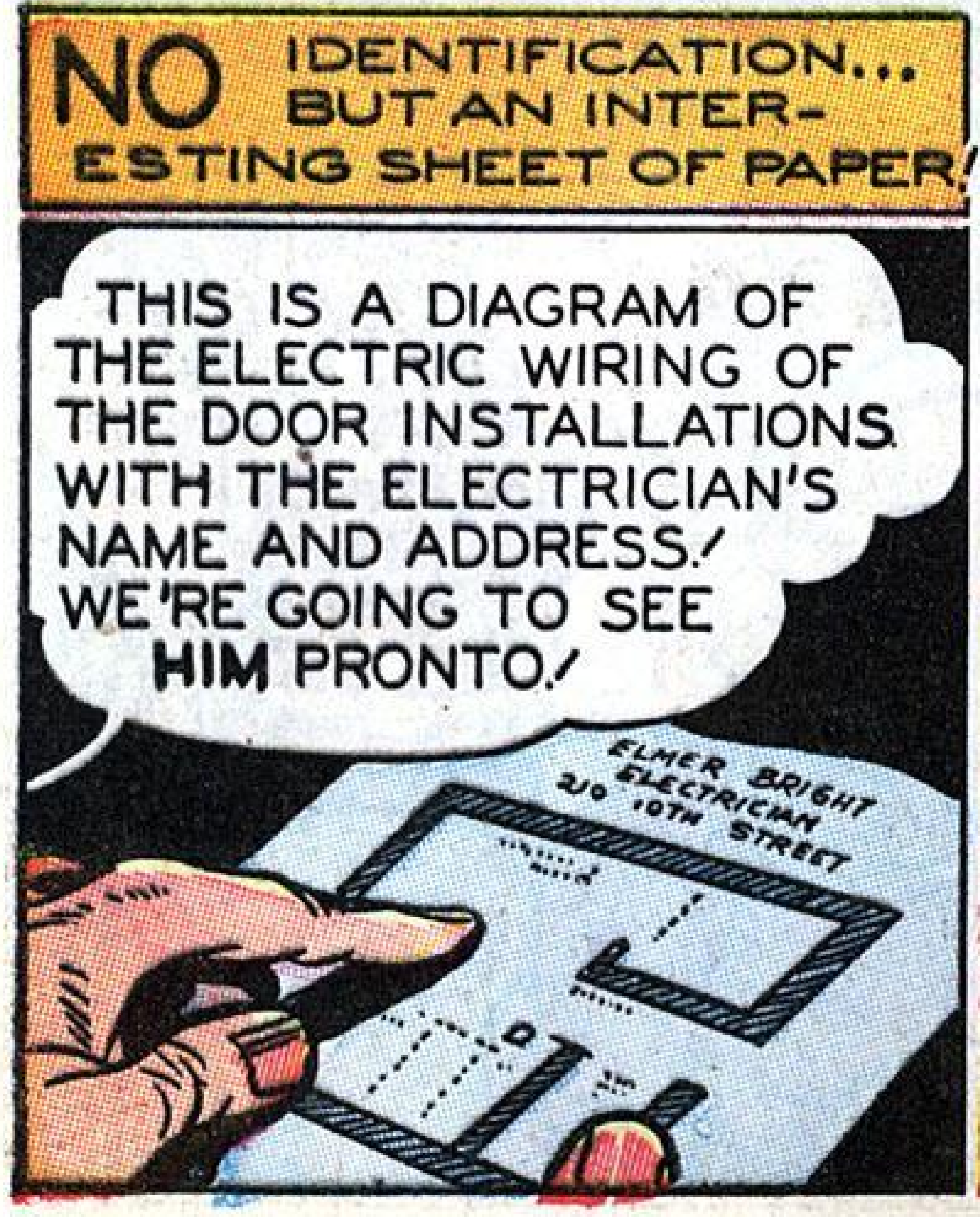

AS TORCH IS ABOUT TO EXAMINE THE CHARRED PAPER...
OW

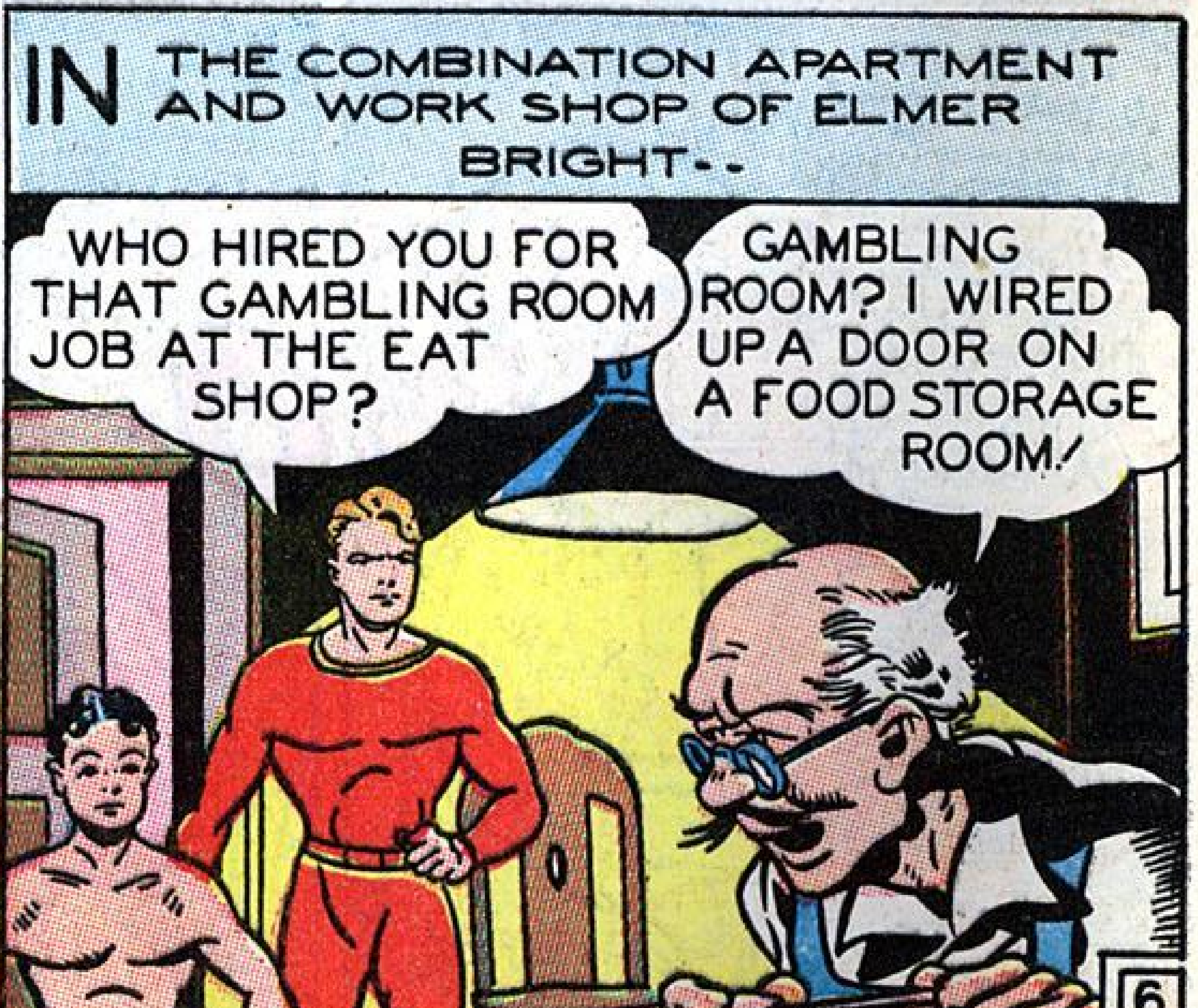

AS THE ASSAILANT GRABS UP THE PAPER, TORO GOES INTO ACTION—
I'M MAD AND BURNED UP!

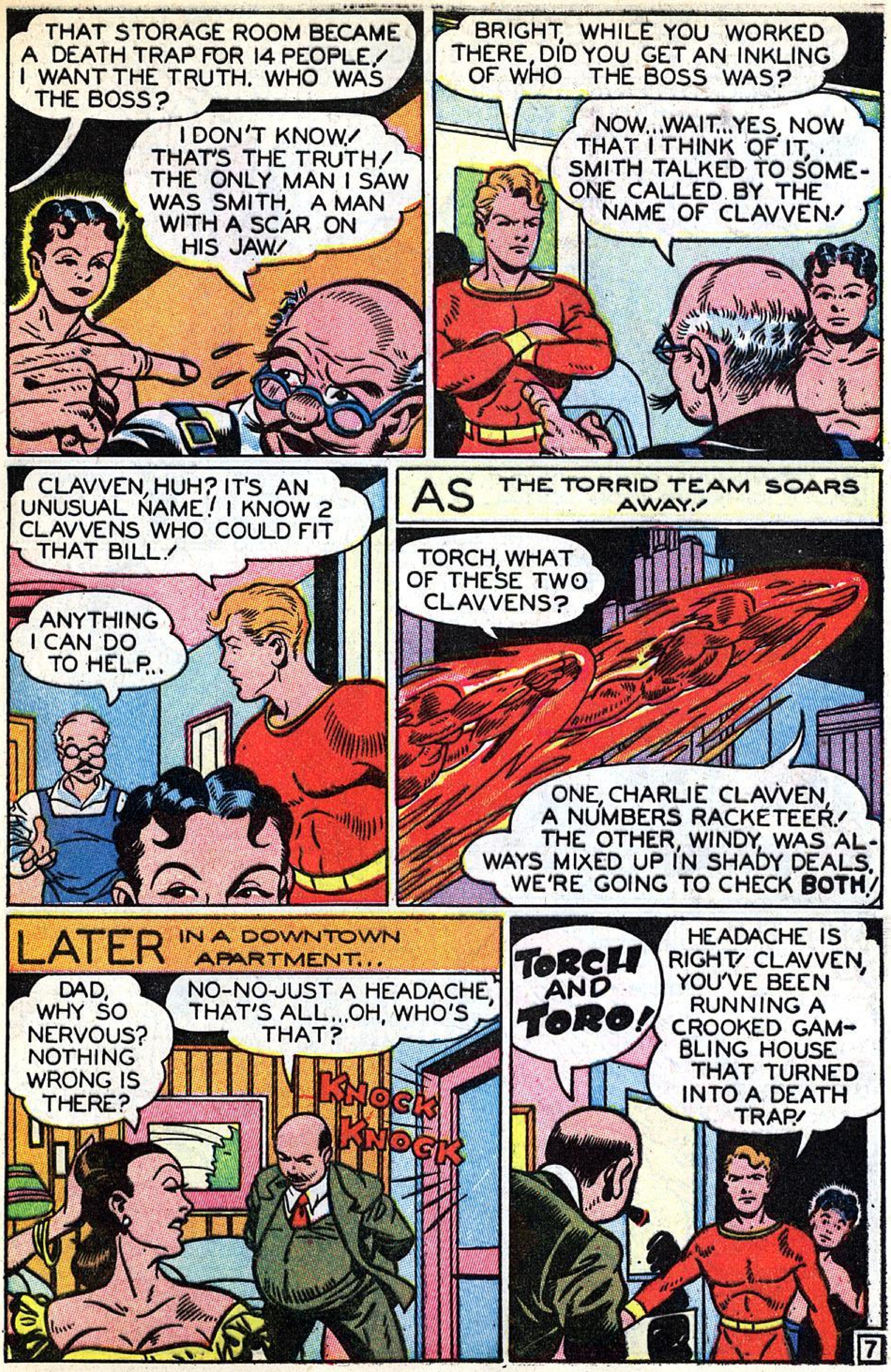

AND NOW YOU'RE GOING TO TALK, CHUM! WHO ARE YOU? WHO ARE YOU WORKING FOR?

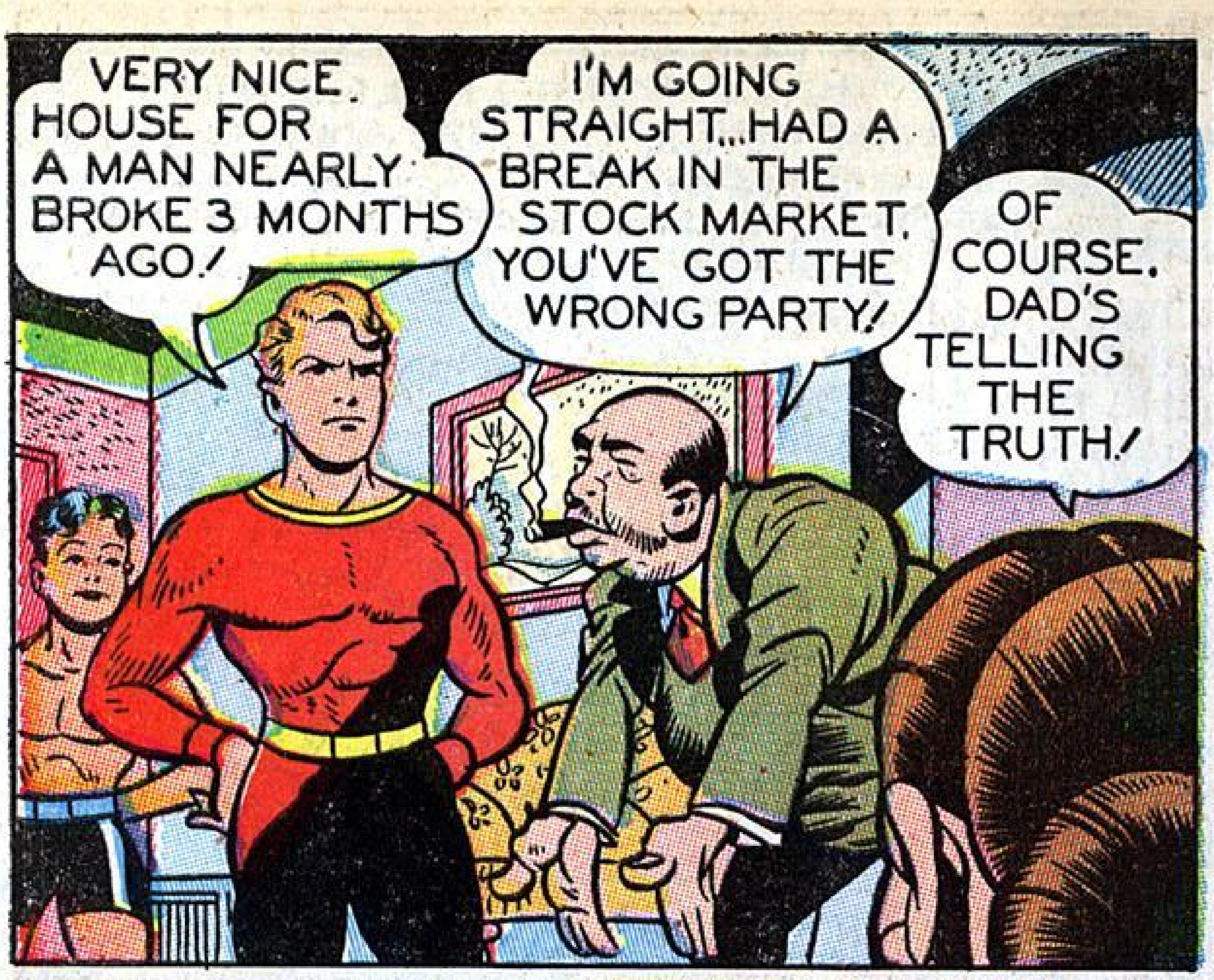

BUT BEFORE HE CAN SPEAK—
Z-I-I-I

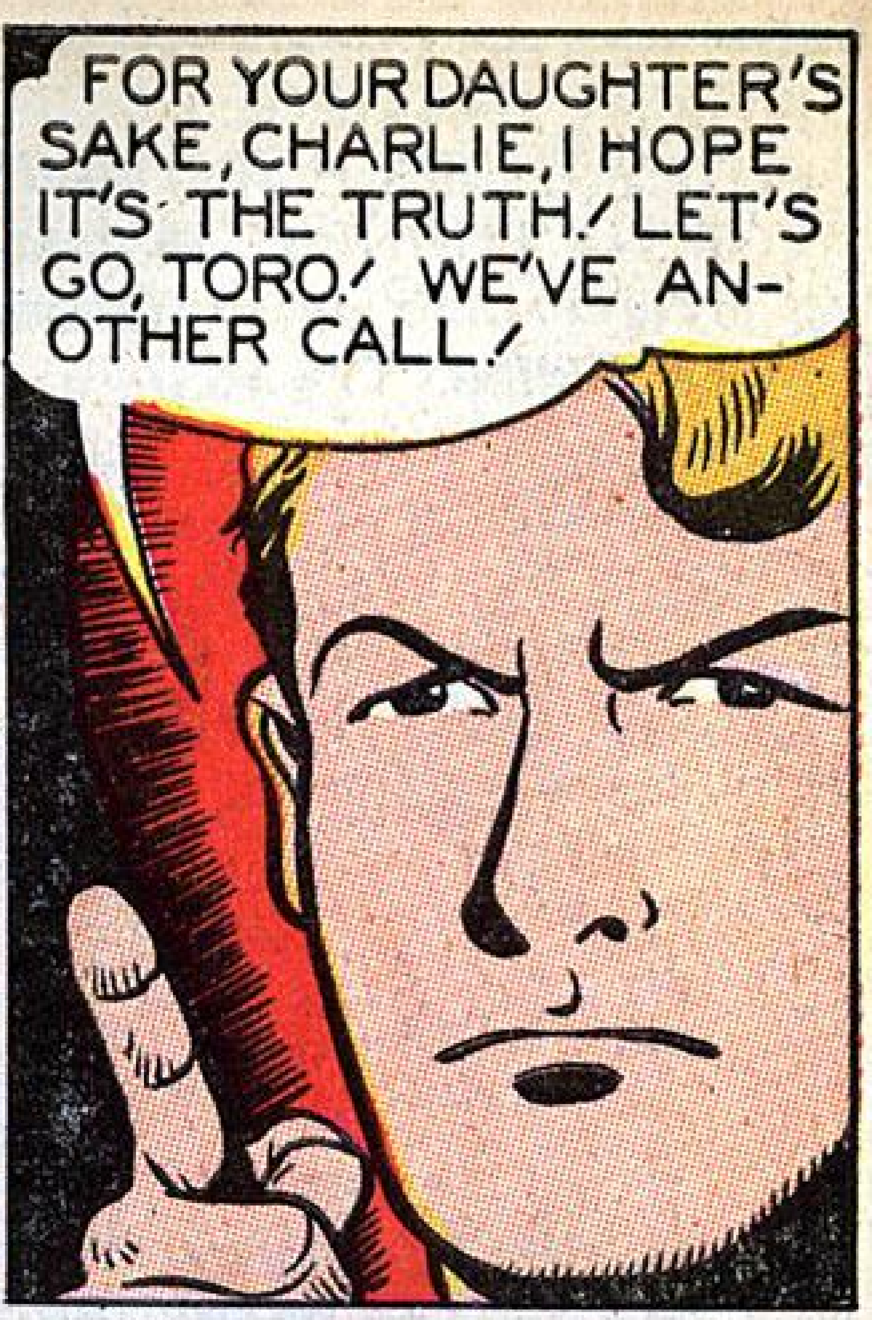

REVIVING, TORCH JOINS TORO IN THE SEARCH FOR THE HIDDEN GUNMAN!
HE GOT AWAY! I THOUGHT I COULD MAKE THIS FELLOW TALK!
HE'LL **NEVER** TALK AGAIN! I'LL SEE IF HE HAS ANY IDENTIFICATION!

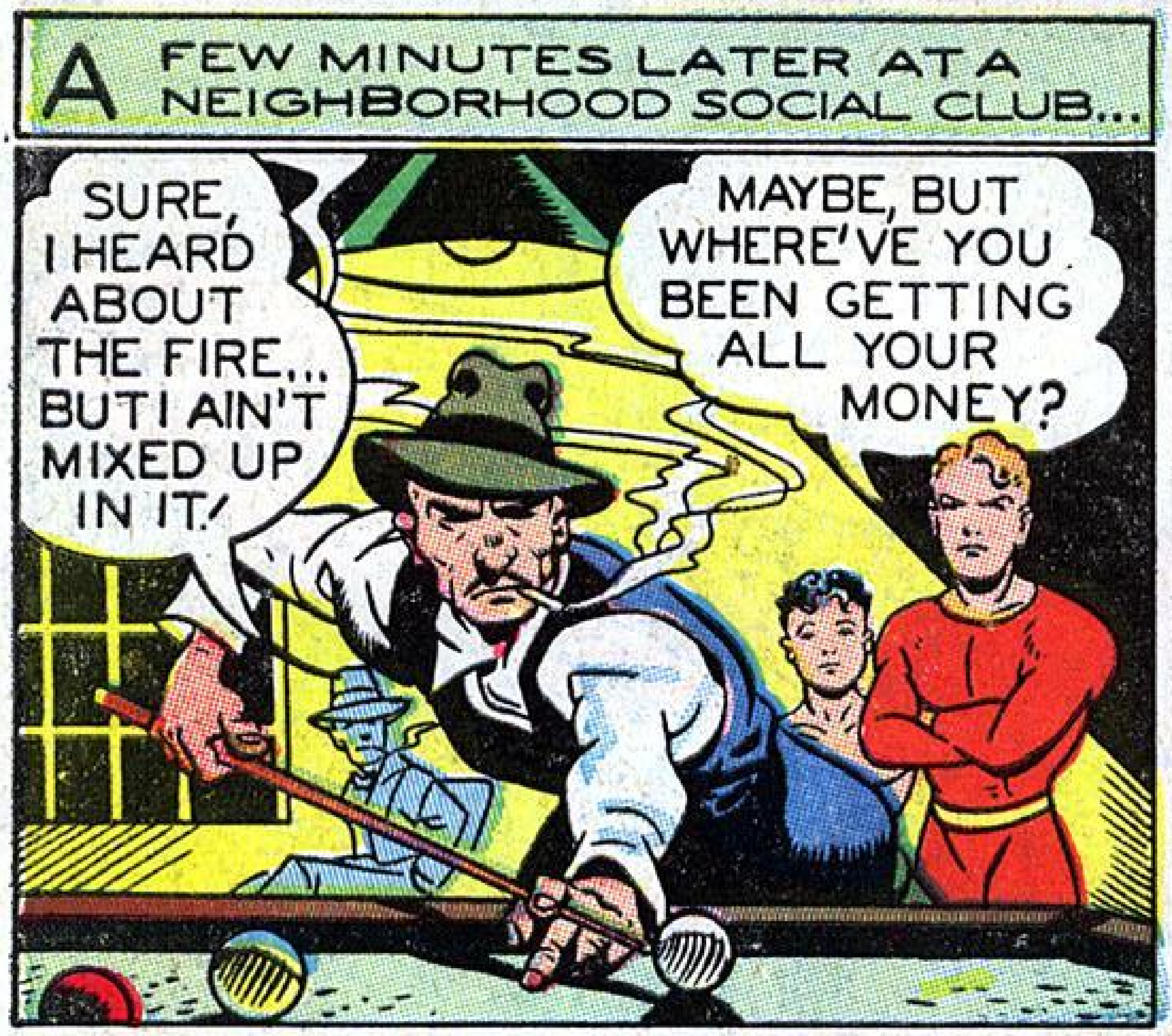

NO IDENTIFICATION... BUT AN INTERESTING SHEET OF PAPER!
THIS IS A DIAGRAM OF THE ELECTRIC WIRING OF THE DOOR INSTALLATIONS WITH THE ELECTRICIAN'S NAME AND ADDRESS! WE'RE GOING TO SEE **HIM** PRONTO!
ELMER BRIGHT ELECTRICIAN 210 10TH STREET

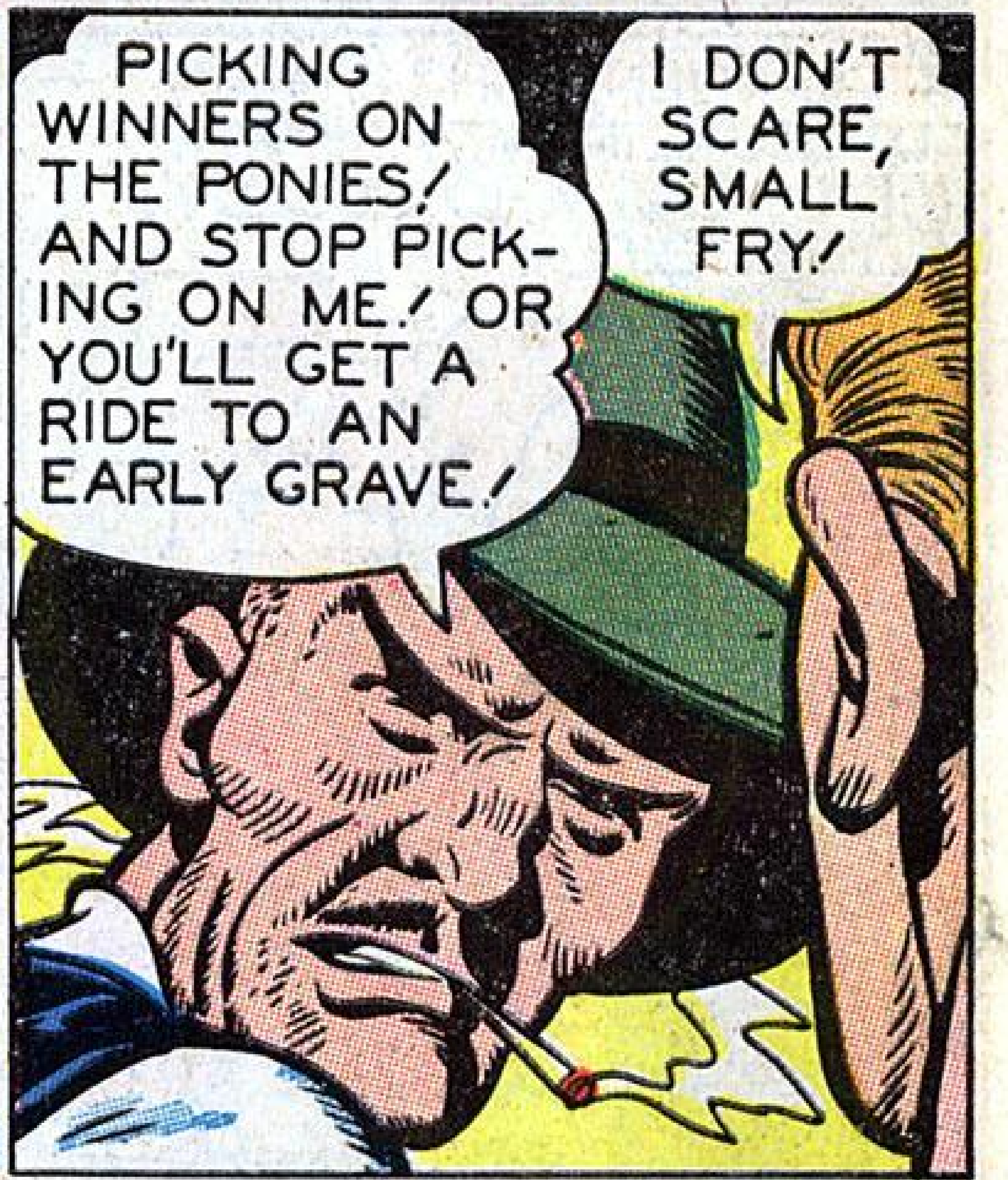

IN THE COMBINATION APARTMENT AND WORK SHOP OF ELMER BRIGHT--
WHO HIRED YOU FOR THAT GAMBLING ROOM JOB AT THE EAT SHOP?
GAMBLING ROOM? I WIRED UP A DOOR ON A FOOD STORAGE ROOM!

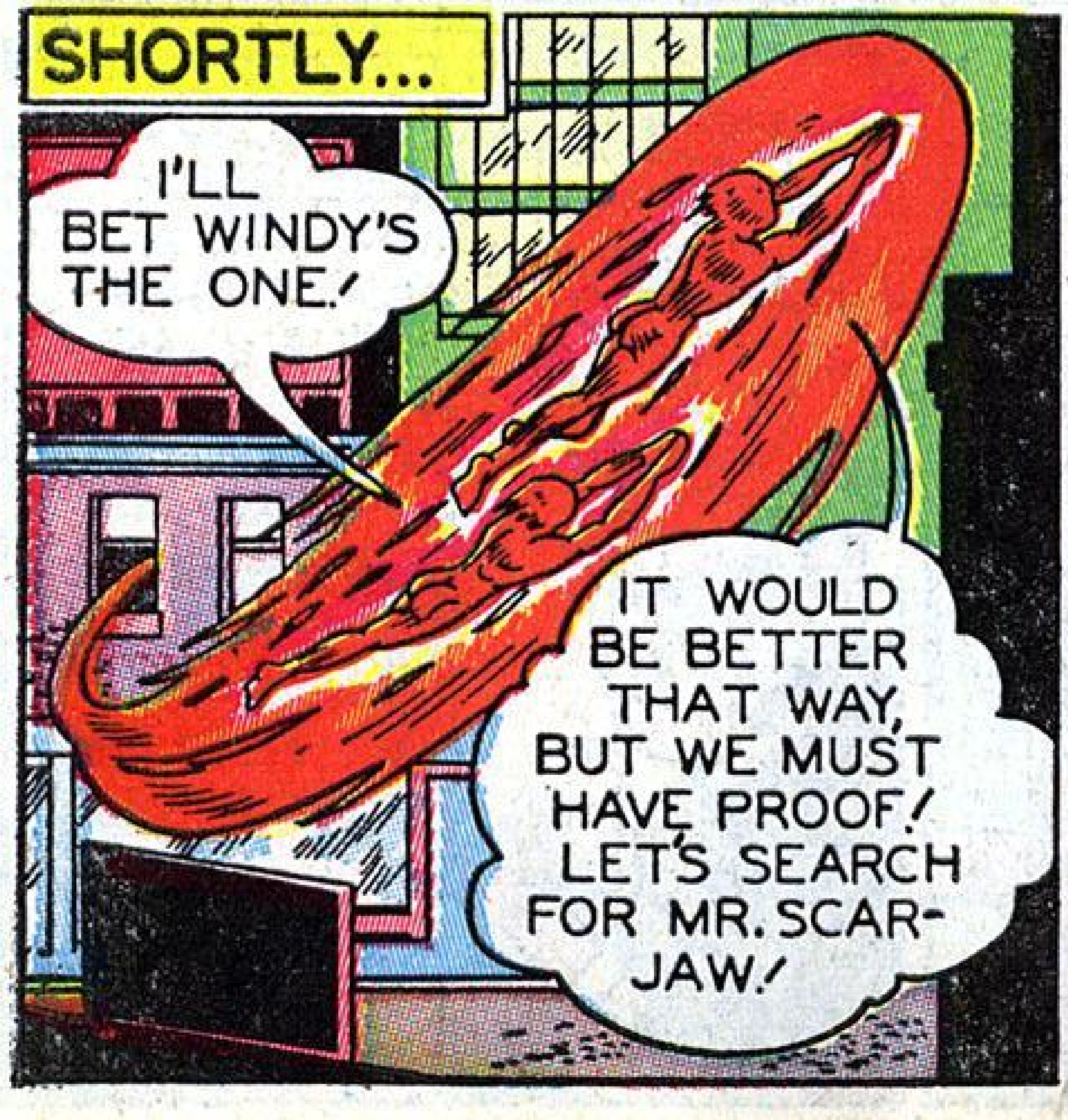

THAT STORAGE ROOM BECAME A DEATH TRAP FOR 14 PEOPLE! I WANT THE TRUTH. WHO WAS THE BOSS?
I DON'T KNOW! THAT'S THE TRUTH! THE ONLY MAN I SAW WAS SMITH, A MAN WITH A SCAR ON HIS JAW!
BRIGHT, WHILE YOU WORKED THERE, DID YOU GET AN INKLING OF WHO THE BOSS WAS?
NOW...WAIT...YES, NOW THAT I THINK OF IT, SMITH TALKED TO SOMEONE CALLED BY THE NAME OF CLAVVEN!
CLAVVEN, HUH? IT'S AN UNUSUAL NAME! I KNOW 2 CLAVVENS WHO COULD FIT THAT BILL!
ANYTHING I CAN DO TO HELP...
AS THE TORRID TEAM SOARS AWAY!
TORCH, WHAT OF THESE TWO CLAVVENS?
ONE, CHARLIE CLAVVEN, A NUMBERS RACKETEER! THE OTHER, WINDY, WAS ALWAYS MIXED UP IN SHADY DEALS. WE'RE GOING TO CHECK BOTH!
LATER IN A DOWNTOWN APARTMENT...
DAD, WHY SO NERVOUS? NOTHING WRONG IS THERE?
NO-NO-JUST A HEADACHE, THAT'S ALL...OH, WHO'S THAT?
KNOCK KNOCK
TORCH AND TORO!
HEADACHE IS RIGHT! CLAVVEN, YOU'VE BEEN RUNNING A CROOKED GAMBLING HOUSE THAT TURNED INTO A DEATH TRAP!

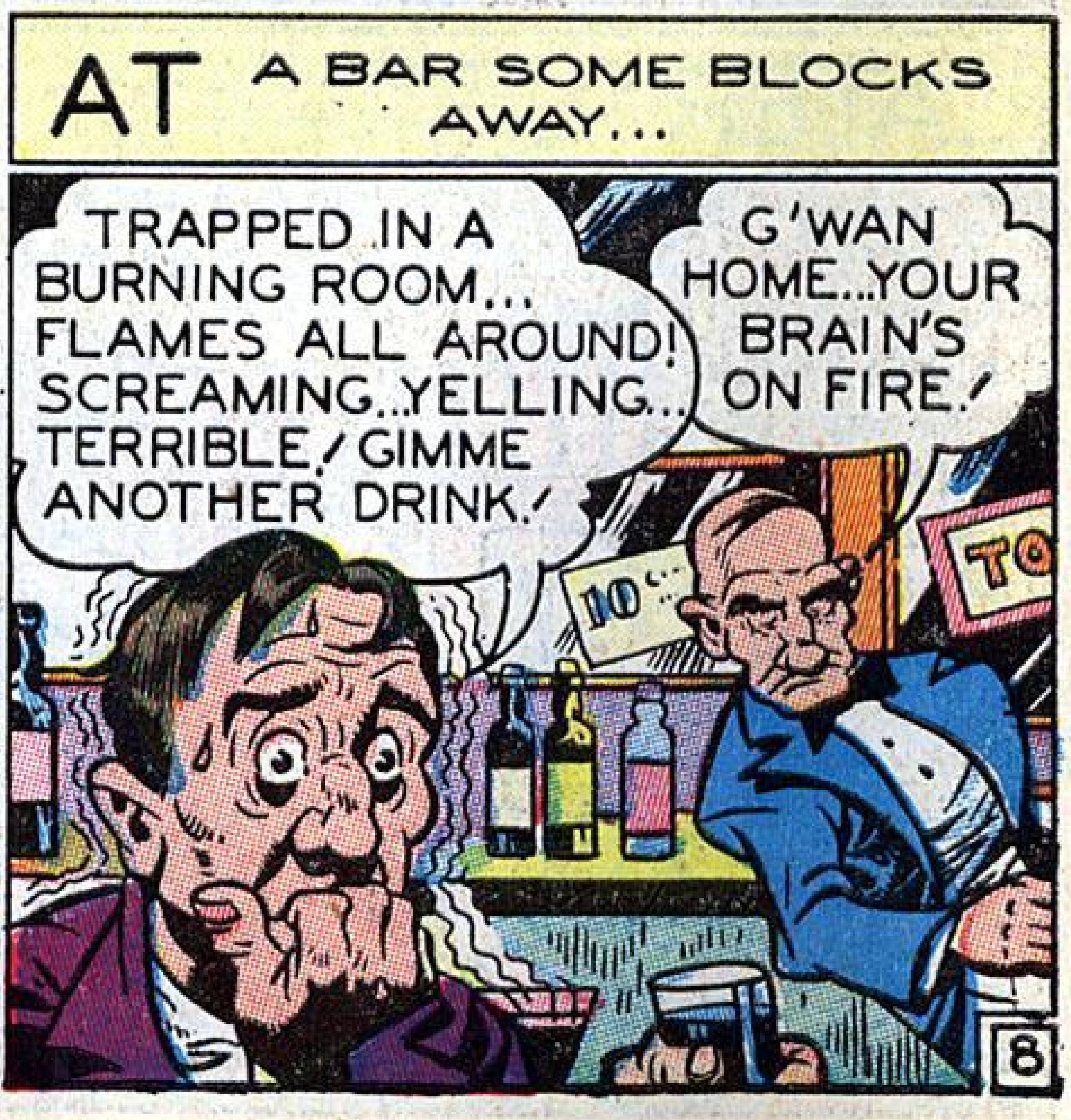

VERY NICE HOUSE FOR A MAN NEARLY BROKE 3 MONTHS AGO!
I'M GOING STRAIGHT...HAD A BREAK IN THE STOCK MARKET. YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG PARTY!
OF COURSE. DAD'S TELLING THE TRUTH!

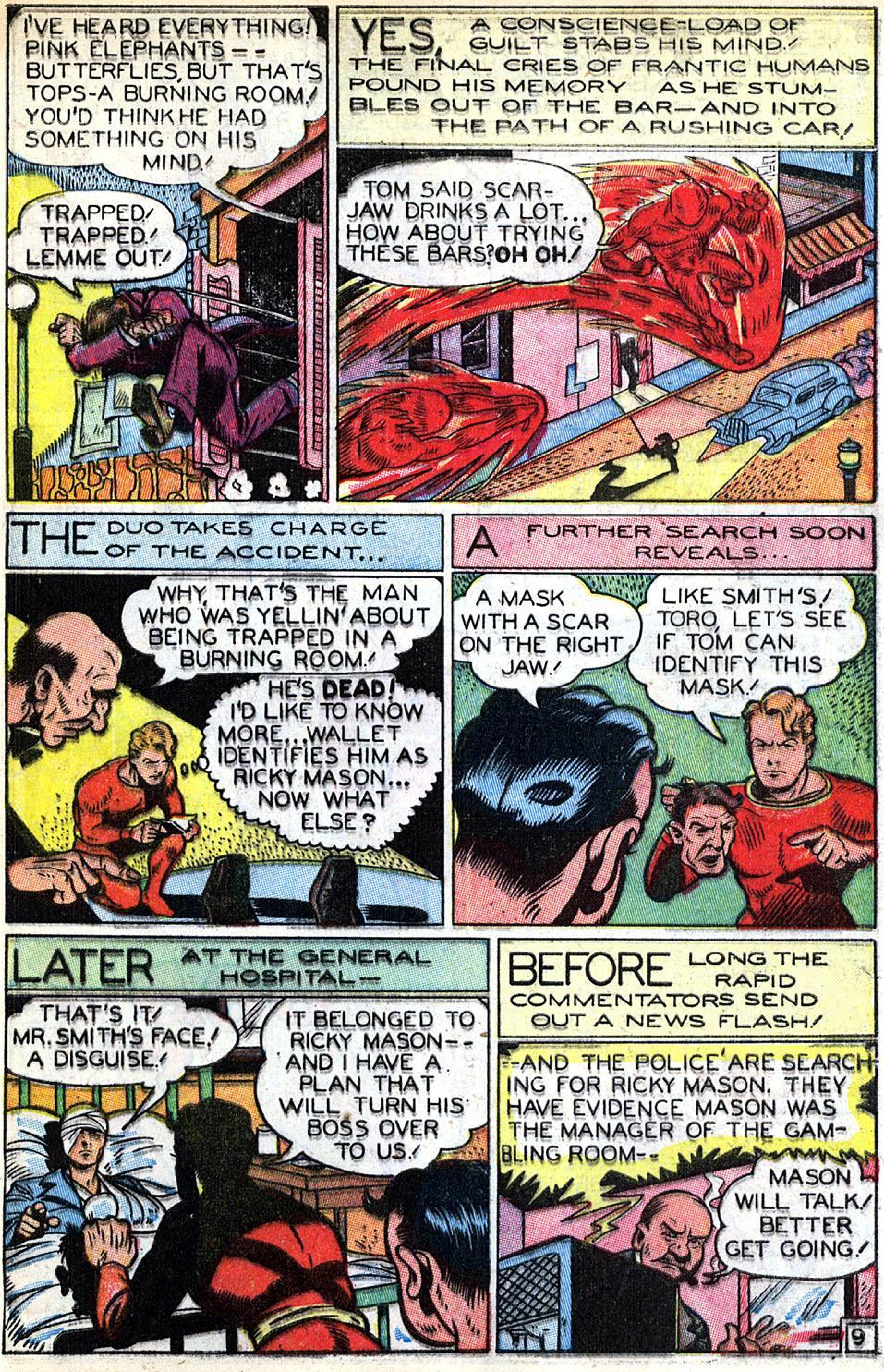

FOR YOUR DAUGHTER'S SAKE, CHARLIE, I HOPE IT'S THE TRUTH! LET'S GO, TORO! WE'VE ANOTHER CALL!

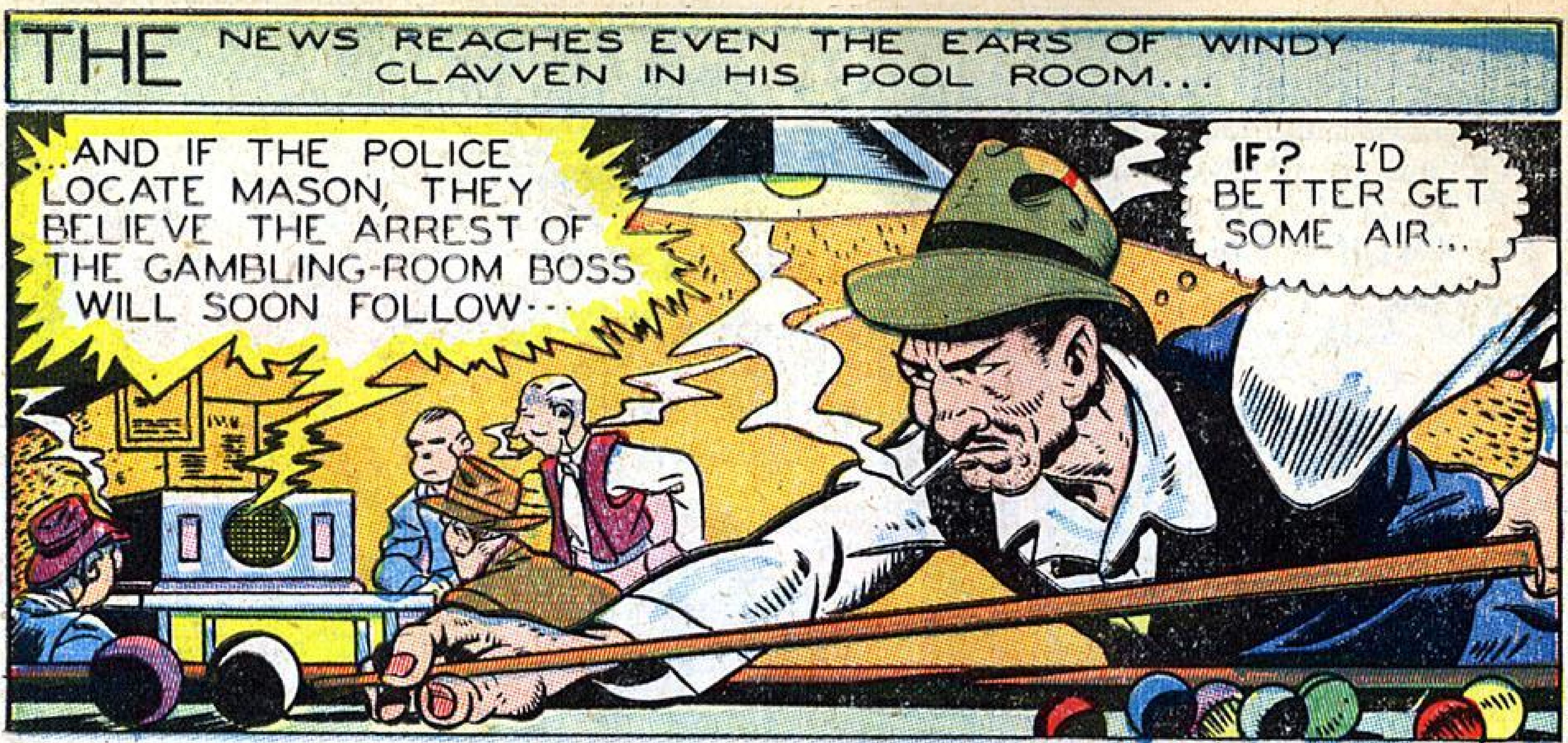

A FEW MINUTES LATER AT A NEIGHBORHOOD SOCIAL CLUB...
SURE, I HEARD ABOUT THE FIRE... BUT I AIN'T MIXED UP IN IT!
MAYBE, BUT WHERE'VE YOU BEEN GETTING ALL YOUR MONEY?

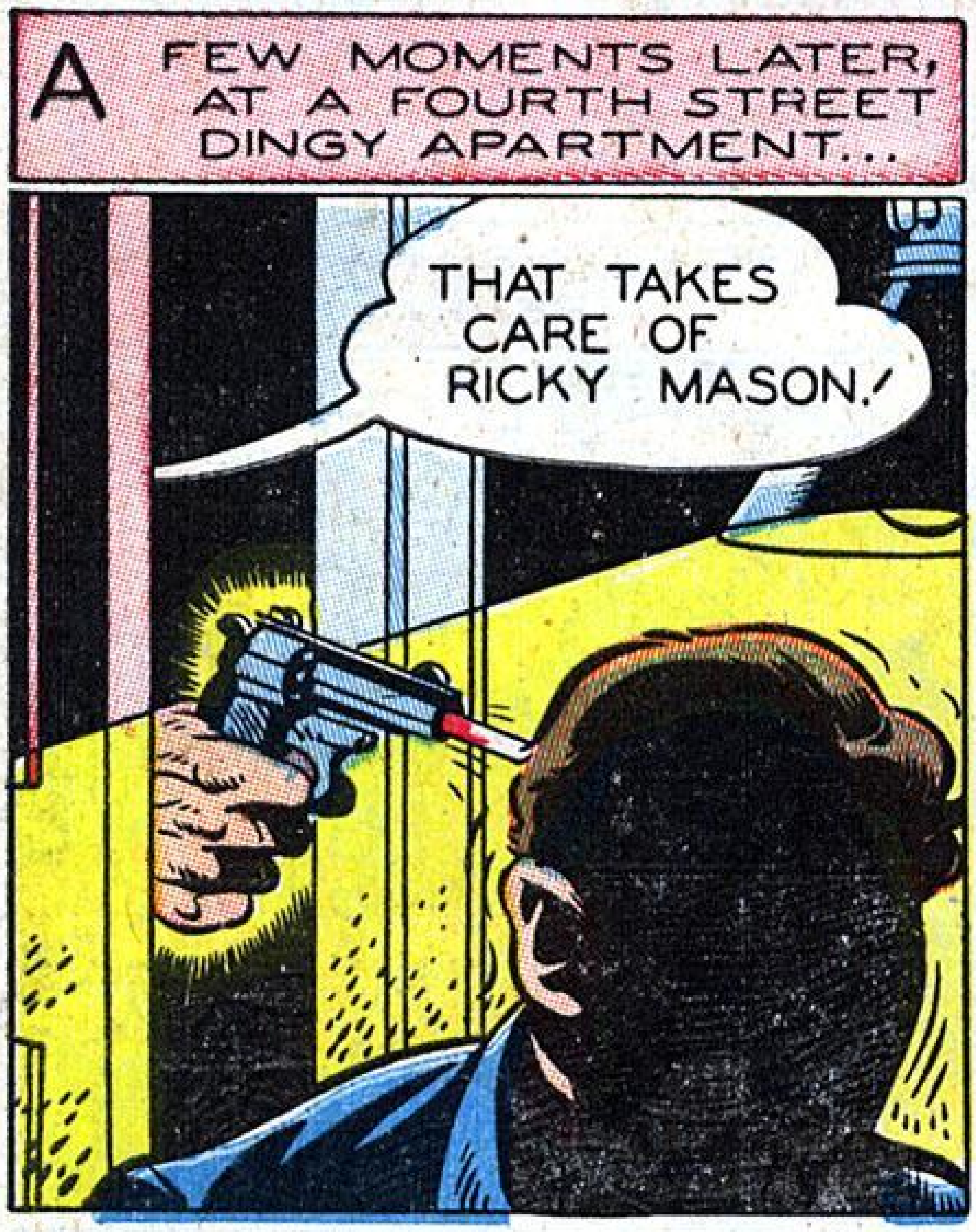

PICKING WINNERS ON THE PONIES! AND STOP PICKING ON ME! OR YOU'LL GET A RIDE TO AN EARLY GRAVE!
I DON'T SCARE, SMALL FRY!

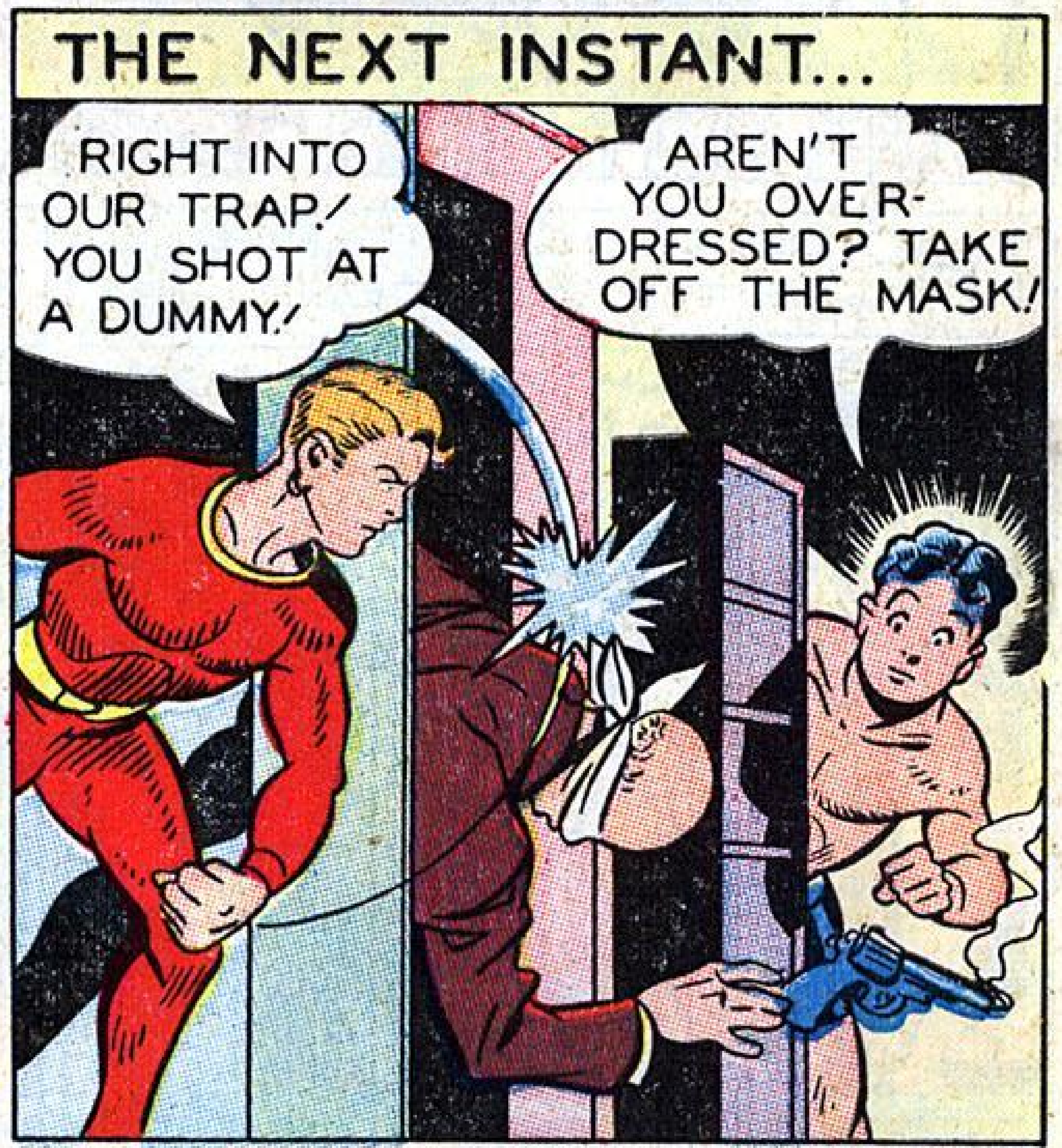

SHORTLY...
I'LL BET WINDY'S THE ONE!
IT WOULD BE BETTER THAT WAY, BUT WE MUST HAVE PROOF! LET'S SEARCH FOR MR. SCAR-JAW!

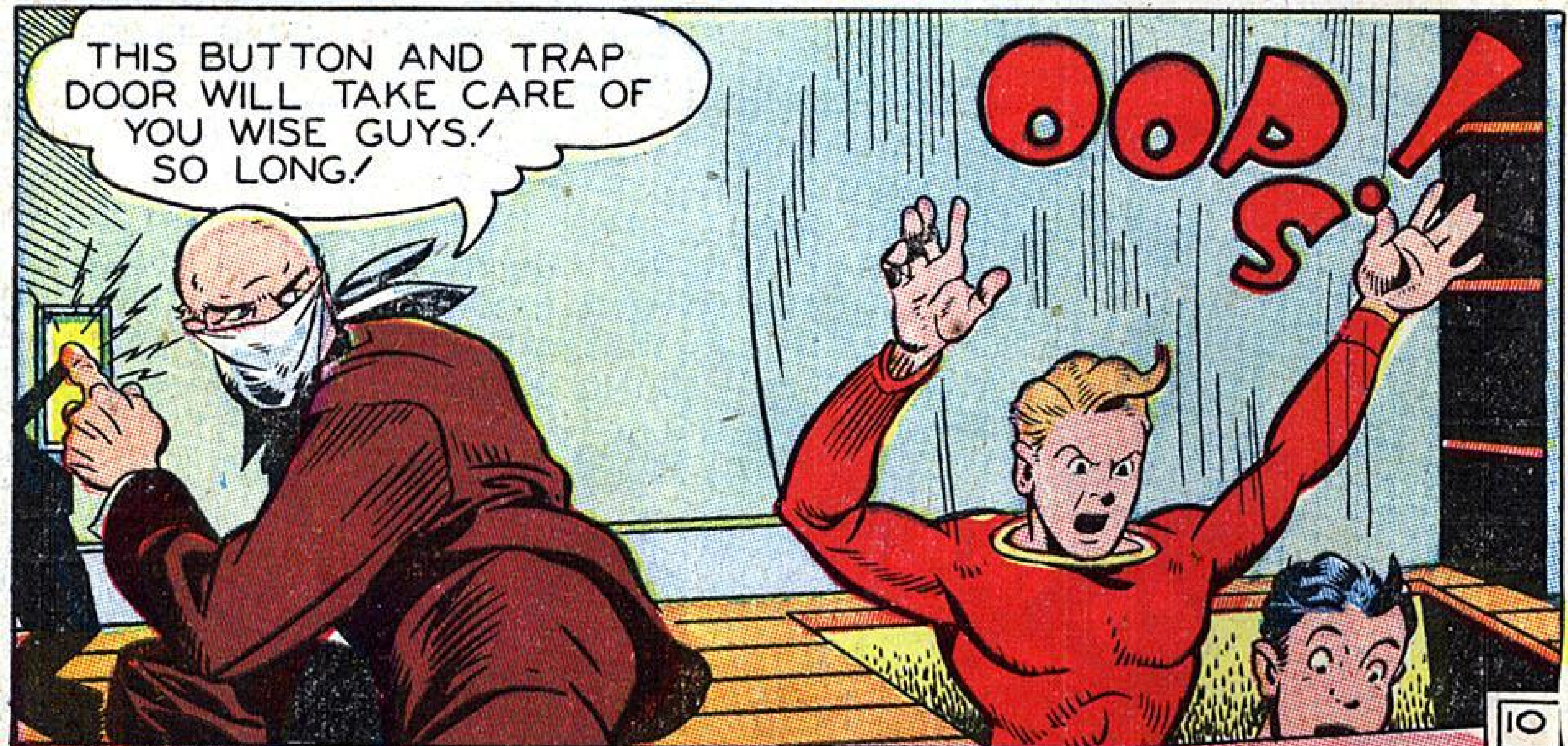

AT A BAR SOME BLOCKS AWAY...
TRAPPED IN A BURNING ROOM... FLAMES ALL AROUND! SCREAMING...YELLING... TERRIBLE! GIMME ANOTHER DRINK!
G'WAN HOME...YOUR BRAIN'S ON FIRE!
10¢
TO

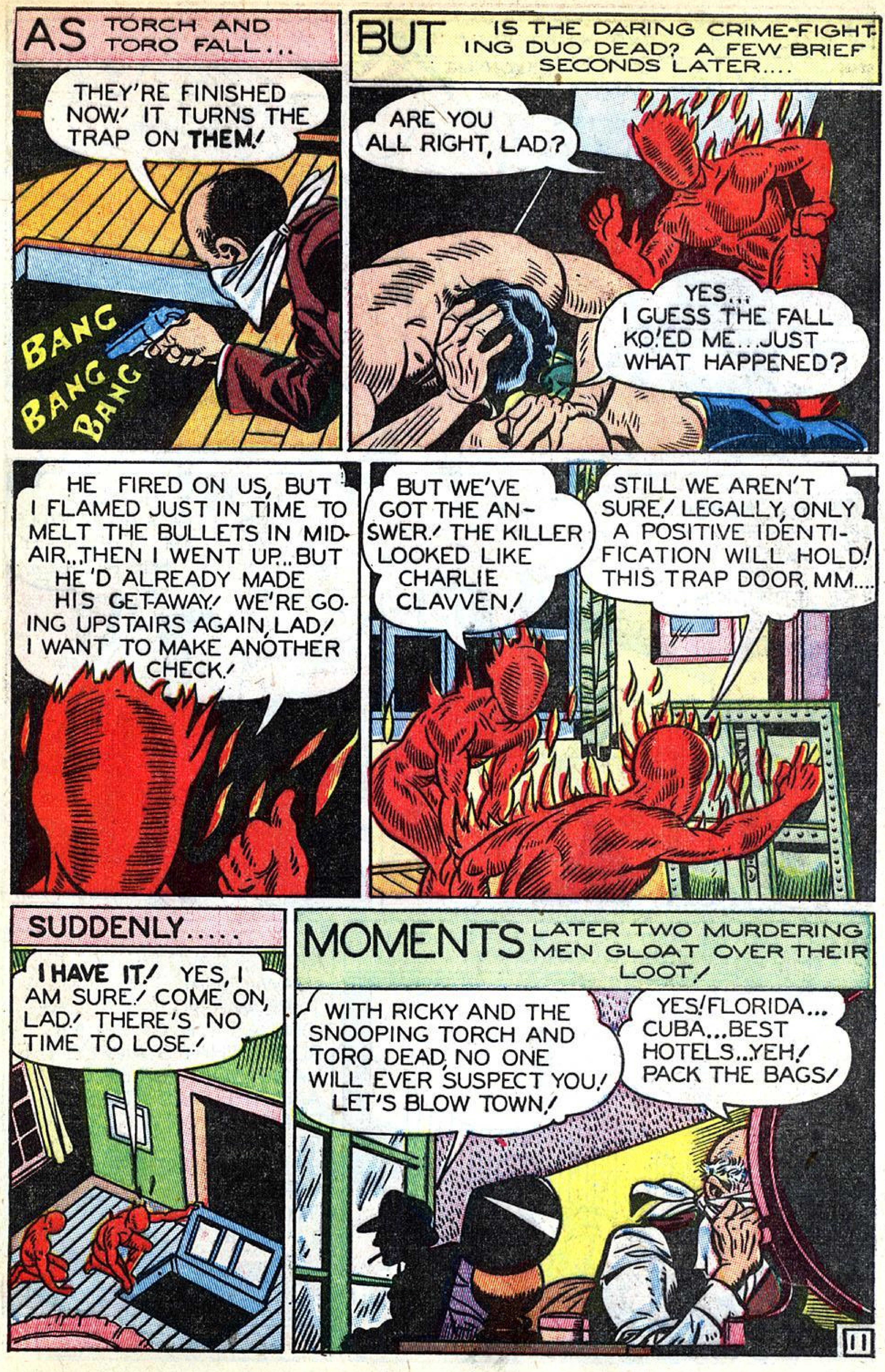

I'VE HEARD EVERYTHING! PINK ELEPHANTS -- BUTTERFLIES, BUT THAT'S TOPS-A BURNING ROOM! YOU'D THINK HE HAD SOMETHING ON HIS MIND!
TRAPPED! TRAPPED! LEMME OUT!
YES, A CONSCIENCE-LOAD OF GUILT STABS HIS MIND! THE FINAL CRIES OF FRANTIC HUMANS POUND HIS MEMORY AS HE STUMBLES OUT OF THE BAR—AND INTO THE PATH OF A RUSHING CAR!
TOM SAID SCAR-JAW DRINKS A LOT... HOW ABOUT TRYING THESE BARS? OH OH!
THE DUO TAKES CHARGE OF THE ACCIDENT...
WHY, THAT'S THE MAN WHO WAS YELLIN' ABOUT BEING TRAPPED IN A BURNING ROOM!
HE'S DEAD! I'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE... WALLET IDENTIFIES HIM AS RICKY MASON... NOW WHAT ELSE?
A FURTHER SEARCH SOON REVEALS...
A MASK WITH A SCAR ON THE RIGHT JAW!
LIKE SMITH'S! TORO, LET'S SEE IF TOM CAN IDENTIFY THIS MASK!
LATER AT THE GENERAL HOSPITAL—
THAT'S IT! MR. SMITH'S FACE! A DISGUISE!
IT BELONGED TO RICKY MASON-- AND I HAVE A PLAN THAT WILL TURN HIS BOSS OVER TO US!
BEFORE LONG THE RAPID COMMENTATORS SEND OUT A NEWS FLASH!
--AND THE POLICE ARE SEARCHING FOR RICKY MASON. THEY HAVE EVIDENCE MASON WAS THE MANAGER OF THE GAMBLING ROOM--
MASON WILL TALK! BETTER GET GOING!
9

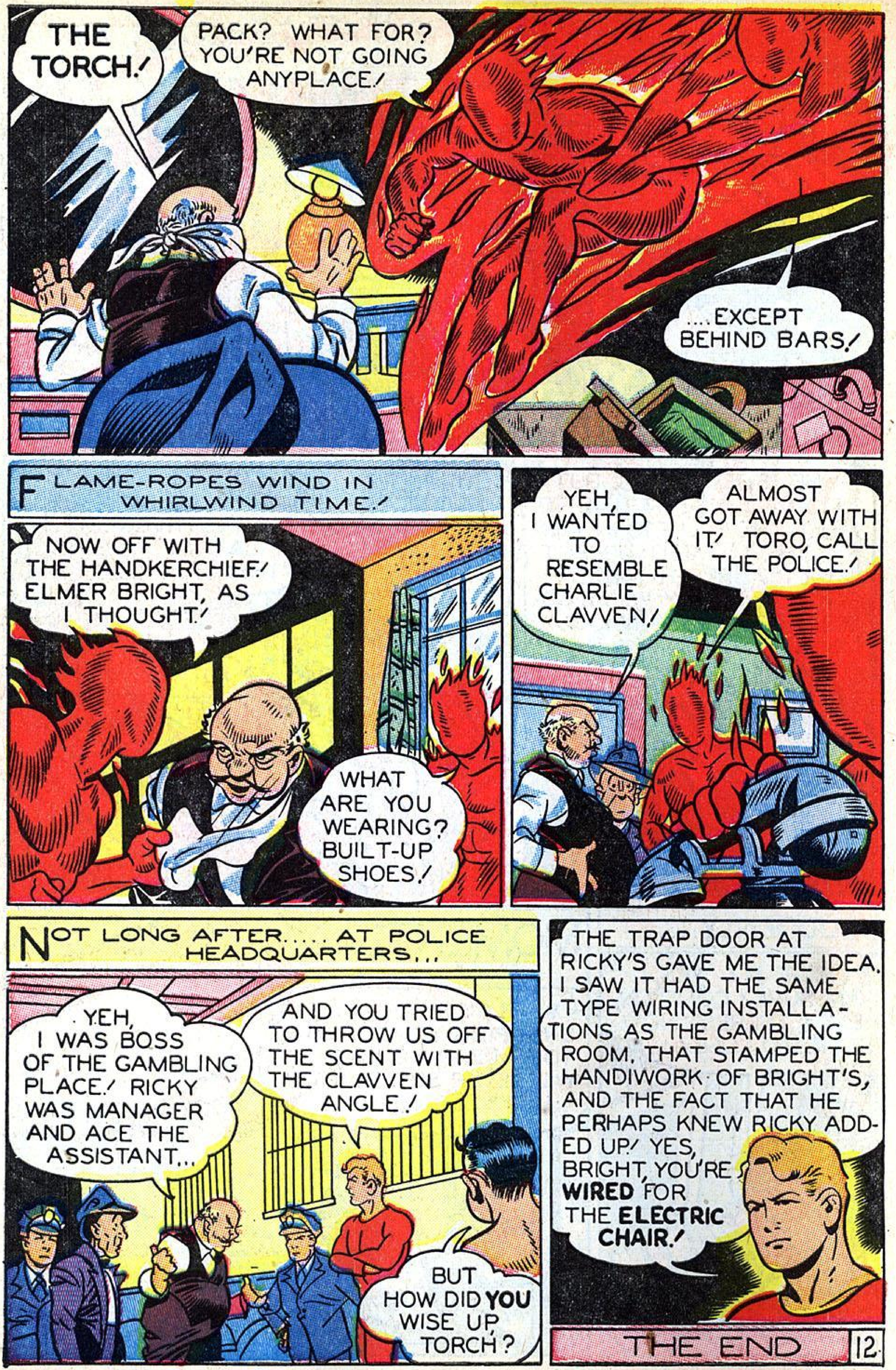

THE NEWS REACHES EVEN THE EARS OF WINDY CLAVVEN IN HIS POOL ROOM...
..AND IF THE POLICE LOCATE MASON, THEY BELIEVE THE ARREST OF THE GAMBLING-ROOM BOSS WILL SOON FOLLOW...
IF? I'D BETTER GET SOME AIR...

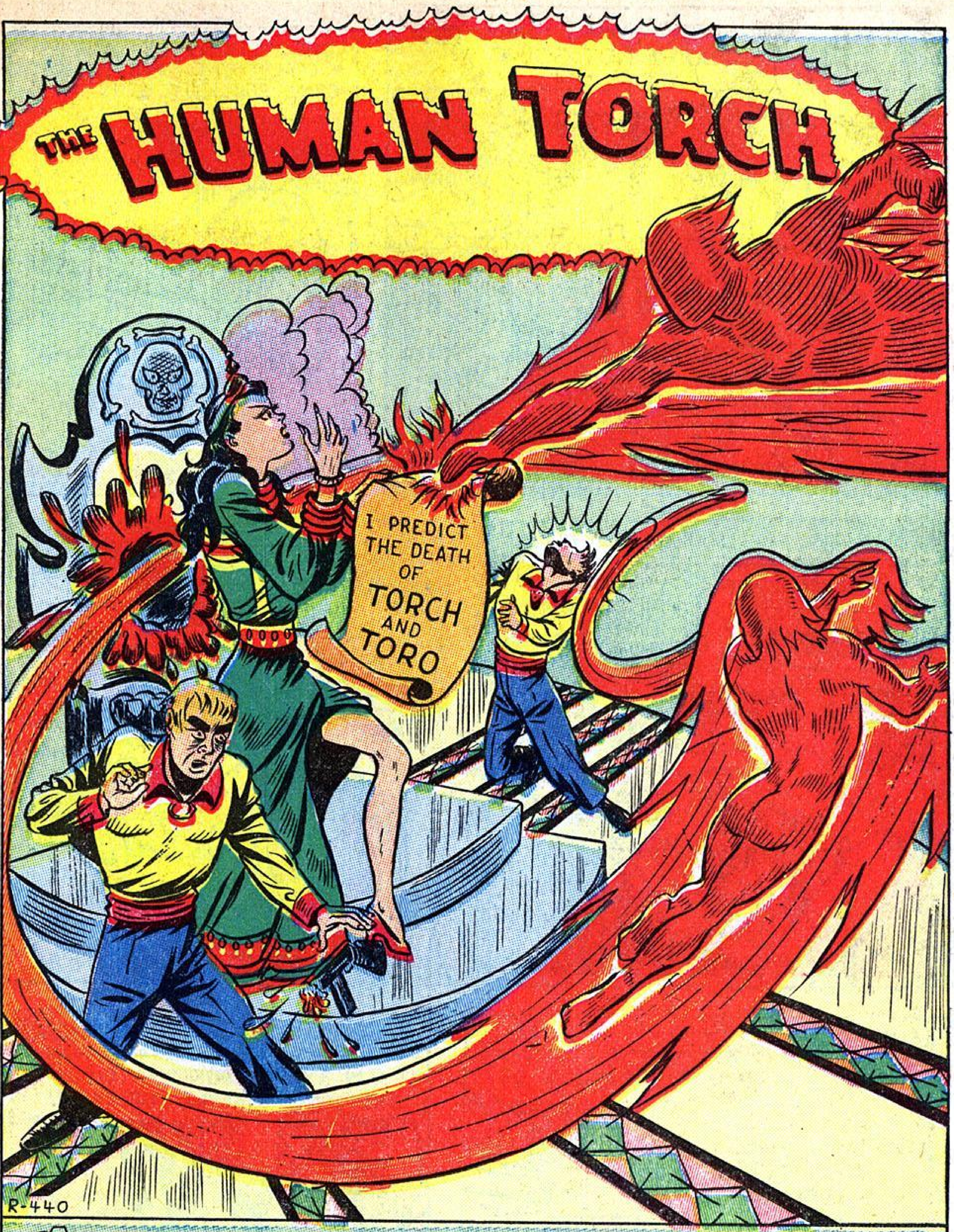

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, AT A FOURTH STREET DINGY APARTMENT...
THAT TAKES CARE OF RICKY MASON!


THE NEXT INSTANT...
RIGHT INTO OUR TRAP! YOU SHOT AT A DUMMY!
AREN'T YOU OVER-DRESSED? TAKE OFF THE MASK!


THIS BUTTON AND TRAP DOOR WILL TAKE CARE OF YOU WISE GUYS! SO LONG!
OOPS!

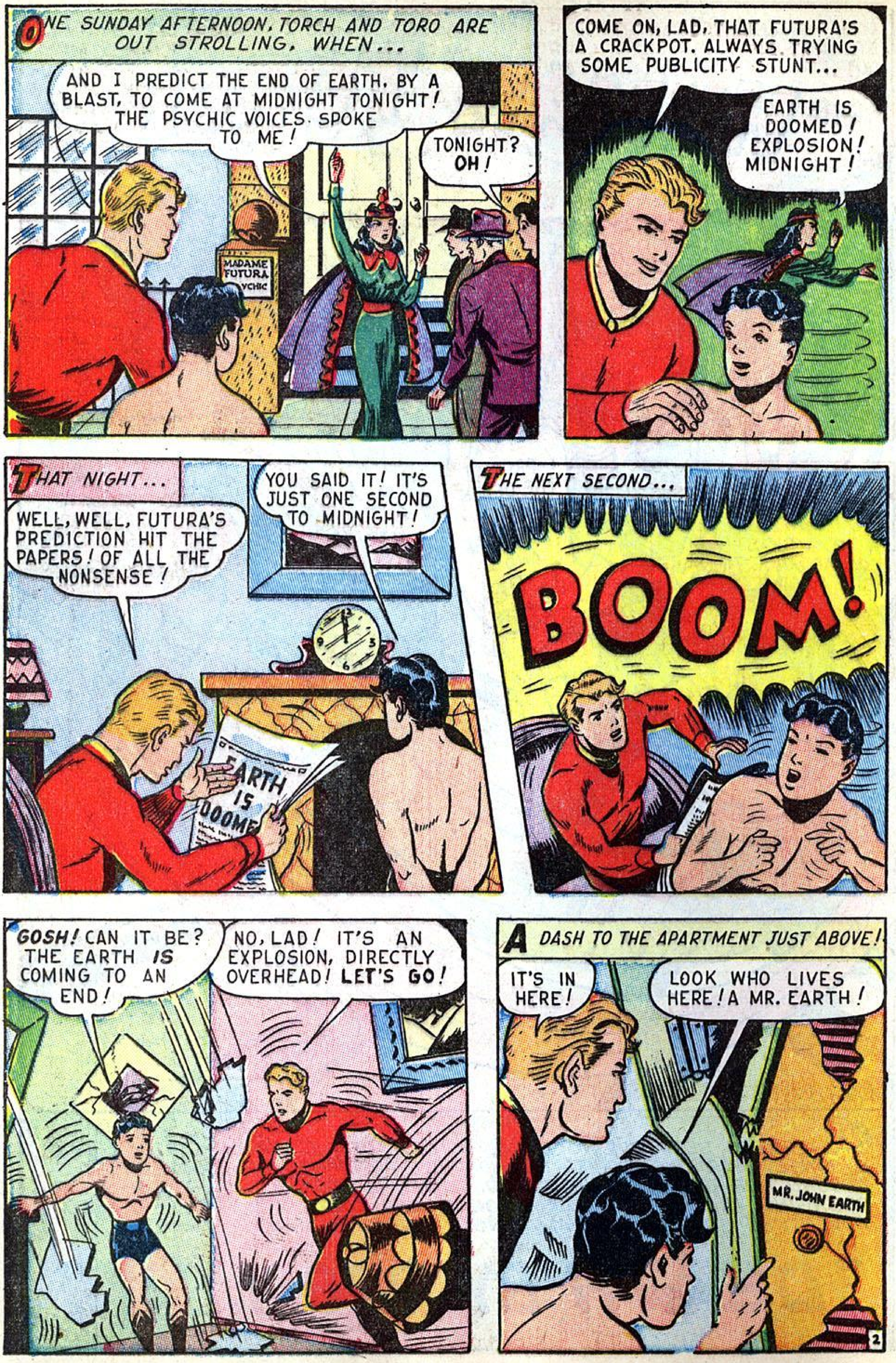

AS TORCH AND TORO FALL...
THEY'RE FINISHED NOW! IT TURNS THE TRAP ON **THEM**!
BANG BANG BANG
BUT IS THE DARING CRIME-FIGHTING DUO DEAD? A FEW BRIEF SECONDS LATER....
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, LAD?
YES... I GUESS THE FALL KO'ED ME... JUST WHAT HAPPENED?
HE FIRED ON US, BUT I FLAMED JUST IN TIME TO MELT THE BULLETS IN MID-AIR...THEN I WENT UP... BUT HE'D ALREADY MADE HIS GET-AWAY! WE'RE GOING UPSTAIRS AGAIN, LAD! I WANT TO MAKE ANOTHER CHECK!
BUT WE'VE GOT THE ANSWER! THE KILLER LOOKED LIKE CHARLIE CLAVVEN!
STILL WE AREN'T SURE! LEGALLY, ONLY A POSITIVE IDENTIFICATION WILL HOLD! THIS TRAP DOOR, MM....
SUDDENLY.....
I HAVE IT! YES, I AM SURE! COME ON, LAD! THERE'S NO TIME TO LOSE!
MOMENTS LATER TWO MURDERING MEN GLOAT OVER THEIR LOOT!
WITH RICKY AND THE SNOOPING TORCH AND TORO DEAD, NO ONE WILL EVER SUSPECT YOU! LET'S BLOW TOWN!
YES! FLORIDA... CUBA... BEST HOTELS...YEH! PACK THE BAGS!

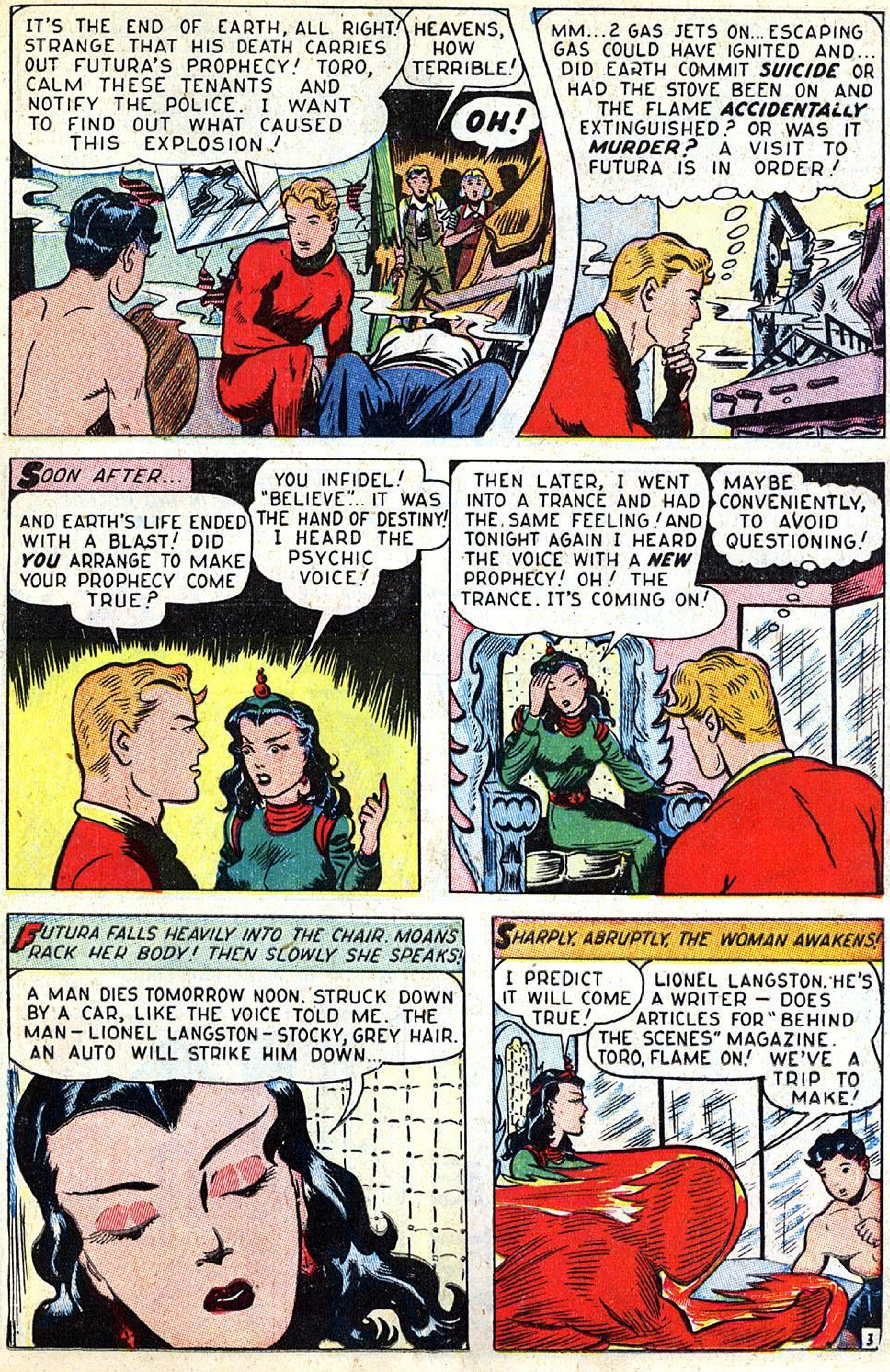

THE TORCH!
PACK? WHAT FOR? YOU'RE NOT GOING ANYPLACE!
....EXCEPT BEHIND BARS!
FLAME-ROPES WIND IN WHIRLWIND TIME!
NOW OFF WITH THE HANDKERCHIEF! ELMER BRIGHT, AS I THOUGHT!
WHAT ARE YOU WEARING? BUILT-UP SHOES!
YEH, I WANTED TO RESEMBLE CHARLIE CLAVVEN!
ALMOST GOT AWAY WITH IT! TORO, CALL THE POLICE!
NOT LONG AFTER.... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...
YEH, I WAS BOSS OF THE GAMBLING PLACE! RICKY WAS MANAGER AND ACE THE ASSISTANT...
AND YOU TRIED TO THROW US OFF THE SCENT WITH THE CLAVVEN ANGLE!
BUT HOW DID **YOU** WISE UP, TORCH?
THE TRAP DOOR AT RICKY'S GAVE ME THE IDEA. I SAW IT HAD THE SAME TYPE WIRING INSTALLATIONS AS THE GAMBLING ROOM. THAT STAMPED THE HANDIWORK OF BRIGHT'S, AND THE FACT THAT HE PERHAPS KNEW RICKY ADDED UP! YES, BRIGHT, YOU'RE **WIRED** FOR THE **ELECTRIC CHAIR**!
THE END

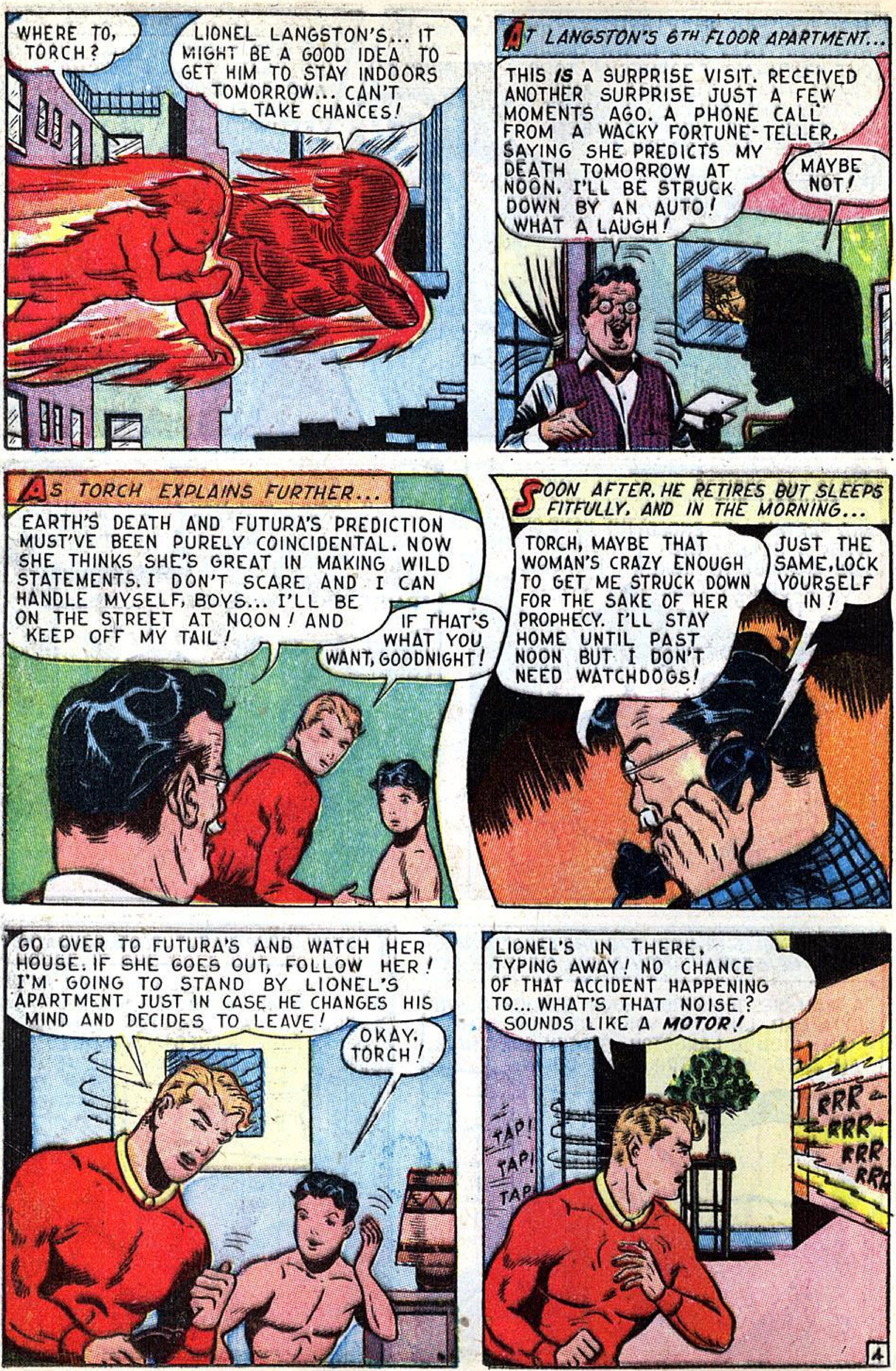

THE HUMAN TORCH
I PREDICT THE DEATH OF TORCH AND TORO
R-440

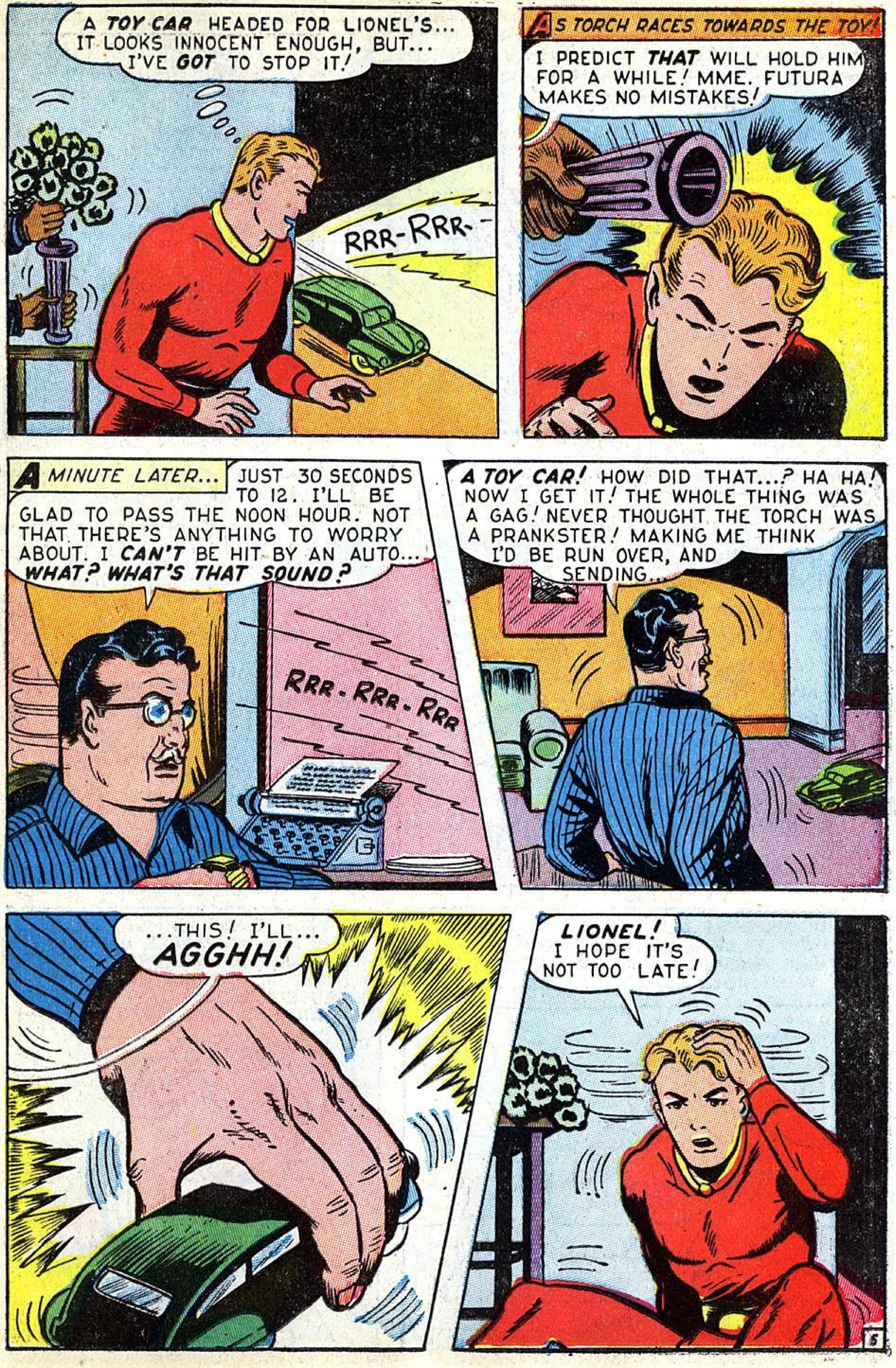
A CRAZED SEER PREDICTS THE MOMENT OF THE END OF EARTH! AND IN STRANGE, STARTLING MANNER THE HORRIBLE PREDICTION OF DOOM COMES TRUE! AROUND THIS THEME OF THE SUPERNATURAL IS SPUN A STUNNING MYSTERY, PLUNGING THAT TORRID TEAM **TORCH AND TORO** INTO THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE TO STOP THE AMAZINGLY CUNNING HAND BEHIND...

"DEATH BY PROPHECY!"


ONE SUNDAY AFTERNOON, TORCH AND TORO ARE OUT STROLLING, WHEN...
AND I PREDICT THE END OF EARTH, BY A BLAST, TO COME AT MIDNIGHT TONIGHT! THE PSYCHIC VOICES SPOKE TO ME!
TONIGHT? OH!
MADAME FUTURA PSYCHIC
COME ON, LAD, THAT FUTURA'S A CRACKPOT. ALWAYS TRYING SOME PUBLICITY STUNT...
EARTH IS DOOMED! EXPLOSION! MIDNIGHT!
THAT NIGHT...
WELL, WELL, FUTURA'S PREDICTION HIT THE PAPERS! OF ALL THE NONSENSE!
YOU SAID IT! IT'S JUST ONE SECOND TO MIDNIGHT!
EARTH IS DOOME
THE NEXT SECOND...
BOOM!
GOSH! CAN IT BE? THE EARTH IS COMING TO AN END!
NO, LAD! IT'S AN EXPLOSION, DIRECTLY OVERHEAD! LET'S GO!
A DASH TO THE APARTMENT JUST ABOVE!
IT'S IN HERE!
LOOK WHO LIVES HERE! A MR. EARTH!
MR. JOHN EARTH
2


IT'S THE END OF EARTH, ALL RIGHT! STRANGE THAT HIS DEATH CARRIES OUT FUTURA'S PROPHECY! TORO, CALM THESE TENANTS AND NOTIFY THE POLICE. I WANT TO FIND OUT WHAT CAUSED THIS EXPLOSION!
HEAVENS, HOW TERRIBLE!
OH!
MM... 2 GAS JETS ON... ESCAPING GAS COULD HAVE IGNITED AND... DID EARTH COMMIT **SUICIDE** OR HAD THE STOVE BEEN ON AND THE FLAME ***ACCIDENTALLY*** EXTINGUISHED? OR WAS IT ***MURDER?*** A VISIT TO FUTURA IS IN ORDER!
SOON AFTER...
AND EARTH'S LIFE ENDED WITH A BLAST! DID ***YOU*** ARRANGE TO MAKE YOUR PROPHECY COME TRUE?
YOU INFIDEL! "BELIEVE"... IT WAS THE HAND OF DESTINY! I HEARD THE PSYCHIC VOICE!
THEN LATER, I WENT INTO A TRANCE AND HAD THE SAME FEELING! AND TONIGHT AGAIN I HEARD THE VOICE WITH A ***NEW*** PROPHECY! OH! THE TRANCE. IT'S COMING ON!
MAYBE CONVENIENTLY, TO AVOID QUESTIONING!
FUTURA FALLS HEAVILY INTO THE CHAIR. MOANS RACK HER BODY! THEN SLOWLY SHE SPEAKS!
A MAN DIES TOMORROW NOON. STRUCK DOWN BY A CAR, LIKE THE VOICE TOLD ME. THE MAN — LIONEL LANGSTON — STOCKY, GREY HAIR. AN AUTO WILL STRIKE HIM DOWN...
SHARPLY, ABRUPTLY, THE WOMAN AWAKENS!
I PREDICT IT WILL COME TRUE!
LIONEL LANGSTON. HE'S A WRITER — DOES ARTICLES FOR "BEHIND THE SCENES" MAGAZINE. TORO, FLAME ON! WE'VE A TRIP TO MAKE!


WHERE TO, TORCH?
LIONEL LANGSTON'S... IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO GET HIM TO STAY INDOORS TOMORROW... CAN'T TAKE CHANCES!
AT LANGSTON'S 6TH FLOOR APARTMENT...
THIS IS A SURPRISE VISIT. RECEIVED ANOTHER SURPRISE JUST A FEW MOMENTS AGO. A PHONE CALL FROM A WACKY FORTUNE-TELLER, SAYING SHE PREDICTS MY DEATH TOMORROW AT NOON. I'LL BE STRUCK DOWN BY AN AUTO! WHAT A LAUGH!
MAYBE NOT!
AS TORCH EXPLAINS FURTHER...
EARTH'S DEATH AND FUTURA'S PREDICTION MUST'VE BEEN PURELY COINCIDENTAL. NOW SHE THINKS SHE'S GREAT IN MAKING WILD STATEMENTS. I DON'T SCARE AND I CAN HANDLE MYSELF, BOYS... I'LL BE ON THE STREET AT NOON! AND KEEP OFF MY TAIL!
IF THAT'S WHAT YOU WANT, GOODNIGHT!
SOON AFTER, HE RETIRES BUT SLEEPS FITFULLY. AND IN THE MORNING...
TORCH, MAYBE THAT WOMAN'S CRAZY ENOUGH TO GET ME STRUCK DOWN FOR THE SAKE OF HER PROPHECY. I'LL STAY HOME UNTIL PAST NOON BUT I DON'T NEED WATCHDOGS!
JUST THE SAME, LOCK YOURSELF IN!
GO OVER TO FUTURA'S AND WATCH HER HOUSE. IF SHE GOES OUT, FOLLOW HER! I'M GOING TO STAND BY LIONEL'S APARTMENT JUST IN CASE HE CHANGES HIS MIND AND DECIDES TO LEAVE!
OKAY, TORCH!
LIONEL'S IN THERE, TYPING AWAY! NO CHANCE OF THAT ACCIDENT HAPPENING TO... WHAT'S THAT NOISE? SOUNDS LIKE A MOTOR!
TAP! TAP! TAP!
RRR RRR RRR RRR


A **TOY CAR** HEADED FOR LIONEL'S... IT LOOKS INNOCENT ENOUGH, BUT... I'VE **GOT** TO STOP IT!
RRR-RRR-
AS TORCH RACES TOWARDS THE TOY!
I PREDICT **THAT** WILL HOLD HIM FOR A WHILE! MME. FUTURA MAKES NO MISTAKES!
A MINUTE LATER...
JUST 30 SECONDS TO 12. I'LL BE GLAD TO PASS THE NOON HOUR. NOT THAT THERE'S ANYTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. I **CAN'T** BE HIT BY AN AUTO... **WHAT? WHAT'S THAT SOUND?**
RRR-RRR-RRR
A TOY CAR! HOW DID THAT...? HA HA! NOW I GET IT! THE WHOLE THING WAS A GAG! NEVER THOUGHT THE TORCH WAS A PRANKSTER! MAKING ME THINK I'D BE RUN OVER, AND SENDING...
...THIS! I'LL... **AGGHH!**
LIONEL! I HOPE IT'S NOT TOO LATE!
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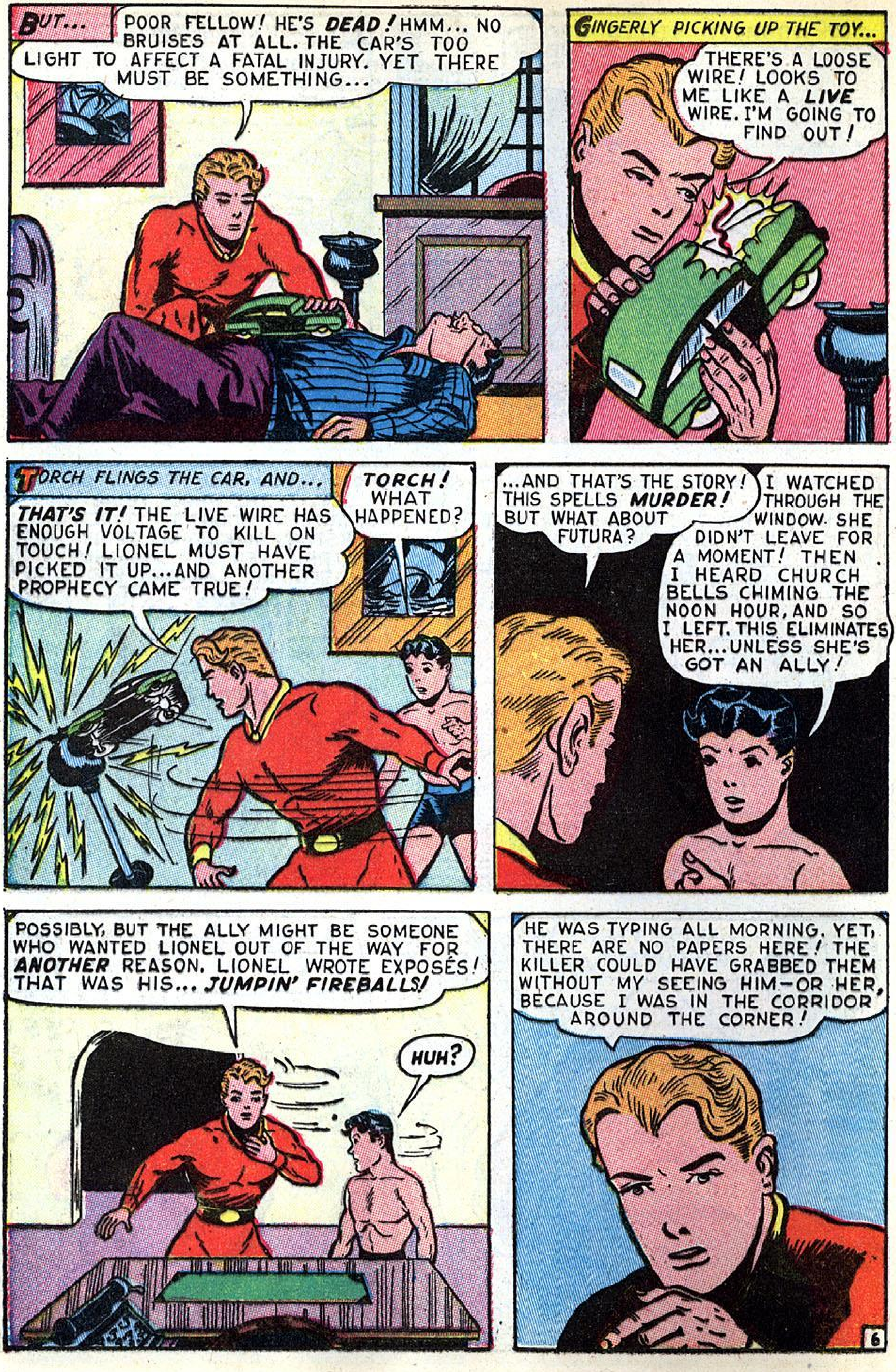
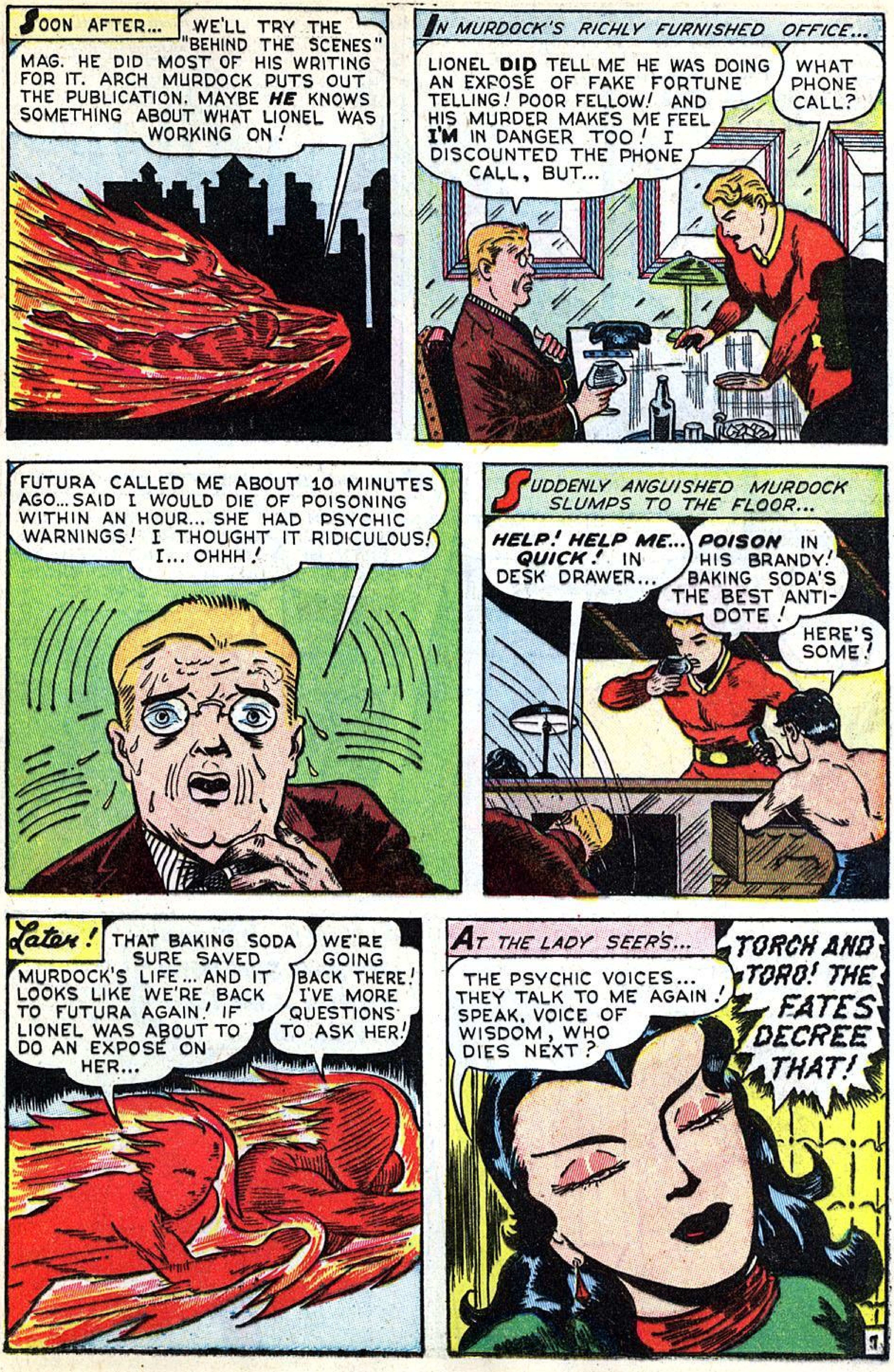
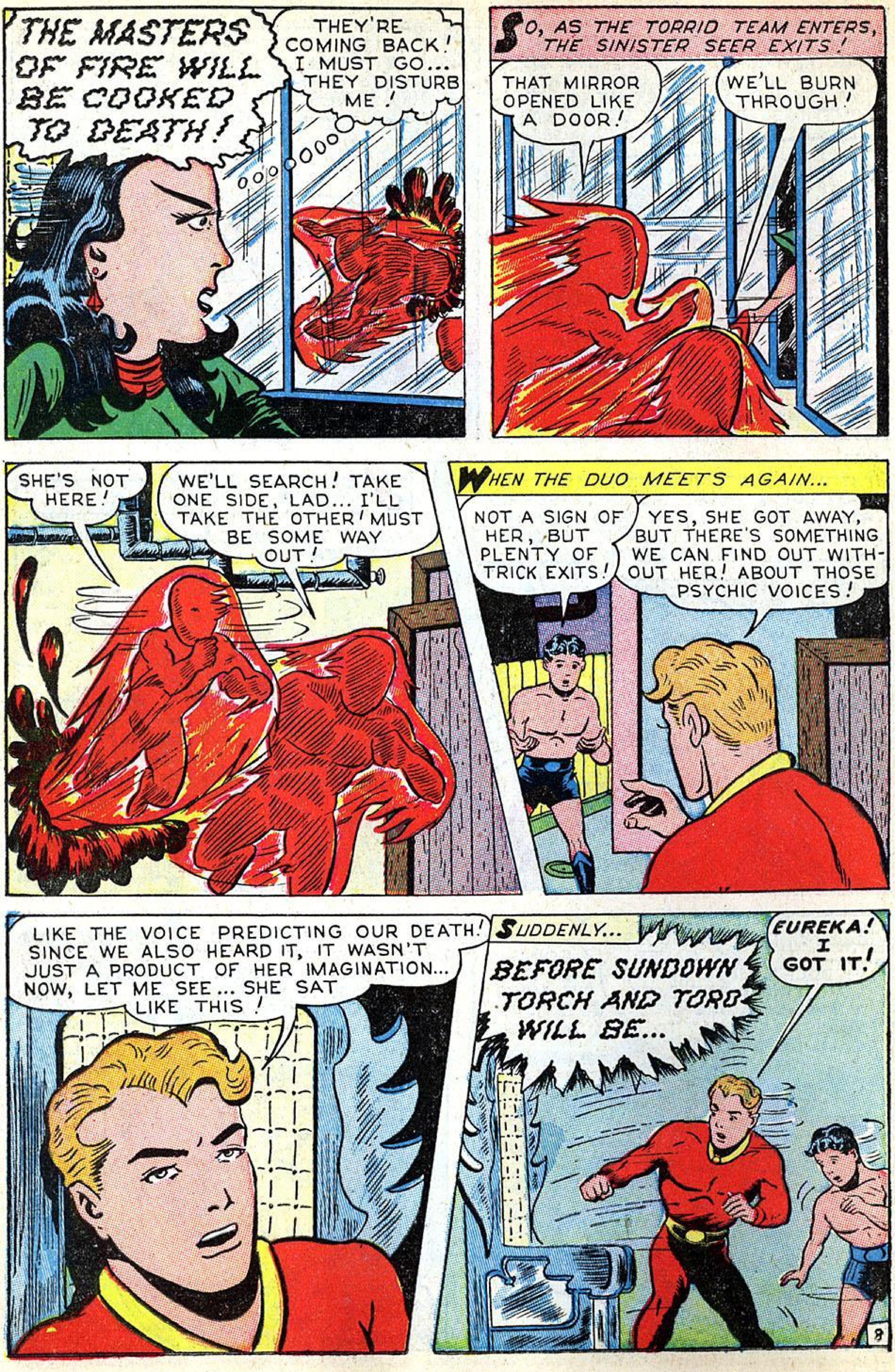
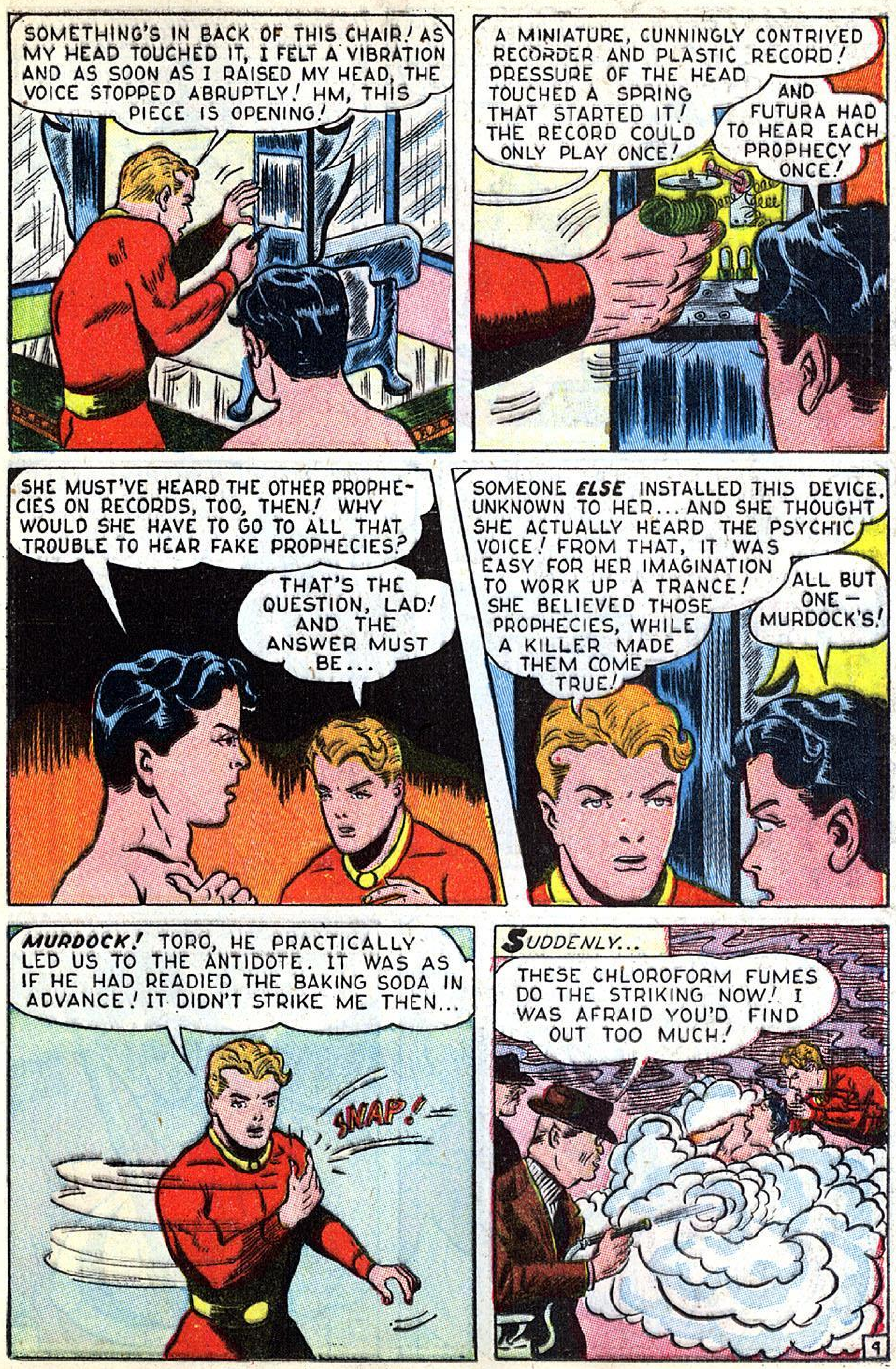
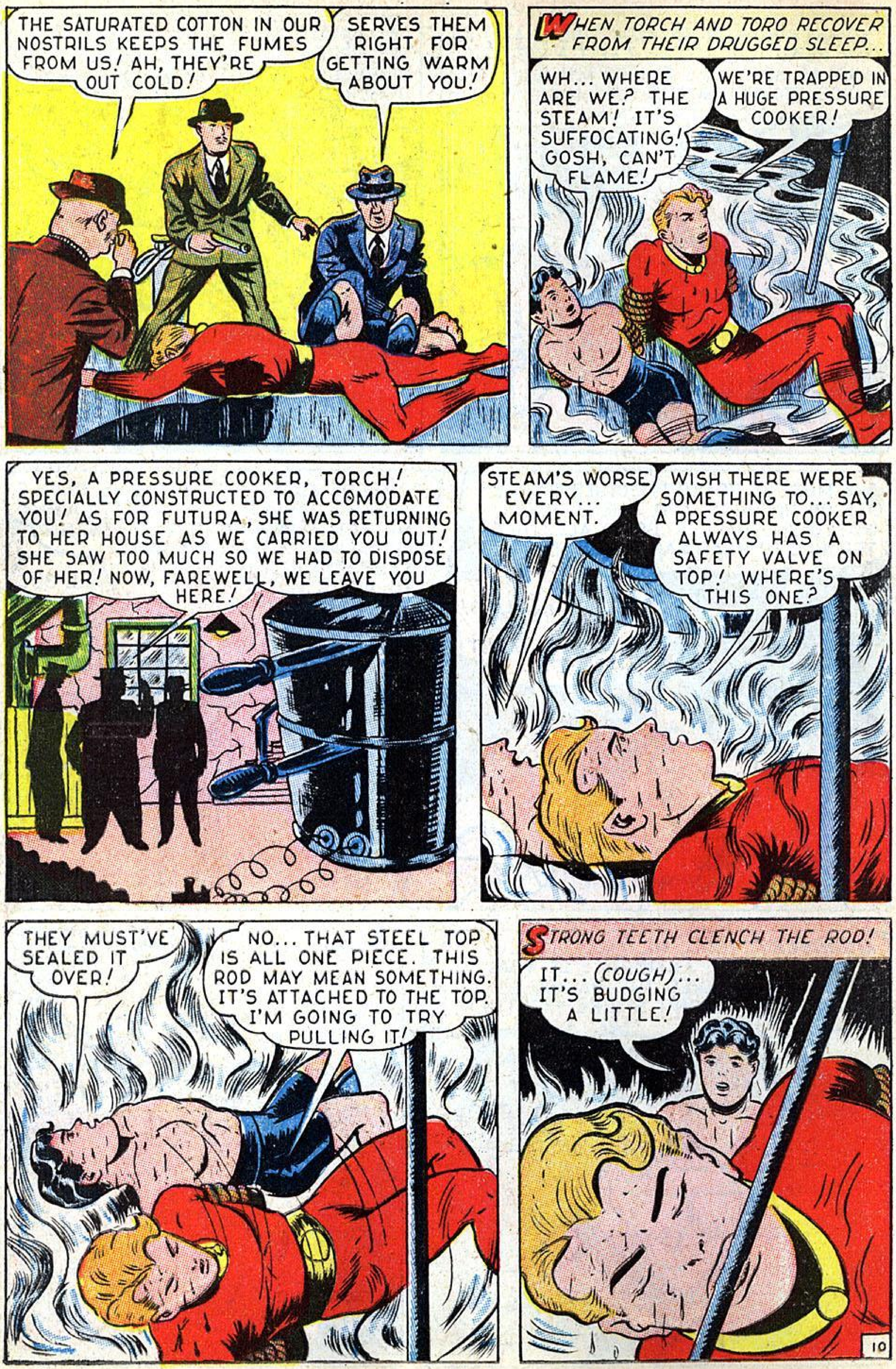
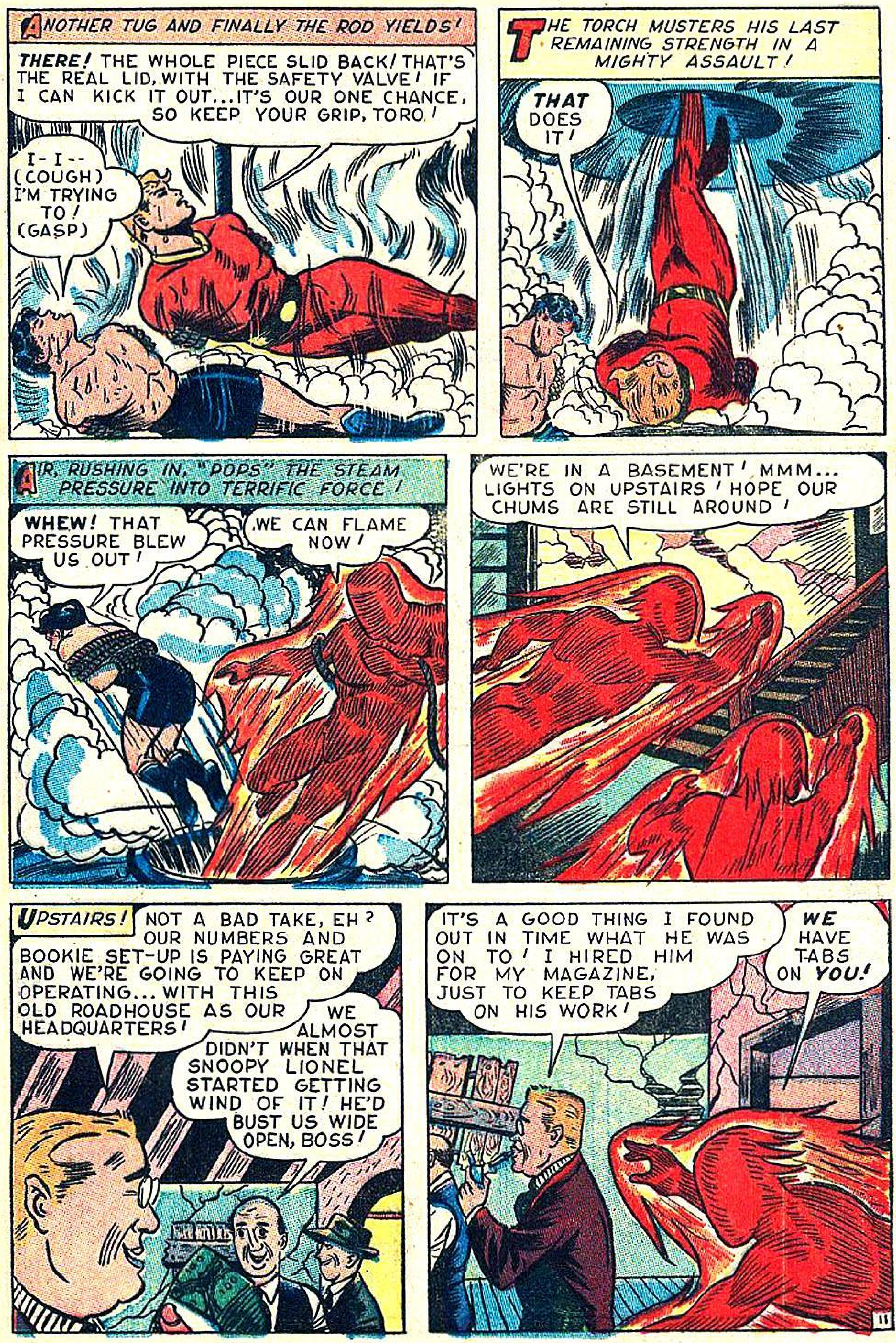

BUT...
POOR FELLOW! HE'S DEAD! HMM... NO BRUISES AT ALL. THE CAR'S TOO LIGHT TO AFFECT A FATAL INJURY. YET THERE MUST BE SOMETHING...
GINGERLY PICKING UP THE TOY...
THERE'S A LOOSE WIRE! LOOKS TO ME LIKE A LIVE WIRE. I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!
TORCH FLINGS THE CAR, AND...
THAT'S IT! THE LIVE WIRE HAS ENOUGH VOLTAGE TO KILL ON TOUCH! LIONEL MUST HAVE PICKED IT UP...AND ANOTHER PROPHECY CAME TRUE!
TORCH! WHAT HAPPENED?
...AND THAT'S THE STORY! THIS SPELLS MURDER! BUT WHAT ABOUT FUTURA?
I WATCHED THROUGH THE WINDOW. SHE DIDN'T LEAVE FOR A MOMENT! THEN I HEARD CHURCH BELLS CHIMING THE NOON HOUR, AND SO I LEFT. THIS ELIMINATES HER...UNLESS SHE'S GOT AN ALLY!
POSSIBLY, BUT THE ALLY MIGHT BE SOMEONE WHO WANTED LIONEL OUT OF THE WAY FOR ANOTHER REASON. LIONEL WROTE EXPOSÉS! THAT WAS HIS... JUMPIN' FIREBALLS!
HUH?
HE WAS TYPING ALL MORNING, YET, THERE ARE NO PAPERS HERE! THE KILLER COULD HAVE GRABBED THEM WITHOUT MY SEEING HIM—OR HER, BECAUSE I WAS IN THE CORRIDOR AROUND THE CORNER!

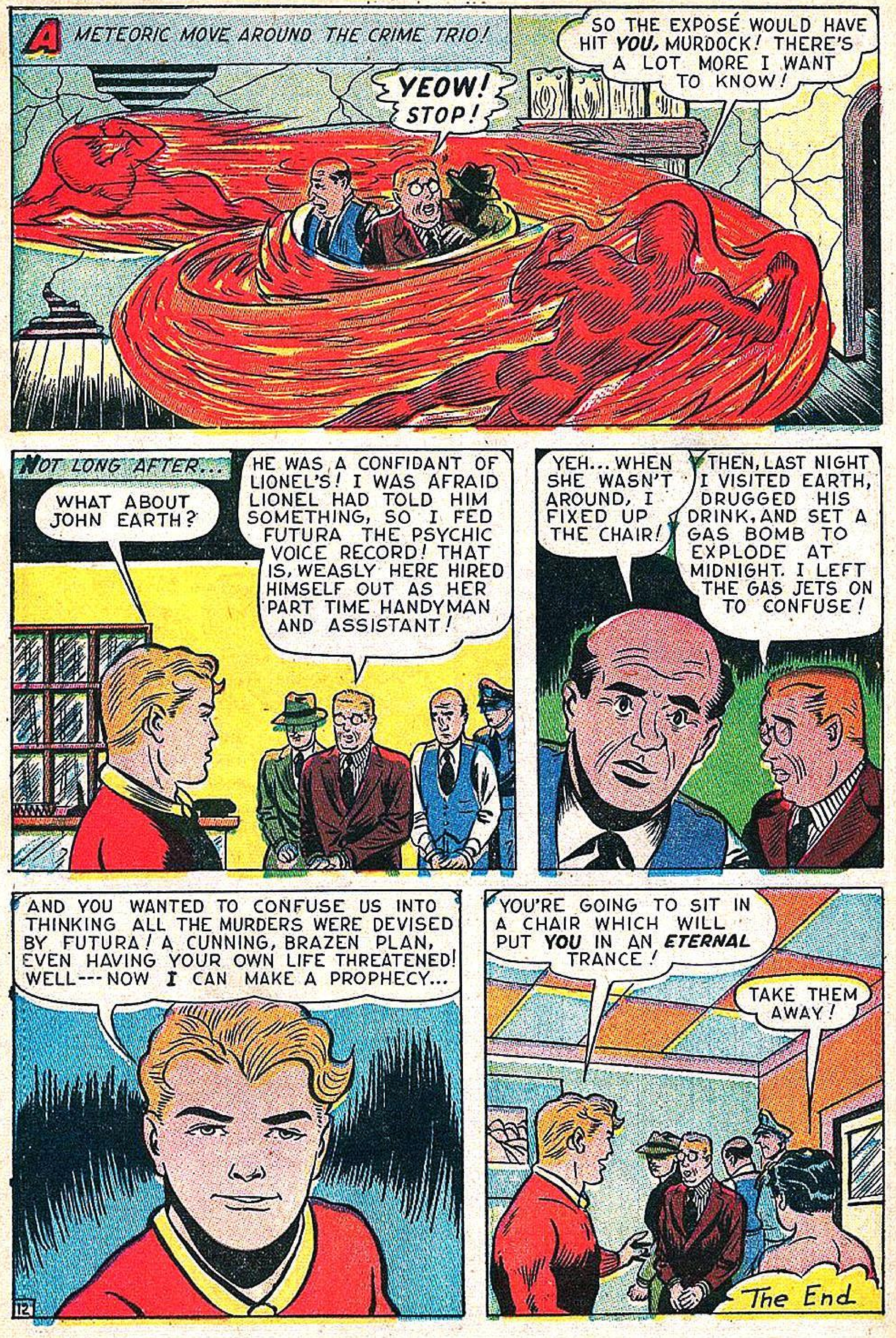

SOON AFTER...
WE'LL TRY THE "BEHIND THE SCENES" MAG. HE DID MOST OF HIS WRITING FOR IT. ARCH MURDOCK PUTS OUT THE PUBLICATION. MAYBE HE KNOWS SOMETHING ABOUT WHAT LIONEL WAS WORKING ON!
IN MURDOCK'S RICHLY FURNISHED OFFICE...
LIONEL DID TELL ME HE WAS DOING AN EXPOSÉ OF FAKE FORTUNE TELLING! POOR FELLOW! AND HIS MURDER MAKES ME FEEL I'M IN DANGER TOO! I DISCOUNTED THE PHONE CALL, BUT...
WHAT PHONE CALL?
FUTURA CALLED ME ABOUT 10 MINUTES AGO... SAID I WOULD DIE OF POISONING WITHIN AN HOUR... SHE HAD PSYCHIC WARNINGS! I THOUGHT IT RIDICULOUS! I... OHHH!
SUDDENLY ANGUISHED MURDOCK SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR...
HELP! HELP ME... QUICK! IN DESK DRAWER...
POISON IN HIS BRANDY! BAKING SODA'S THE BEST ANTIDOTE!
HERE'S SOME!
Later!
THAT BAKING SODA SURE SAVED MURDOCK'S LIFE... AND IT LOOKS LIKE WE'RE BACK TO FUTURA AGAIN! IF LIONEL WAS ABOUT TO DO AN EXPOSÉ ON HER...
WE'RE GOING BACK THERE! I'VE MORE QUESTIONS TO ASK HER!
AT THE LADY SEER'S...
THE PSYCHIC VOICES... THEY TALK TO ME AGAIN! SPEAK, VOICE OF WISDOM, WHO DIES NEXT?
TORCH AND TORO! THE FATES DECREE THAT!


THE MASTERS OF FIRE WILL BE COOKED TO DEATH!
THEY'RE COMING BACK! I MUST GO... THEY DISTURB ME!
SO, AS THE TORRID TEAM ENTERS, THE SINISTER SEER EXITS!
THAT MIRROR OPENED LIKE A DOOR!
WE'LL BURN THROUGH!
SHE'S NOT HERE!
WE'LL SEARCH! TAKE ONE SIDE, LAD... I'LL TAKE THE OTHER! MUST BE SOME WAY OUT!
WHEN THE DUO MEETS AGAIN...
NOT A SIGN OF HER, BUT PLENTY OF TRICK EXITS!
YES, SHE GOT AWAY, BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WE CAN FIND OUT WITHOUT HER! ABOUT THOSE PSYCHIC VOICES!
LIKE THE VOICE PREDICTING OUR DEATH! SINCE WE ALSO HEARD IT, IT WASN'T JUST A PRODUCT OF HER IMAGINATION... NOW, LET ME SEE... SHE SAT LIKE THIS!
SUDDENLY...
BEFORE SUNDOWN TORCH AND TORO WILL BE...
EUREKA! I GOT IT!


SOMETHING'S IN BACK OF THIS CHAIR! AS MY HEAD TOUCHED IT, I FELT A VIBRATION AND AS SOON AS I RAISED MY HEAD, THE VOICE STOPPED ABRUPTLY! HM, THIS PIECE IS OPENING!
A MINIATURE, CUNNINGLY CONTRIVED RECORDER AND PLASTIC RECORD! PRESSURE OF THE HEAD TOUCHED A SPRING THAT STARTED IT! THE RECORD COULD ONLY PLAY ONCE!
AND FUTURA HAD TO HEAR EACH PROPHECY ONCE!
SHE MUST'VE HEARD THE OTHER PROPHECIES ON RECORDS, TOO, THEN! WHY WOULD SHE HAVE TO GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE TO HEAR FAKE PROPHECIES?
THAT'S THE QUESTION, LAD! AND THE ANSWER MUST BE...
SOMEONE ELSE INSTALLED THIS DEVICE, UNKNOWN TO HER... AND SHE THOUGHT SHE ACTUALLY HEARD THE PSYCHIC VOICE! FROM THAT, IT WAS EASY FOR HER IMAGINATION TO WORK UP A TRANCE! SHE BELIEVED THOSE PROPHECIES, WHILE A KILLER MADE THEM COME TRUE!
ALL BUT ONE— MURDOCK'S!
MURDOCK! TORO, HE PRACTICALLY LED US TO THE ANTIDOTE. IT WAS AS IF HE HAD READIED THE BAKING SODA IN ADVANCE! IT DIDN'T STRIKE ME THEN...
SNAP!
SUDDENLY...
THESE CHLOROFORM FUMES DO THE STRIKING NOW! I WAS AFRAID YOU'D FIND OUT TOO MUCH!
9


THE SATURATED COTTON IN OUR NOSTRILS KEEPS THE FUMES FROM US! AH, THEY'RE OUT COLD!
SERVES THEM RIGHT FOR GETTING WARM ABOUT YOU!
WHEN TORCH AND TORO RECOVER FROM THEIR DRUGGED SLEEP...
WH... WHERE ARE WE? THE STEAM! IT'S SUFFOCATING! GOSH, CAN'T FLAME!
WE'RE TRAPPED IN A HUGE PRESSURE COOKER!
YES, A PRESSURE COOKER, TORCH! SPECIALLY CONSTRUCTED TO ACCOMODATE YOU! AS FOR FUTURA, SHE WAS RETURNING TO HER HOUSE AS WE CARRIED YOU OUT! SHE SAW TOO MUCH SO WE HAD TO DISPOSE OF HER! NOW, FAREWELL, WE LEAVE YOU HERE!
STEAM'S WORSE EVERY... MOMENT.
WISH THERE WERE SOMETHING TO... SAY, A PRESSURE COOKER ALWAYS HAS A SAFETY VALVE ON TOP! WHERE'S THIS ONE?
THEY MUST'VE SEALED IT OVER!
NO... THAT STEEL TOP IS ALL ONE PIECE. THIS ROD MAY MEAN SOMETHING. IT'S ATTACHED TO THE TOP. I'M GOING TO TRY PULLING IT!
STRONG TEETH CLENCH THE ROD!
IT... (COUGH)... IT'S BUDGING A LITTLE!


ANOTHER TUG AND FINALLY THE ROD YIELDS!
THERE! THE WHOLE PIECE SLID BACK! THAT'S THE REAL LID, WITH THE SAFETY VALVE! IF I CAN KICK IT OUT...IT'S OUR ONE CHANCE, SO KEEP YOUR GRIP, TORO!
I-I-- (COUGH) I'M TRYING TO! (GASP)
THE TORCH MUSTERS HIS LAST REMAINING STRENGTH IN A MIGHTY ASSAULT!
THAT DOES IT!
AIR, RUSHING IN, "POPS" THE STEAM PRESSURE INTO TERRIFIC FORCE!
WHEW! THAT PRESSURE BLEW US OUT!
WE CAN FLAME NOW!
WE'RE IN A BASEMENT! MMM... LIGHTS ON UPSTAIRS! HOPE OUR CHUMS ARE STILL AROUND!
UPSTAIRS!
NOT A BAD TAKE, EH? OUR NUMBERS AND BOOKIE SET-UP IS PAYING GREAT AND WE'RE GOING TO KEEP ON OPERATING... WITH THIS OLD ROADHOUSE AS OUR HEADQUARTERS!
WE ALMOST DIDN'T WHEN THAT SNOOPY LIONEL STARTED GETTING WIND OF IT! HE'D BUST US WIDE OPEN, BOSS!
IT'S A GOOD THING I FOUND OUT IN TIME WHAT HE WAS ON TO! I HIRED HIM FOR MY MAGAZINE, JUST TO KEEP TABS ON HIS WORK!
WE HAVE TABS ON YOU!


A METEORIC MOVE AROUND THE CRIME TRIO!
YEOW! STOP!
SO THE EXPOSÉ WOULD HAVE HIT **YOU,** MURDOCK! THERE'S A LOT MORE I WANT TO KNOW!
NOT LONG AFTER...
WHAT ABOUT JOHN EARTH?
HE WAS A CONFIDANT OF LIONEL'S! I WAS AFRAID LIONEL HAD TOLD HIM SOMETHING, SO I FED FUTURA THE PSYCHIC VOICE RECORD! THAT IS, WEASLY HERE HIRED HIMSELF OUT AS HER PART TIME HANDYMAN AND ASSISTANT!
YEH... WHEN SHE WASN'T AROUND, I FIXED UP THE CHAIR!
THEN, LAST NIGHT I VISITED EARTH, DRUGGED HIS DRINK, AND SET A GAS BOMB TO EXPLODE AT MIDNIGHT. I LEFT THE GAS JETS ON TO CONFUSE!
AND YOU WANTED TO CONFUSE US INTO THINKING ALL THE MURDERS WERE DEVISED BY FUTURA! A CUNNING, BRAZEN PLAN, EVEN HAVING YOUR OWN LIFE THREATENED! WELL--- NOW **I** CAN MAKE A PROPHECY...
YOU'RE GOING TO SIT IN A CHAIR WHICH WILL PUT **YOU** IN AN ***ETERNAL*** TRANCE!
TAKE THEM AWAY!
The End

CURSE OF THE BLACK DEVIL

ONE bright day in June, 1880, two tall-masted schooners lay at anchor in Salem harbor. Captain Judd yelled across the intervening space of water to the younger Captain Dean, master of the whaling vessel Minerva.

"Ho, Cap'n Dean," Judd called, "when are ya liftin' anchor an' settin' sail?"

The hearty voice of young Dean responded from the other ship. "I leave in the mornin', when the tide will be to my likin'."

Silas Dean was standing next to the massive figure-head of Minerva, which poked its head out in front of the ship, and looked out to the sea. The face of Minerva was placid and serene, with smooth hair carved backward on the wooden figure. This new ship was named Minerva, after the Greek goddess of Wisdom, and Dean hoped that this figure-head would bring luck and good fortune to this newest of the whaling fleet.

"Well, I'll be followin' ya in a week or two, after I get my ship, Albatross, stocked up," Captain Judd shouted. "Maybe we'll be meetin' up somewhere on the Atlantic. Good huntin' to ya!"

The next morning, the Minerva's gleaming white sails were flapping in the breeze as the majestic ship glided out of Salem harbor. Many friends of Captain Dean were at the dock to wave farewell to this vessel which was making its maiden voyage. But, if one had gazed long enough at the figure-head of the Greek goddess, one perhaps would have noticed the look of foreboding in her eyes, as if visualizing a thing, a catastrophic thing, which would occur on this voyage. For, was not Minerva a goddess of wisdom?

. . . A few weeks after the Minerva set sail, Judd was saying his last farewells to his friends of Salem. The Albatross was now ready to start on its fourth whaling trip. The anchor came up, all sails were unfurled. Then the mighty ship moved out slowly, in the path of the Minerva, which was already many days out into the broad Atlantic.

Captain Judd retired to his cabin, inviting his first mate, Higgins, to share his dinner. The two sat at an old oak table and partook of a hearty meal. When it was over, the two seamen lit their pipes, and as usual, their conversation turned to the subject of whaling and the sea. They recalled old tales ... weird stories of killer sea-beasts; of mysterious ships which passed in the fog; of visions which had appeared in the night sky.

And then they turned their thoughts to the Black Devil, the hugest mammal ever spotted in the north Atlantic. The Black Devil was almost legendary in the annals of whaling. This beast had overturned many a boat, sent out from ships with experienced men and their harpoons. Men had disappeared beneath the waves; those fortunate enough to be picked up, had been maimed and were raving lunatics. The Black Devil seemed to have put a curse on any sailor who had dared to hurl a barbed spear into its massive hide. Men spoke of the monster in hushed tones. This denizen of the deep was an ogre, a powerful monster, a cunning and murderous thing which defied the bravest of hunting men!

. . . Months passed, and the Albatross had had, so far, a fairly successful season. Whales had been tracked down and killed. But still, Judd's quota had not been reached, and already spring weather had come to the Atlantic.

And then, one morning in May of 1881, there occurred an event which is still talked of, wherever men gather to talk about the old days of whaling. Captain Judd stood at the helm of his vessel and gazed out over the horizon. As he stood in solemn contemplation, a black smudge appeared across his line of vision. As the Albatross drew closer, Judd lifted his spyglass to his eye and fixed his gaze on the vessel which was drifting closer. He recognized it almost at once. It was the Minerva!

Judd smiled. At last he had met up with his friend, Silas Dean. They could have a meal together and compare their catches.

[illegible], [illegible] the Minerva came closer, Judd's face became quizzical. There was no sign of life on the ship; no activity, no shouted greetings across the water! Judd gave the order to drop anchor. Then a small boat was lowered. He set out for the Minerva with a few men.

As they drew closer, a feeling of death fell over them. Judd hurled a hooked line over the rail of the Minerva . . . he climbed up the rope, hand over hand, and clambered on to the deck. A cold chill swept over his rugged frame. There was not a living soul to be seen on the derelict vessel.

With fear clutching at his heart, Judd searched the ship carefully. Cautiously, he opened the door to Captain Dean's cabin and stepped inside. Nothing appeared unusual to him, until he saw the ship's log-book laying open on the table. Judd hunched his shoulders over the large book and read a few entries:

"Feb. 10th . Today we spotted the Black Devil. I am determined to track this beast down and destroy it!"

"Feb. 12th . . . Sent five of my best men out to harpoon the Black Devil. Their boat capsized . . . men did not return to ship!"

"Feb. 15th . . . Black Devil killed six more of my men today. Men on ship are grumbling. Want to go home and leave Black Devil."

"Feb. 20th . . . Almost got Black Devil today. Stuck with harpoons, but he overturned boat . . . men killed. Men are getting moody!"

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"Feb. 24th . . . Black Devil has been following the Minerva all day. Men refuse to go out after him. Jones and Redden went mad and hurled themselves into sea . . . killed by beast!"

"March 2nd . . . What curse has Black Devil put on my ship? Men are going mad and jumping into sea! Black Devil still follows us!"

And then Captain Judd turned to the last entry in the book. It was dated March 13th:

"They are all gone . . . left me alone . . . Black Devil calls to me . . brain dull . . . can't think am I going mad too?"

And here, Silas Dean's handwriting trailed off into an indistinct scrawl! Judd lurched from the cabin, his mind in a turmoil. The tale of the Black Devil and his curse on whalers was true! He had destroyed Silas Dean and his entire crew! What supernatural power did this vile beast possess? What was the explanation? But, like all mysteries of the enigmatic sea, there was no explanation!

Judd lowered himself to the waiting boat. They moved away from the floating hulk. The bewildered whaler mused to himself . . . all dead, and no witnesses left behind to tell of those days of horror on the ship.

And suddenly, Captain Judd stared at the figure-head of Minerva at the fore of the ship. No longer was the carved face calm and serene, nor the hair straight back and smooth. The figure of Minerva had become warped and wrinkled; the eyes bulged, as if staring at a scene of horror. The hair was cracked into a wild waving mass. The once-beautiful face of the Greek goddess of Wisdom had become a maniacal crone, an insane figure which had watched men hurl themselves into the sea to meet a sudden and terrible death!

"Yes, there *was* one witness during those days of dread and horror," Captain Judd thought to himself. "But she will never speak, nor tell of what she saw!"

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of The Human Torch published quarterly at Meriden, Conn., for October 1st, 1946

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the The Human Torch and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Snap Publishing Company, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. Managing Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y. Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given.)

Snap Publishing Company, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Abraham Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.; Arthur Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

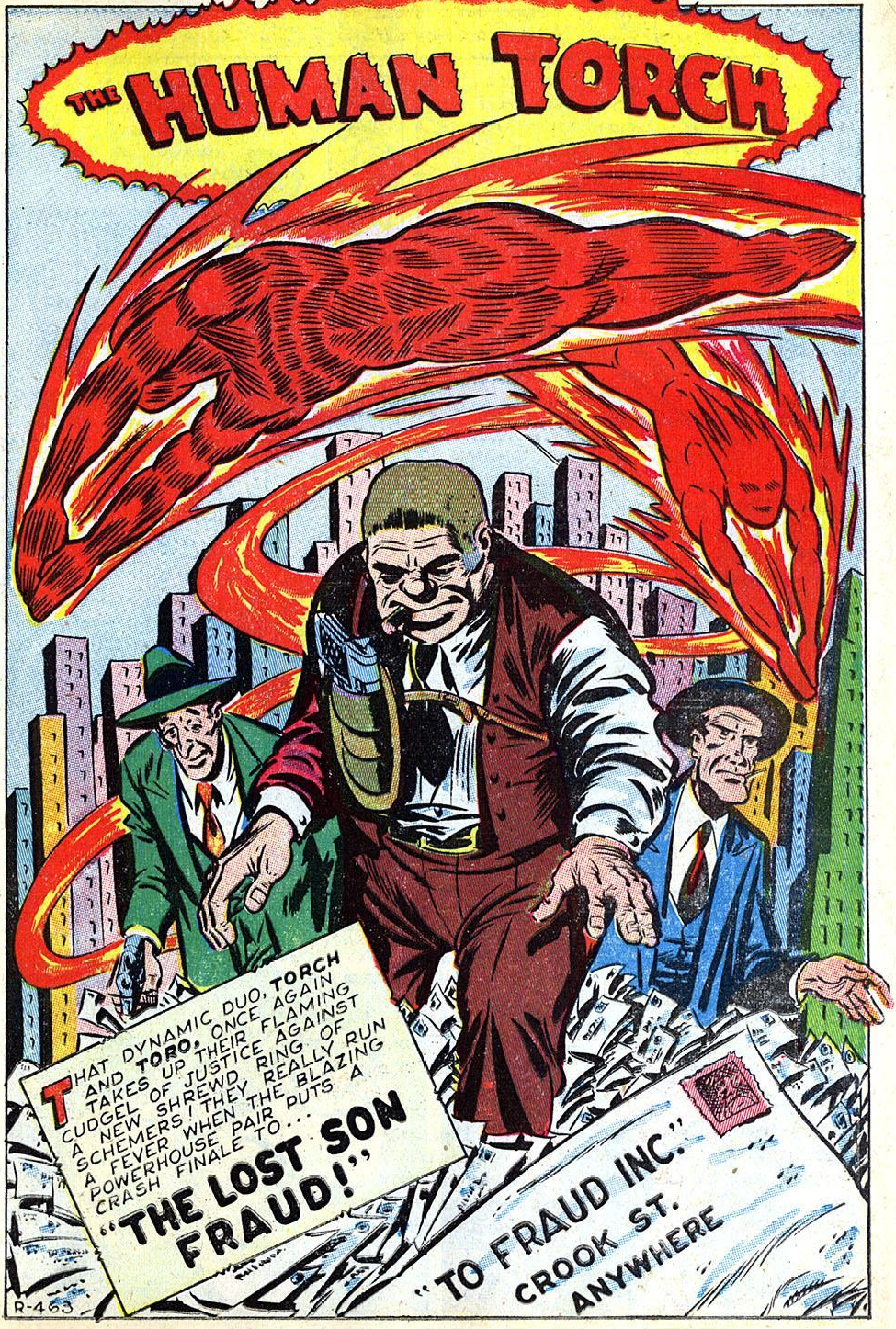
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

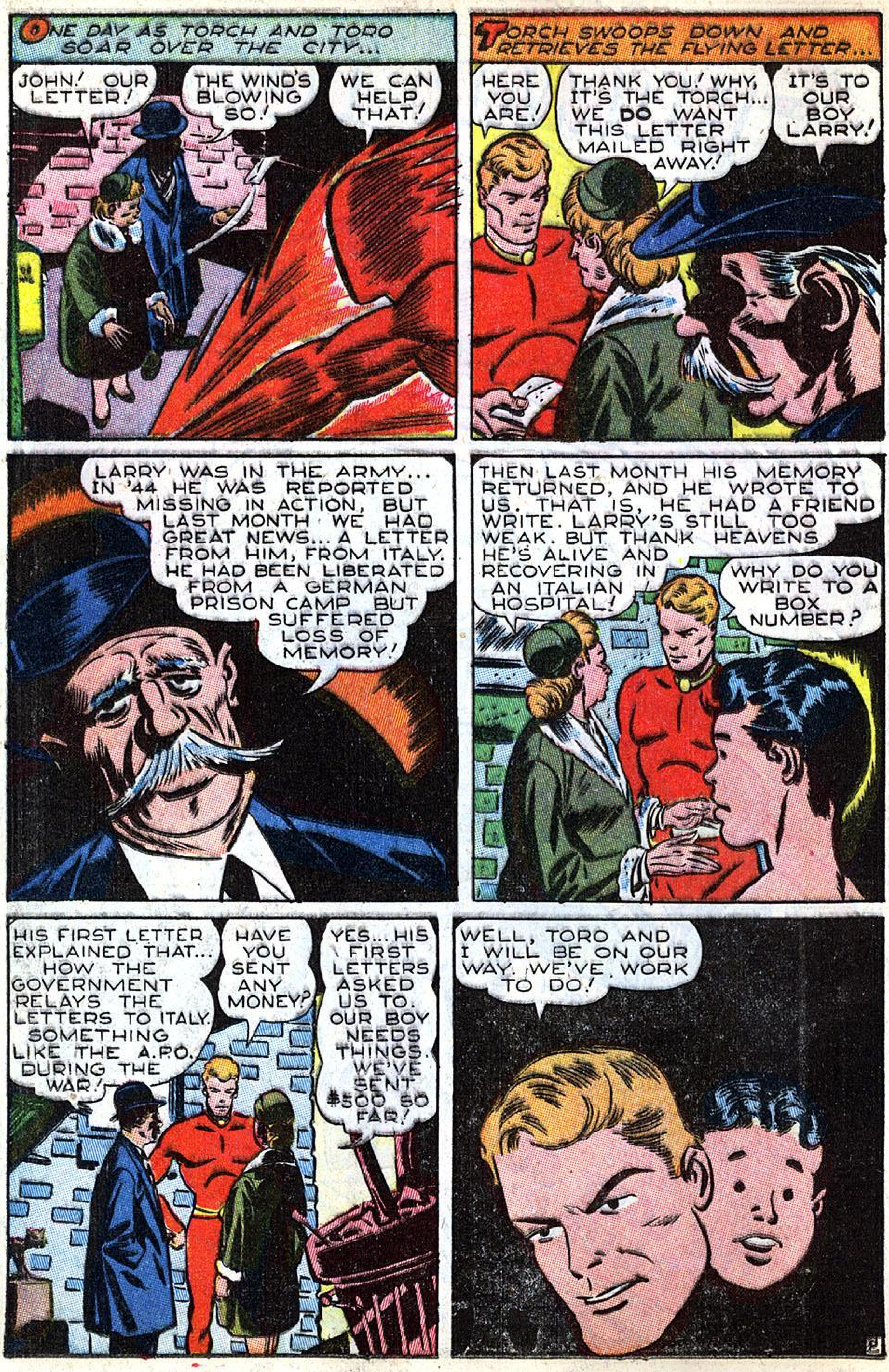
(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

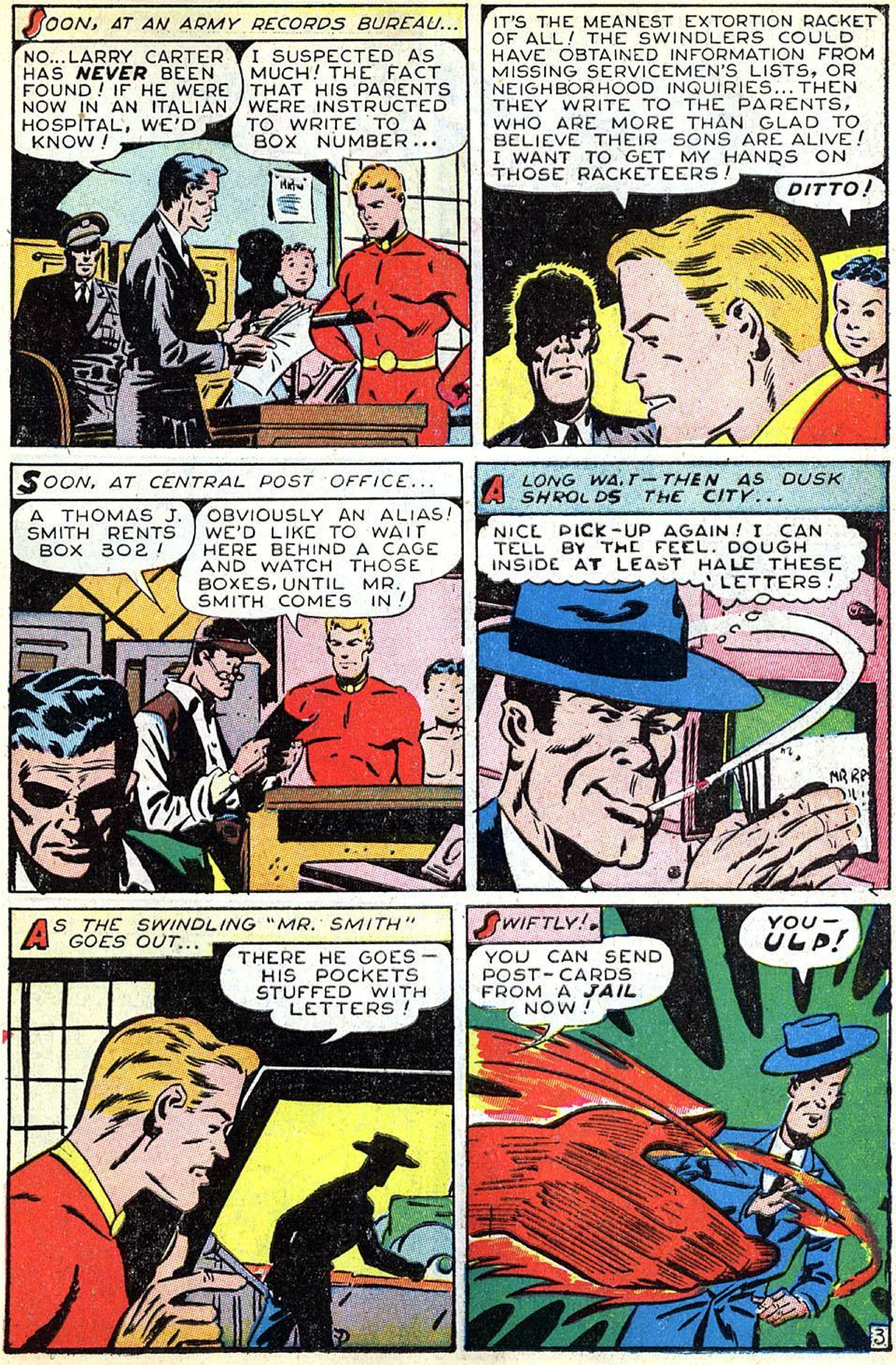
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 9th day of September, 1946.

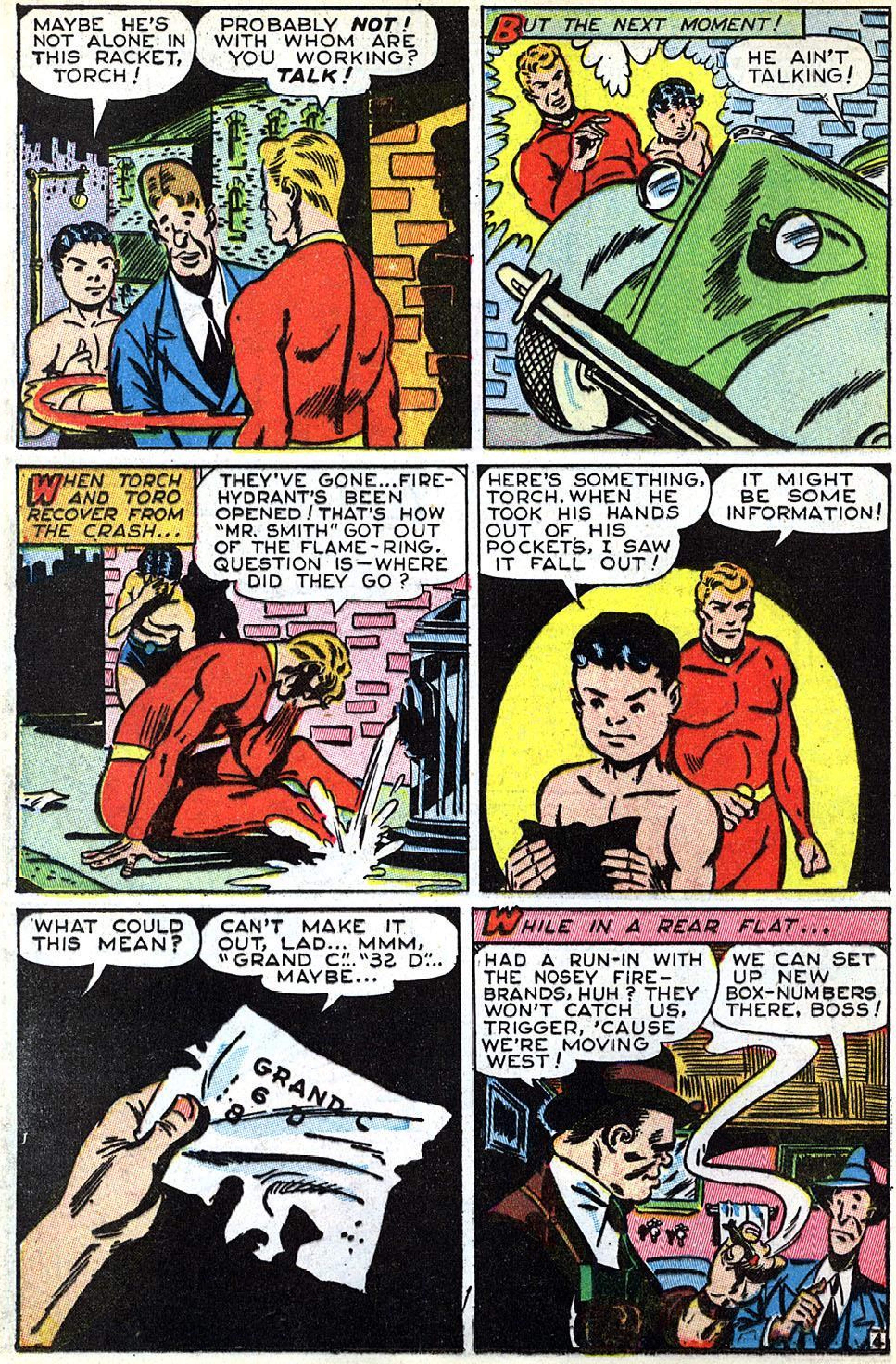
(SEAL.) SYLVIA FISGEN.

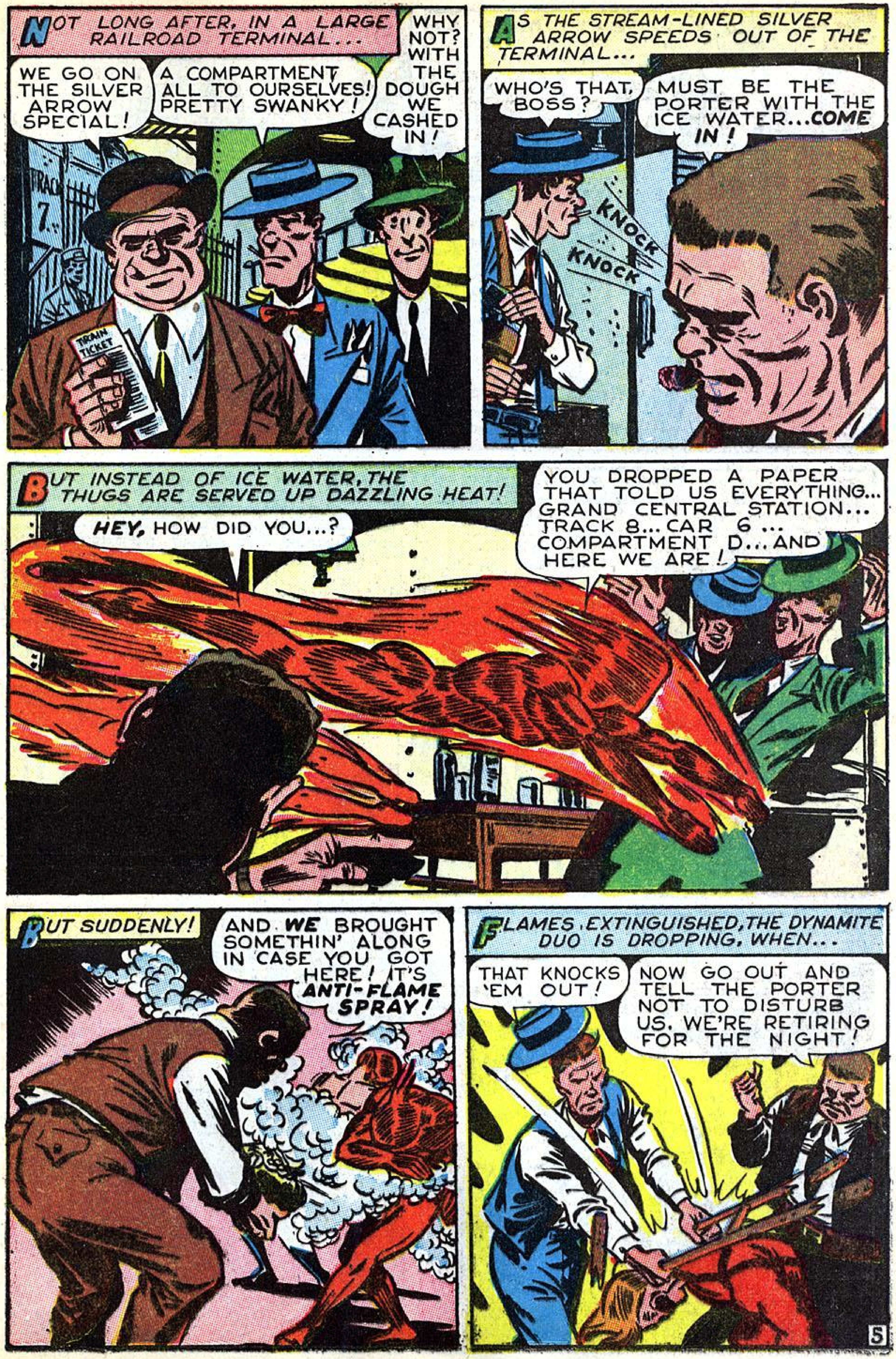
(My commission expires March 30, 1947)

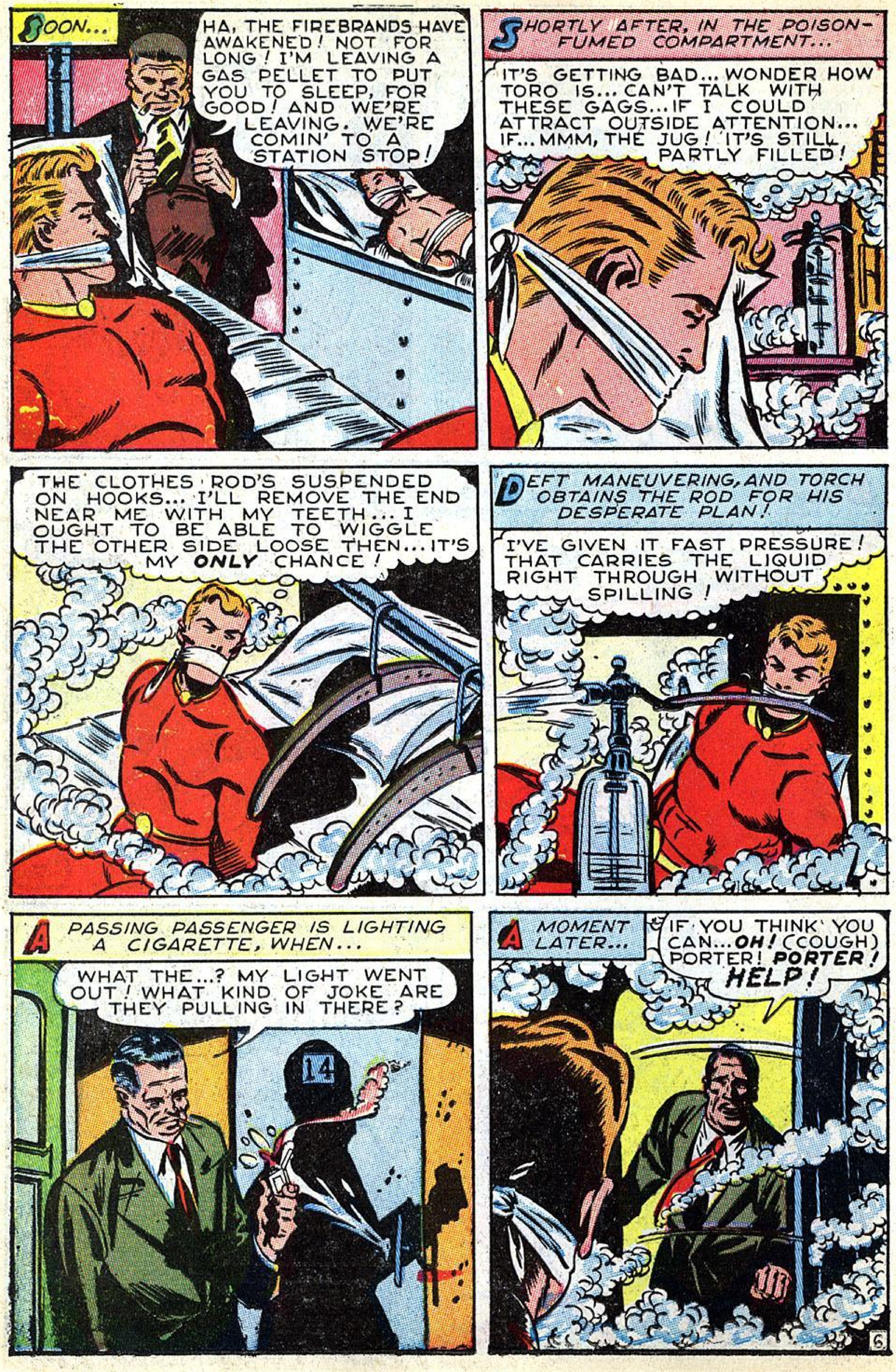

THE HUMAN TORCH
THAT DYNAMIC DUO, TORCH AND TORO, ONCE AGAIN TAKES UP THEIR FLAMING CUDGEL OF JUSTICE AGAINST A NEW SHREWD RING OF SCHEMERS! THEY REALLY RUN A FEVER WHEN THE BLAZING POWERHOUSE PAIR PUTS A CRASH FINALE TO...
"THE LOST SON FRAUD!"
"TO FRAUD INC."
CROOK ST.
ANYWHERE
R-463

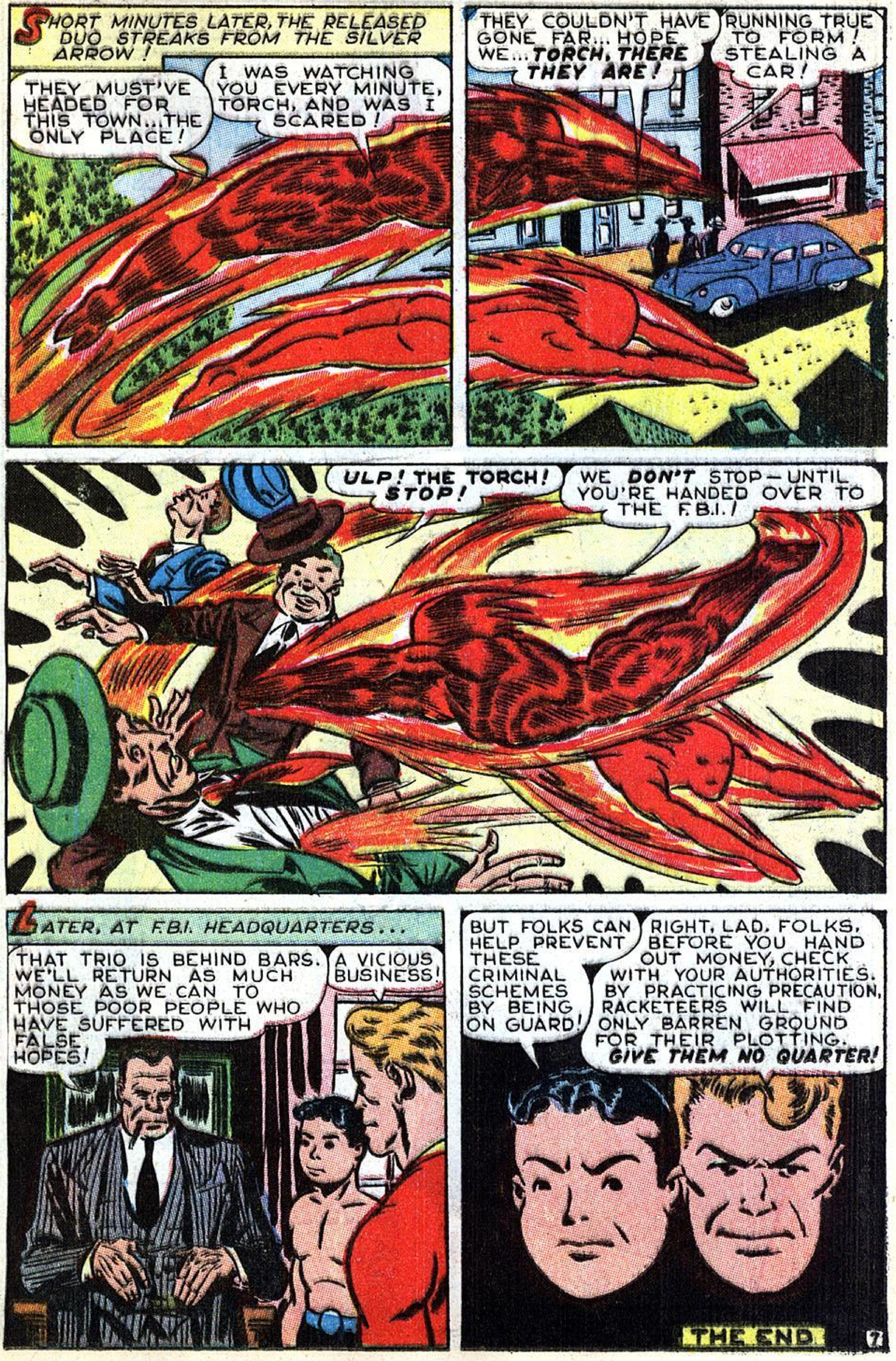

ONE DAY AS TORCH AND TORO SOAR OVER THE CITY...
JOHN! OUR LETTER!
THE WIND'S BLOWING SO!
WE CAN HELP THAT!
TORCH SWOOPS DOWN AND RETRIEVES THE FLYING LETTER...
HERE YOU ARE!
THANK YOU! WHY, IT'S THE TORCH... WE **DO** WANT THIS LETTER MAILED RIGHT AWAY!
IT'S TO OUR BOY LARRY!
LARRY WAS IN THE ARMY... IN '44 HE WAS REPORTED MISSING IN ACTION, BUT LAST MONTH WE HAD GREAT NEWS... A LETTER FROM HIM, FROM ITALY. HE HAD BEEN LIBERATED FROM A GERMAN PRISON CAMP BUT SUFFERED LOSS OF MEMORY!
THEN LAST MONTH HIS MEMORY RETURNED, AND HE WROTE TO US. THAT IS, HE HAD A FRIEND WRITE. LARRY'S STILL TOO WEAK. BUT THANK HEAVENS HE'S ALIVE AND RECOVERING IN AN ITALIAN HOSPITAL!
WHY DO YOU WRITE TO A BOX NUMBER?
HIS FIRST LETTER EXPLAINED THAT... HOW THE GOVERNMENT RELAYS THE LETTERS TO ITALY. SOMETHING LIKE THE A.P.O. DURING THE WAR!
HAVE YOU SENT ANY MONEY?
YES... HIS FIRST LETTERS ASKED US TO. OUR BOY NEEDS THINGS. WE'VE SENT $500 SO FAR!
WELL, TORO AND I WILL BE ON OUR WAY. WE'VE WORK TO DO!
2


SOON, AT AN ARMY RECORDS BUREAU...
NO...LARRY CARTER HAS **NEVER** BEEN FOUND! IF HE WERE NOW IN AN ITALIAN HOSPITAL, WE'D KNOW!
I SUSPECTED AS MUCH! THE FACT THAT HIS PARENTS WERE INSTRUCTED TO WRITE TO A BOX NUMBER...
IT'S THE MEANEST EXTORTION RACKET OF ALL! THE SWINDLERS COULD HAVE OBTAINED INFORMATION FROM MISSING SERVICEMEN'S LISTS, OR NEIGHBORHOOD INQUIRIES...THEN THEY WRITE TO THE PARENTS, WHO ARE MORE THAN GLAD TO BELIEVE THEIR SONS ARE ALIVE! I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON THOSE RACKETEERS!
DITTO!
SOON, AT CENTRAL POST OFFICE...
A THOMAS J. SMITH RENTS BOX 302!
OBVIOUSLY AN ALIAS! WE'D LIKE TO WAIT HERE BEHIND A CAGE AND WATCH THOSE BOXES, UNTIL MR. SMITH COMES IN!
A LONG WAIT—THEN AS DUSK SHROUDS THE CITY...
NICE PICK-UP AGAIN! I CAN TELL BY THE FEEL. DOUGH INSIDE AT LEAST HALF THESE LETTERS!
AS THE SWINDLING "MR. SMITH" GOES OUT...
THERE HE GOES— HIS POCKETS STUFFED WITH LETTERS!
SWIFTLY!
YOU CAN SEND POST-CARDS FROM A **JAIL** NOW!
YOU— **ULP!**


MAYBE HE'S NOT ALONE IN THIS RACKET, TORCH!
PROBABLY **NOT**! WITH WHOM ARE YOU WORKING? **TALK**!
BUT THE NEXT MOMENT!
HE AIN'T TALKING!
WHEN TORCH AND TORO RECOVER FROM THE CRASH...
THEY'VE GONE... FIRE-HYDRANT'S BEEN OPENED! THAT'S HOW "MR. SMITH" GOT OUT OF THE FLAME-RING. QUESTION IS—WHERE DID THEY GO?
HERE'S SOMETHING, TORCH. WHEN HE TOOK HIS HANDS OUT OF HIS POCKETS, I SAW IT FALL OUT!
IT MIGHT BE SOME INFORMATION!
WHAT COULD THIS MEAN?
CAN'T MAKE IT OUT, LAD... MMM, "GRAND C"... "32 D"... MAYBE...
GRAND
6
8
WHILE IN A REAR FLAT...
HAD A RUN-IN WITH THE NOSEY FIRE-BRANDS, HUH? THEY WON'T CATCH US, TRIGGER, 'CAUSE WE'RE MOVING WEST!
WE CAN SET UP NEW BOX-NUMBERS THERE, BOSS!
4


NOT LONG AFTER, IN A LARGE RAILROAD TERMINAL...
WE GO ON THE SILVER ARROW SPECIAL!
A COMPARTMENT ALL TO OURSELVES! PRETTY SWANKY!
WHY NOT? WITH THE DOUGH WE CASHED IN!
TRACK 7
TRAIN TICKET
AS THE STREAM-LINED SILVER ARROW SPEEDS OUT OF THE TERMINAL...
WHO'S THAT, BOSS?
MUST BE THE PORTER WITH THE ICE WATER...COME IN!
KNOCK
KNOCK
BUT INSTEAD OF ICE WATER, THE THUGS ARE SERVED UP DAZZLING HEAT!
HEY, HOW DID YOU...?
YOU DROPPED A PAPER THAT TOLD US EVERYTHING... GRAND CENTRAL STATION... TRACK 8... CAR 6... COMPARTMENT D... AND HERE WE ARE!
BUT SUDDENLY!
AND WE BROUGHT SOMETHIN' ALONG IN CASE YOU GOT HERE! IT'S ANTI-FLAME SPRAY!
FLAMES EXTINGUISHED, THE DYNAMITE DUO IS DROPPING, WHEN...
THAT KNOCKS 'EM OUT!
NOW GO OUT AND TELL THE PORTER NOT TO DISTURB US. WE'RE RETIRING FOR THE NIGHT!


SOON...
HA, THE FIREBRANDS HAVE AWAKENED! NOT FOR LONG! I'M LEAVING A GAS PELLET TO PUT YOU TO SLEEP, FOR GOOD! AND WE'RE LEAVING. WE'RE COMIN' TO A STATION STOP!
SHORTLY AFTER, IN THE POISON-FUMED COMPARTMENT...
IT'S GETTING BAD... WONDER HOW TORO IS... CAN'T TALK WITH THESE GAGS... IF I COULD ATTRACT OUTSIDE ATTENTION... IF... MMM, THE JUG! IT'S STILL PARTLY FILLED!
THE CLOTHES ROD'S SUSPENDED ON HOOKS... I'LL REMOVE THE END NEAR ME WITH MY TEETH... I OUGHT TO BE ABLE TO WIGGLE THE OTHER SIDE LOOSE THEN... IT'S MY ONLY CHANCE!
DEFT MANEUVERING, AND TORCH OBTAINS THE ROD FOR HIS DESPERATE PLAN!
I'VE GIVEN IT FAST PRESSURE! THAT CARRIES THE LIQUID RIGHT THROUGH WITHOUT SPILLING!
A PASSING PASSENGER IS LIGHTING A CIGARETTE, WHEN...
WHAT THE...? MY LIGHT WENT OUT! WHAT KIND OF JOKE ARE THEY PULLING IN THERE?
14
A MOMENT LATER...
IF YOU THINK YOU CAN... OH! (COUGH) PORTER! PORTER! HELP!


SHORT MINUTES LATER, THE RELEASED DUO STREAKS FROM THE SILVER ARROW!
THEY MUST'VE HEADED FOR THIS TOWN...THE ONLY PLACE!
I WAS WATCHING YOU EVERY MINUTE, TORCH, AND WAS I SCARED!
THEY COULDN'T HAVE GONE FAR... HOPE WE... TORCH, THERE THEY ARE!
RUNNING TRUE TO FORM! STEALING A CAR!
ULP! THE TORCH! STOP!
WE DON'T STOP—UNTIL YOU'RE HANDED OVER TO THE F.B.I.!
LATER, AT F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...
THAT TRIO IS BEHIND BARS. WE'LL RETURN AS MUCH MONEY AS WE CAN TO THOSE POOR PEOPLE WHO HAVE SUFFERED WITH FALSE HOPES!
A VICIOUS BUSINESS!
BUT FOLKS CAN HELP PREVENT THESE CRIMINAL SCHEMES BY BEING ON GUARD!
RIGHT, LAD. FOLKS, BEFORE YOU HAND OUT MONEY, CHECK WITH YOUR AUTHORITIES. BY PRACTICING PRECAUTION, RACKETEERS WILL FIND ONLY BARREN GROUND FOR THEIR PLOTTING. GIVE THEM NO QUARTER!
THE END

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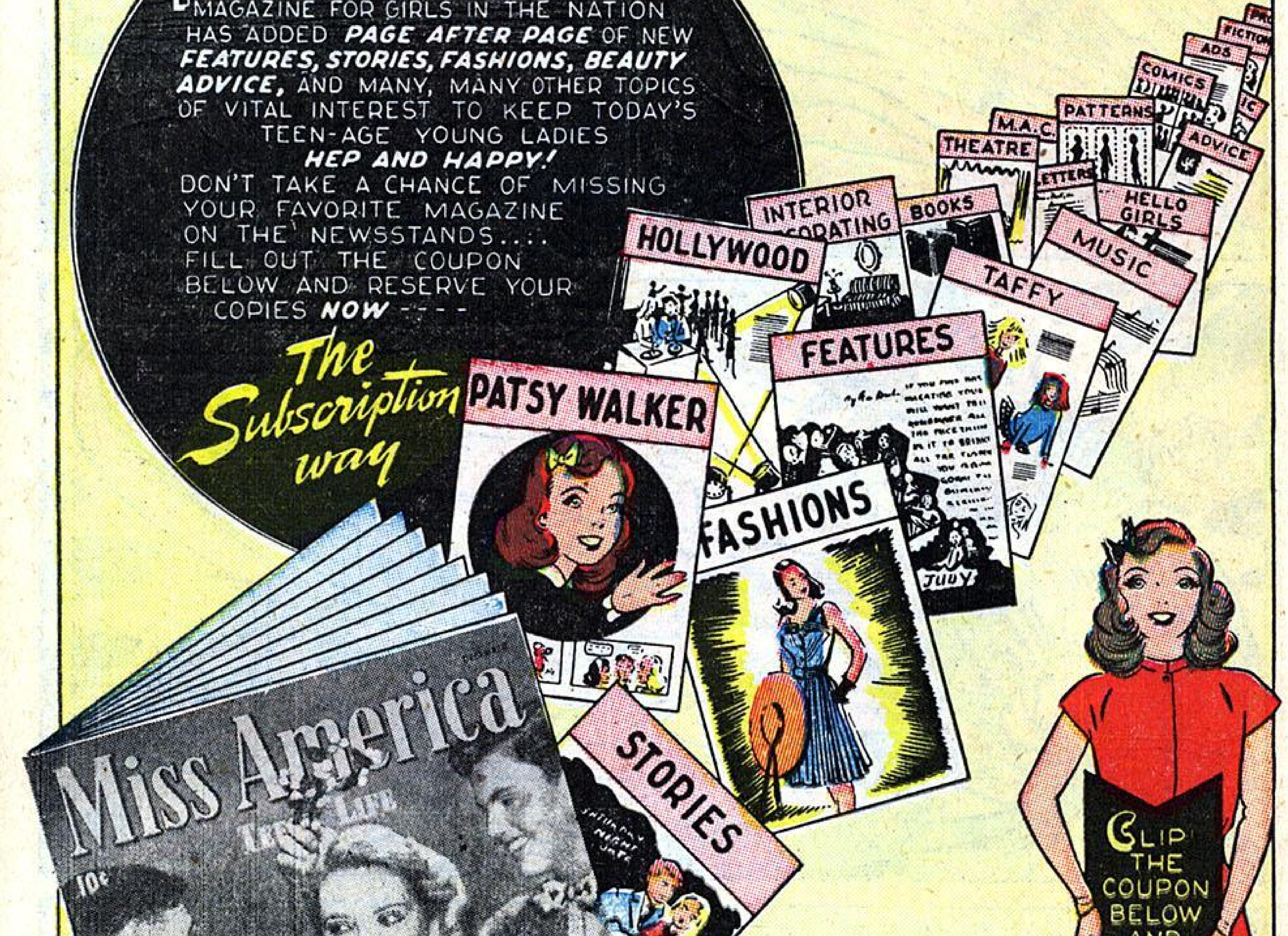
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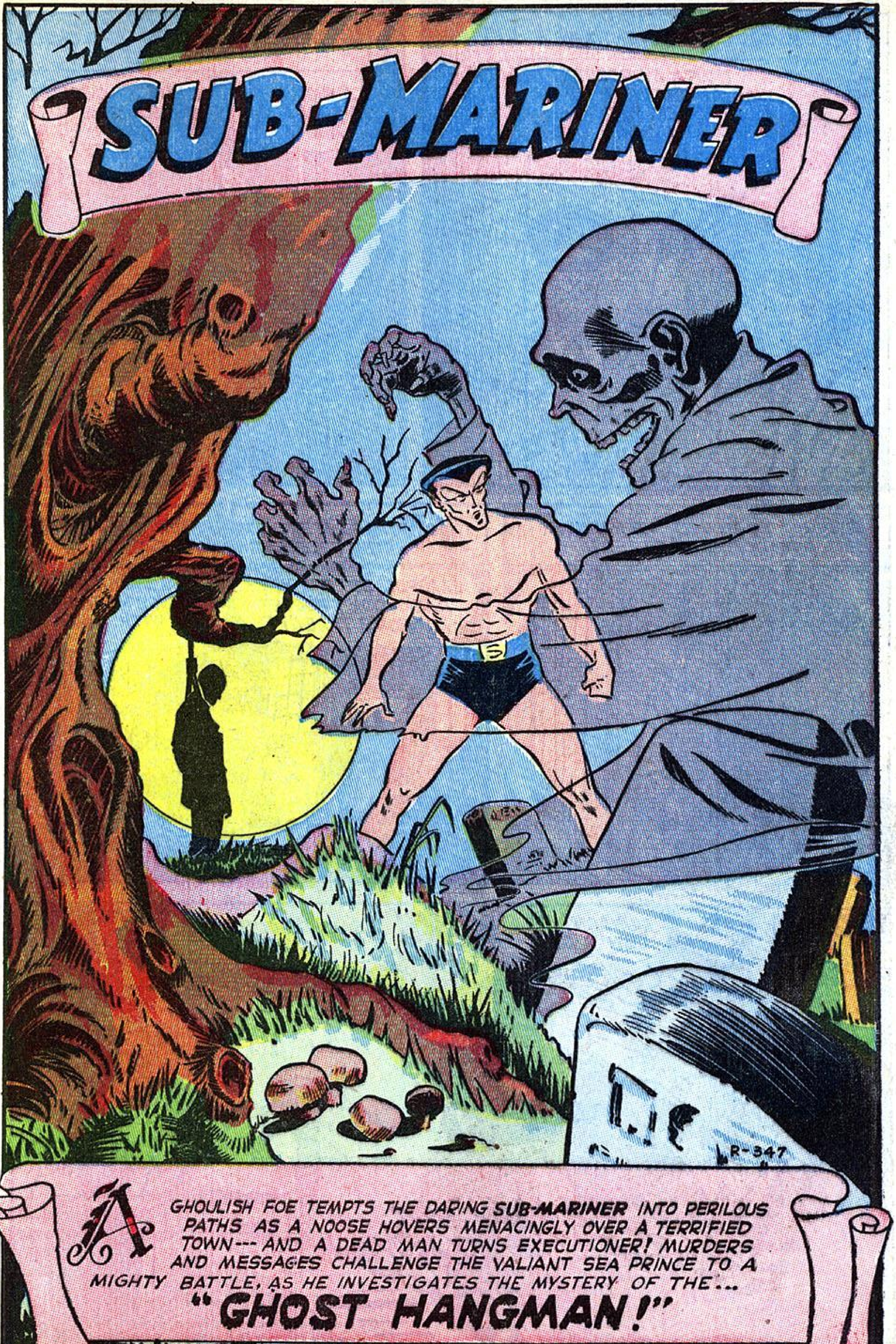
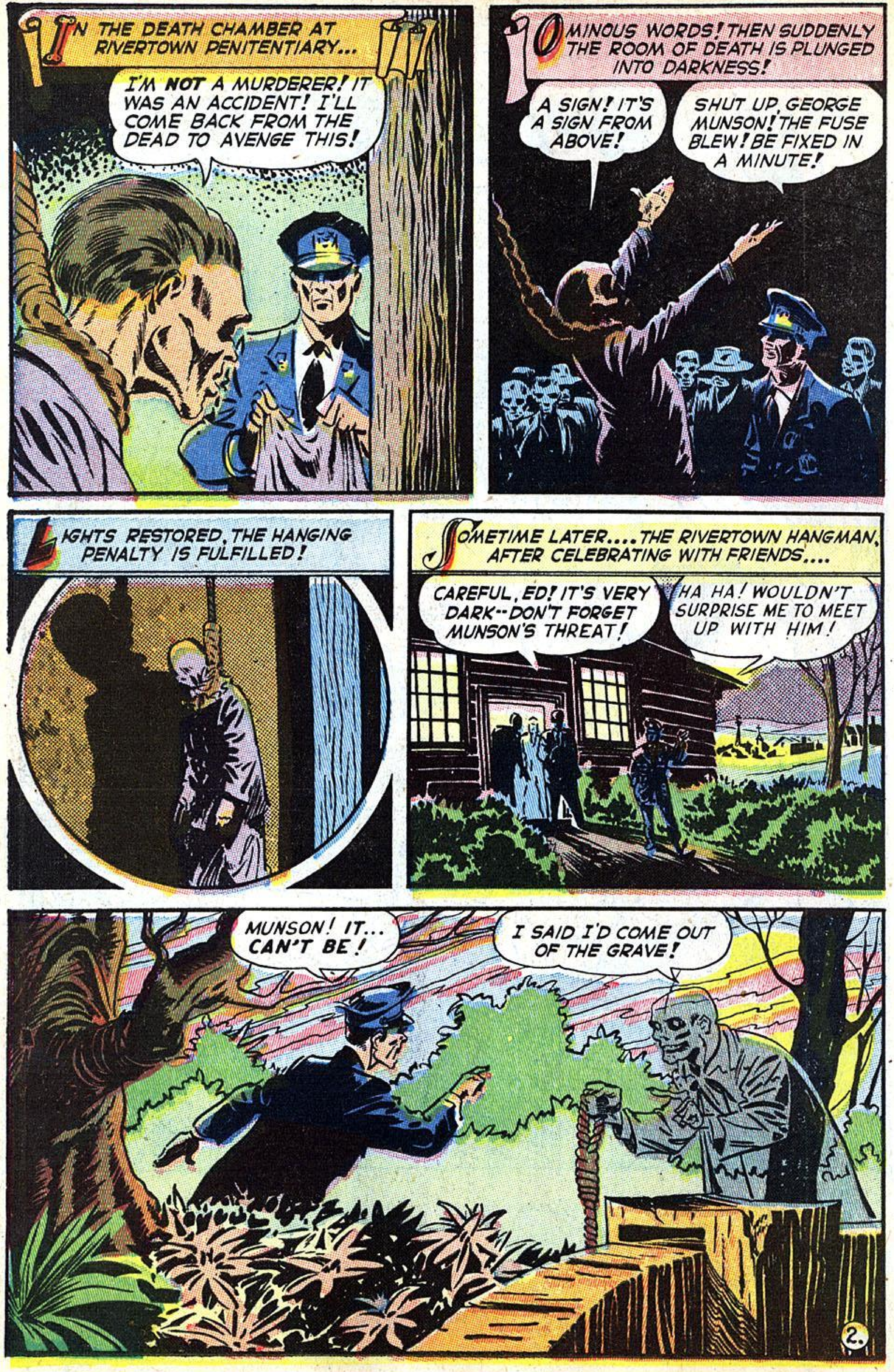
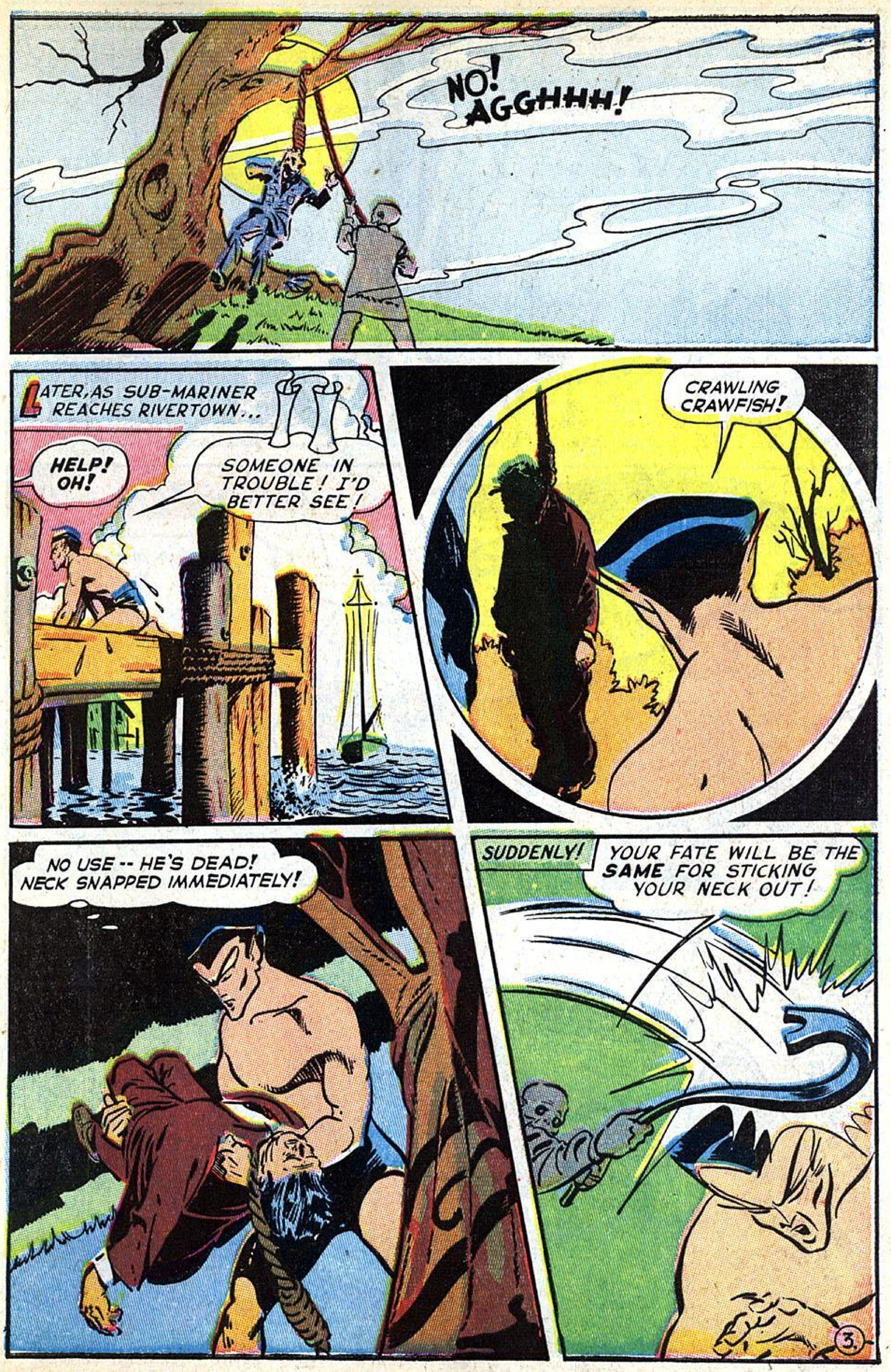
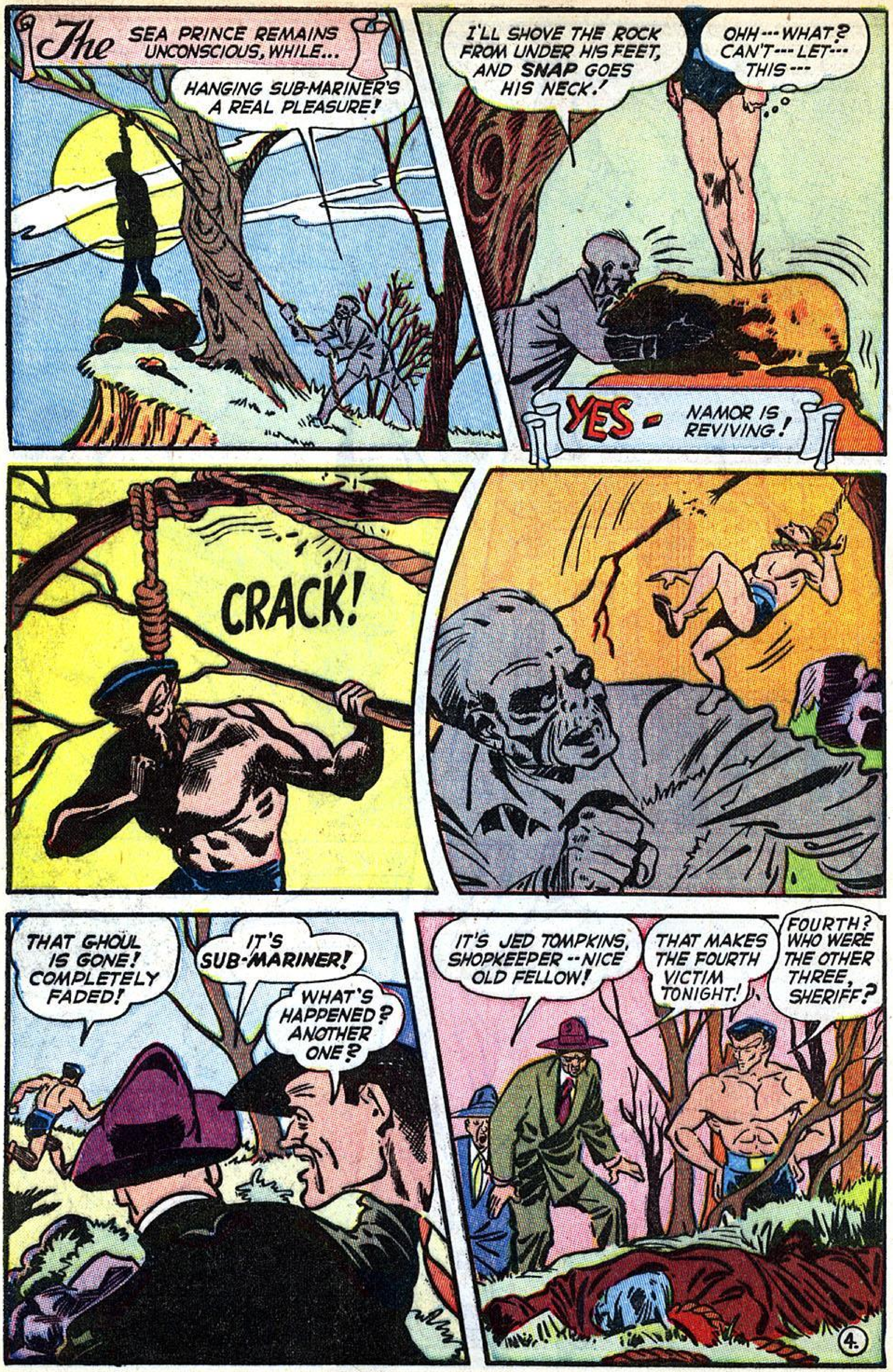
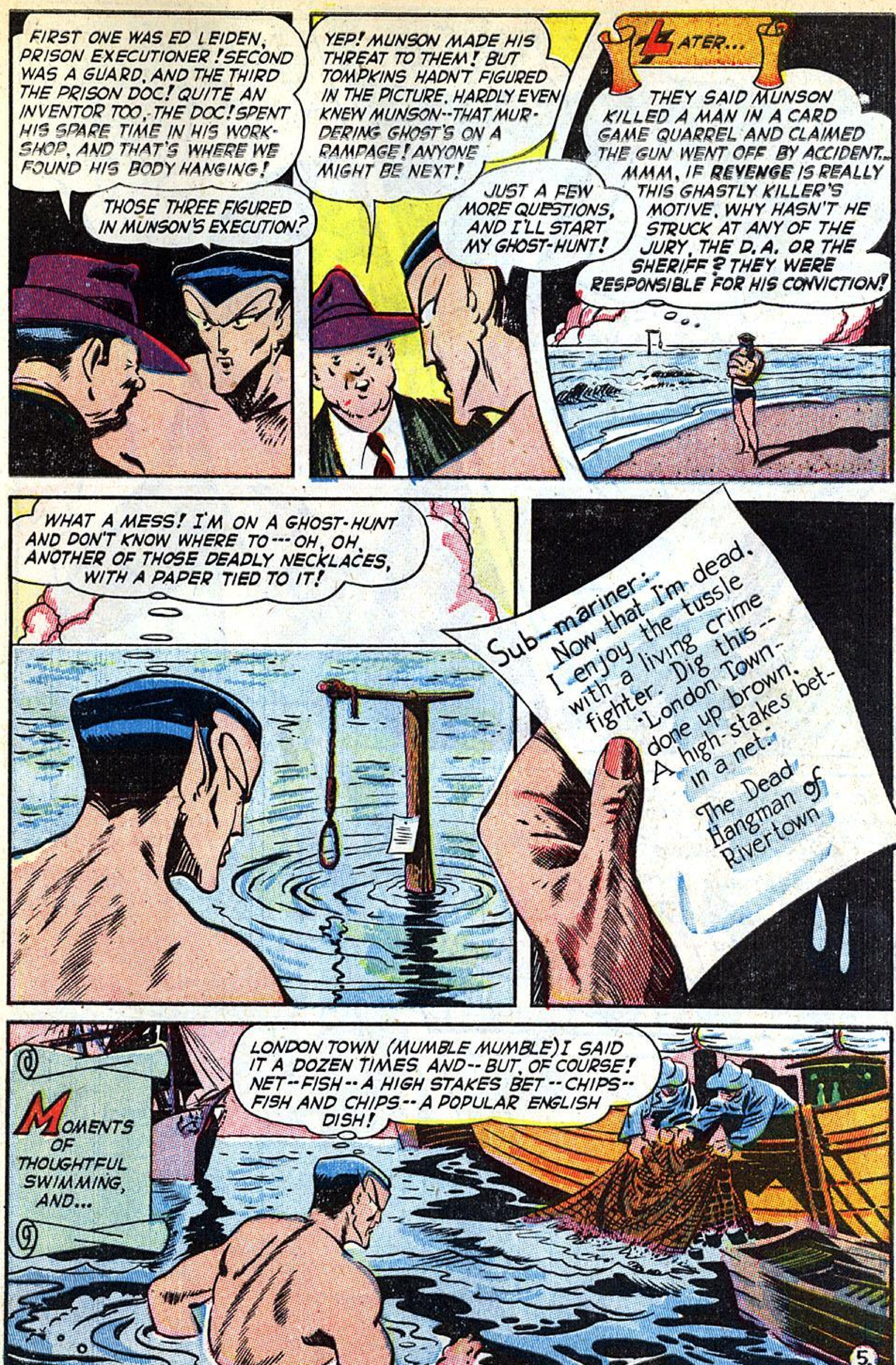
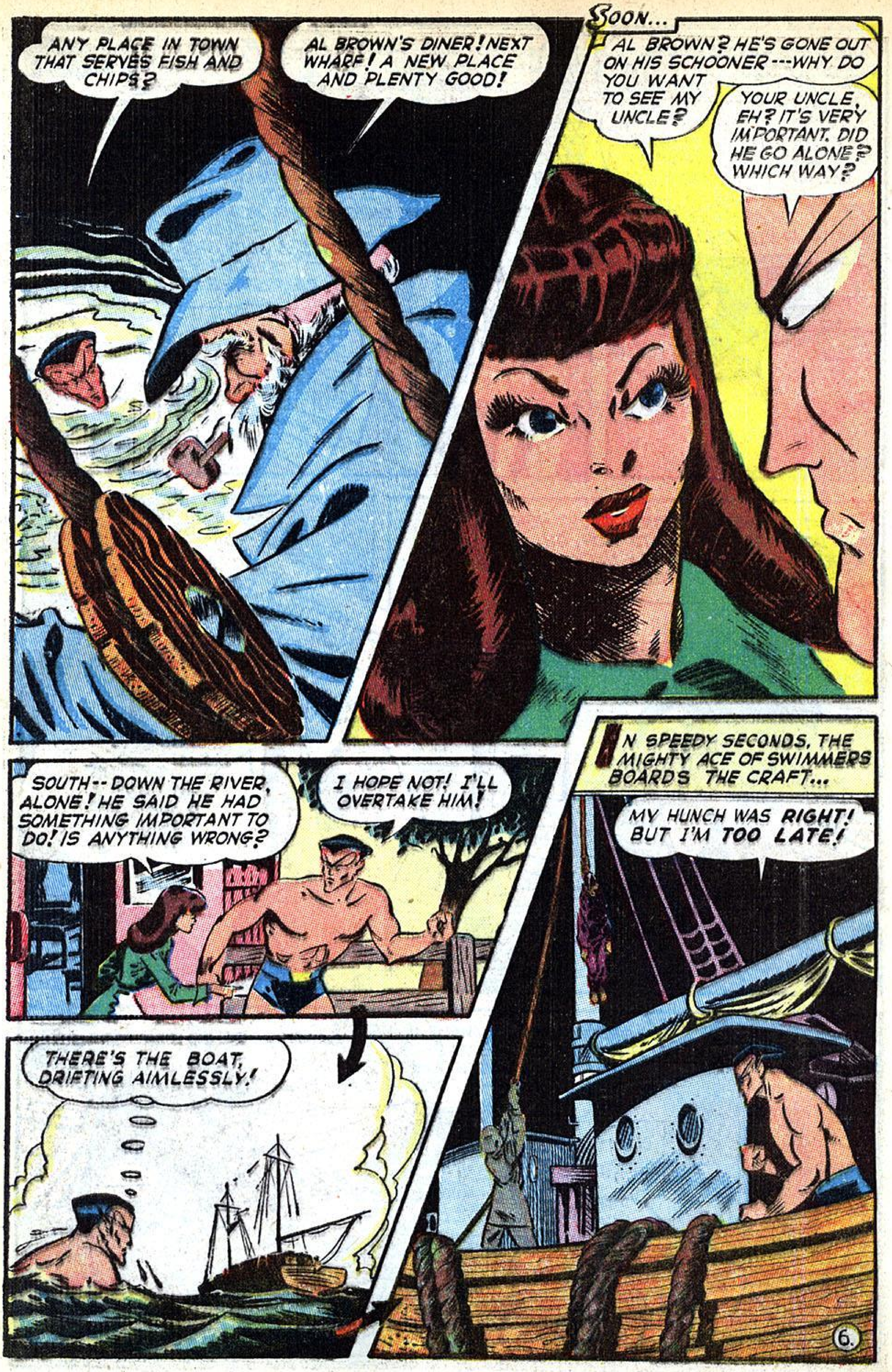

SUB-MARINER
R-347
A GHOULISH FOE TEMPTS THE DARING SUB-MARINER INTO PERILOUS PATHS AS A NOOSE HOVERS MENACINGLY OVER A TERRIFIED TOWN--- AND A DEAD MAN TURNS EXECUTIONER! MURDERS AND MESSAGES CHALLENGE THE VALIANT SEA PRINCE TO A MIGHTY BATTLE, AS HE INVESTIGATES THE MYSTERY OF THE...
"GHOST HANGMAN!"

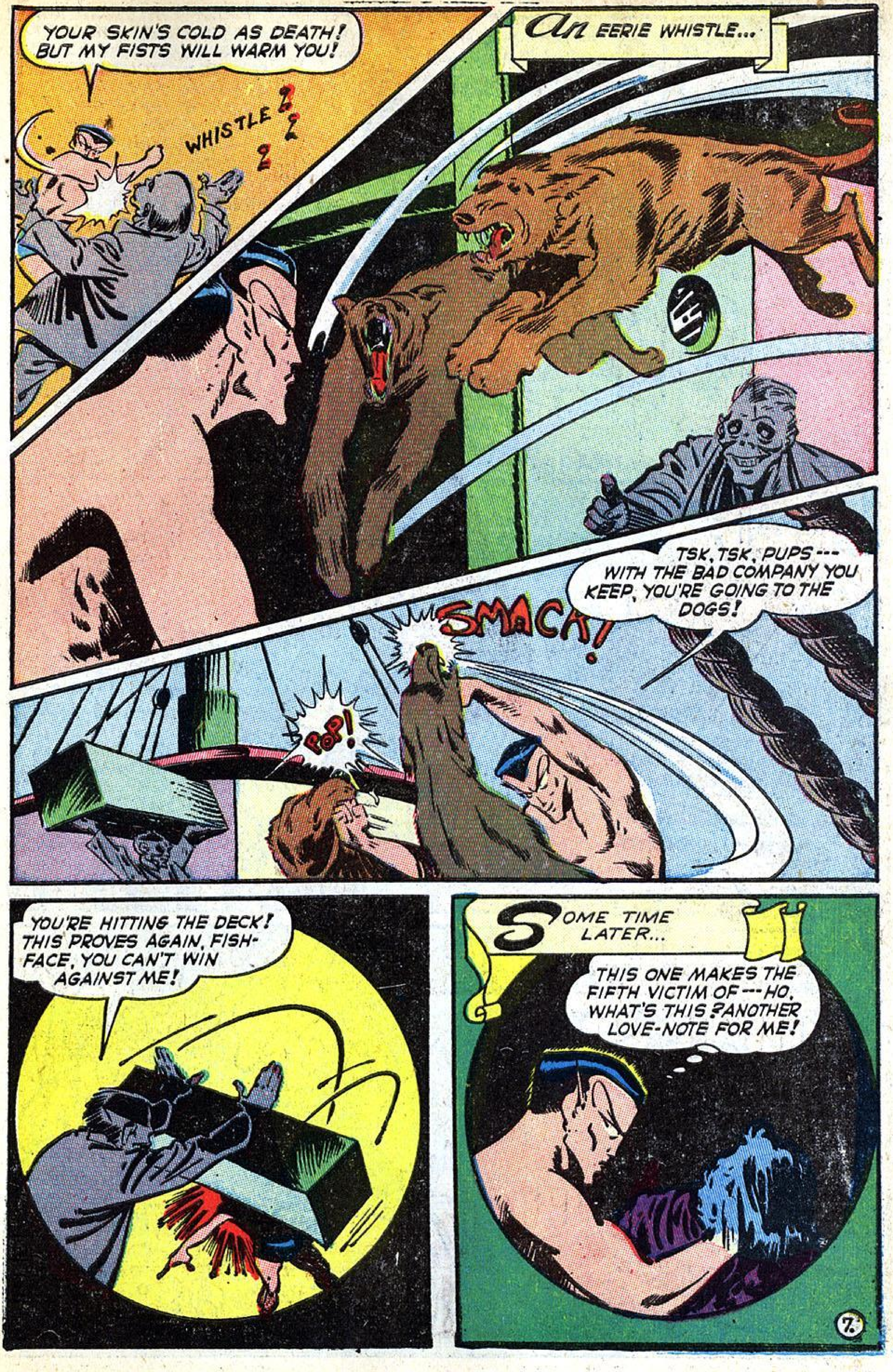

IN THE DEATH CHAMBER AT RIVERTOWN PENITENTIARY...
I'M **NOT** A MURDERER! IT WAS AN ACCIDENT! I'LL COME BACK FROM THE DEAD TO AVENGE THIS!
OMINOUS WORDS! THEN SUDDENLY THE ROOM OF DEATH IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS!
A SIGN! IT'S A SIGN FROM ABOVE!
SHUT UP, GEORGE MUNSON! THE FUSE BLEW! BE FIXED IN A MINUTE!
LIGHTS RESTORED, THE HANGING PENALTY IS FULFILLED!
SOMETIME LATER.... THE RIVERTOWN HANGMAN, AFTER CELEBRATING WITH FRIENDS....
CAREFUL, ED! IT'S VERY DARK--DON'T FORGET MUNSON'S THREAT!
HA HA! WOULDN'T SURPRISE ME TO MEET UP WITH HIM!
MUNSON! IT... **CAN'T BE**!
I SAID I'D COME OUT OF THE GRAVE!

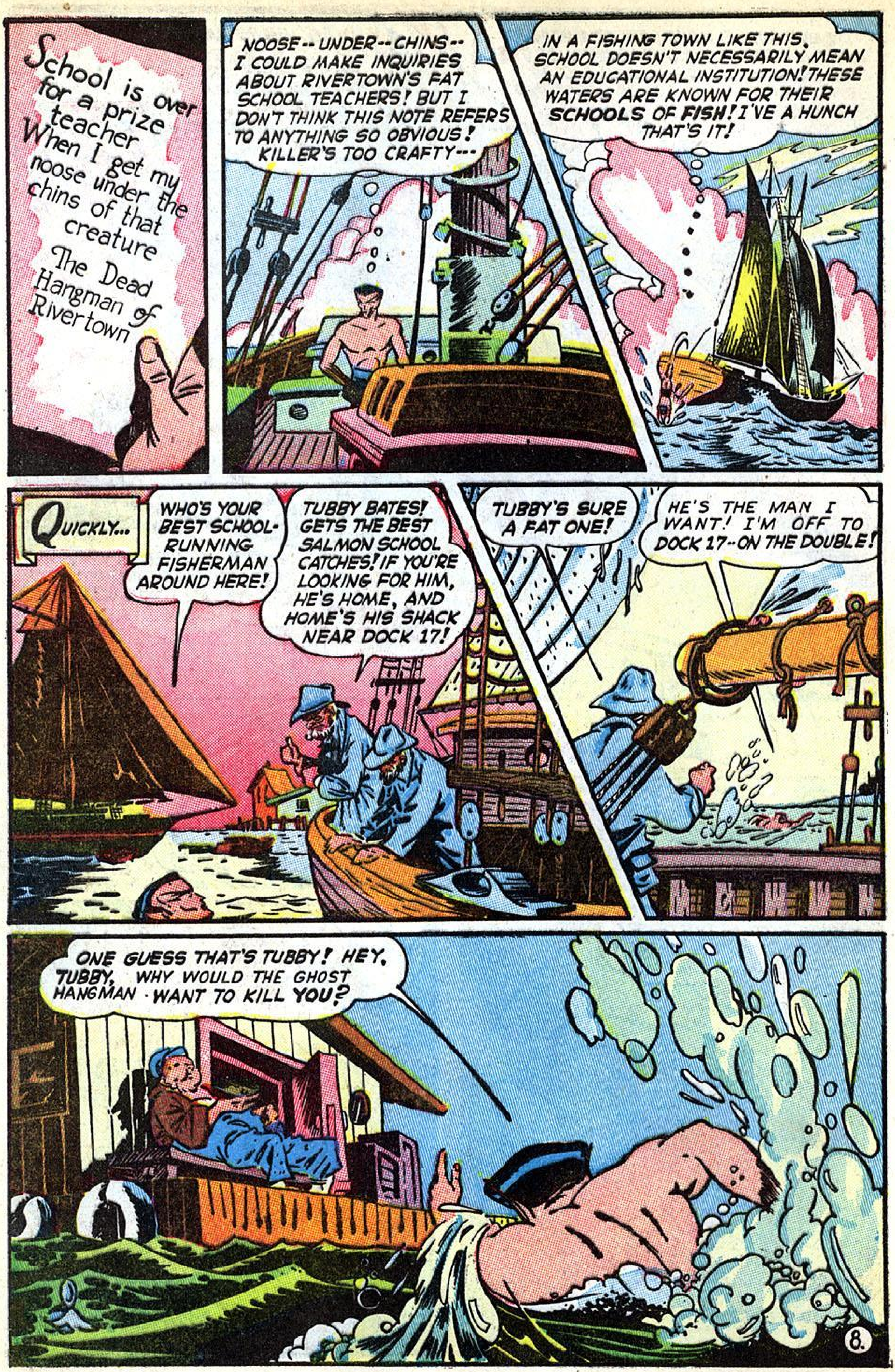

NO! AGGHHH!
LATER, AS SUB-MARINER REACHES RIVERTOWN...
HELP! OH!
SOMEONE IN TROUBLE! I'D BETTER SEE!
CRAWLING CRAWFISH!
NO USE -- HE'S DEAD! NECK SNAPPED IMMEDIATELY!
SUDDENLY!
YOUR FATE WILL BE THE SAME FOR STICKING YOUR NECK OUT!
3.

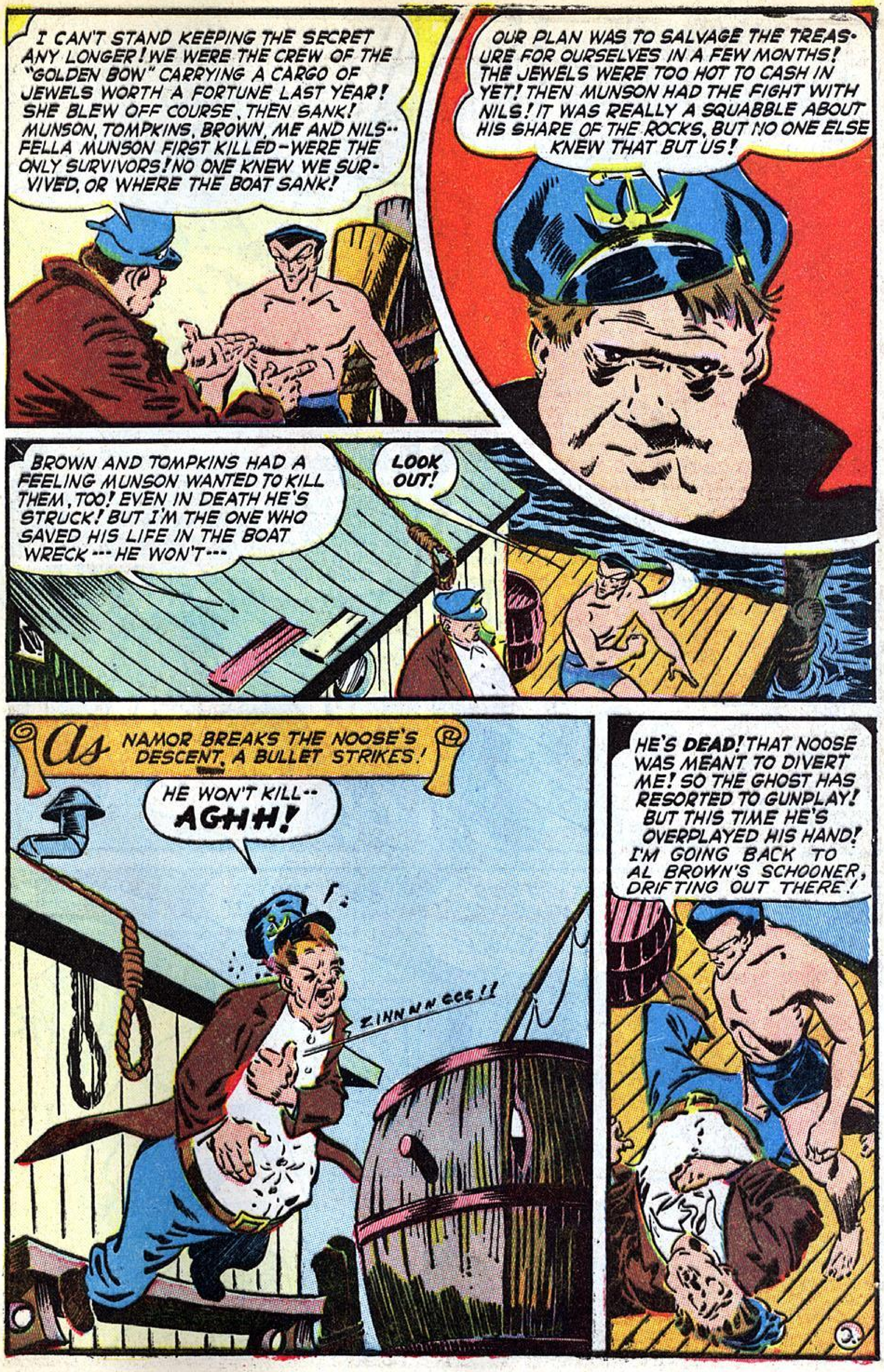

The SEA PRINCE REMAINS UNCONSCIOUS, WHILE...
HANGING SUB-MARINER'S A REAL PLEASURE!
I'LL SHOVE THE ROCK FROM UNDER HIS FEET, AND SNAP GOES HIS NECK!
OHH---WHAT? CAN'T---LET---THIS---
YES - NAMOR IS REVIVING!
CRACK!
THAT GHOUL IS GONE! COMPLETELY FADED!
IT'S SUB-MARINER!
WHAT'S HAPPENED? ANOTHER ONE?
IT'S JED TOMPKINS, SHOPKEEPER --NICE OLD FELLOW!
THAT MAKES THE FOURTH VICTIM TONIGHT!
FOURTH? WHO WERE THE OTHER THREE, SHERIFF?
4.

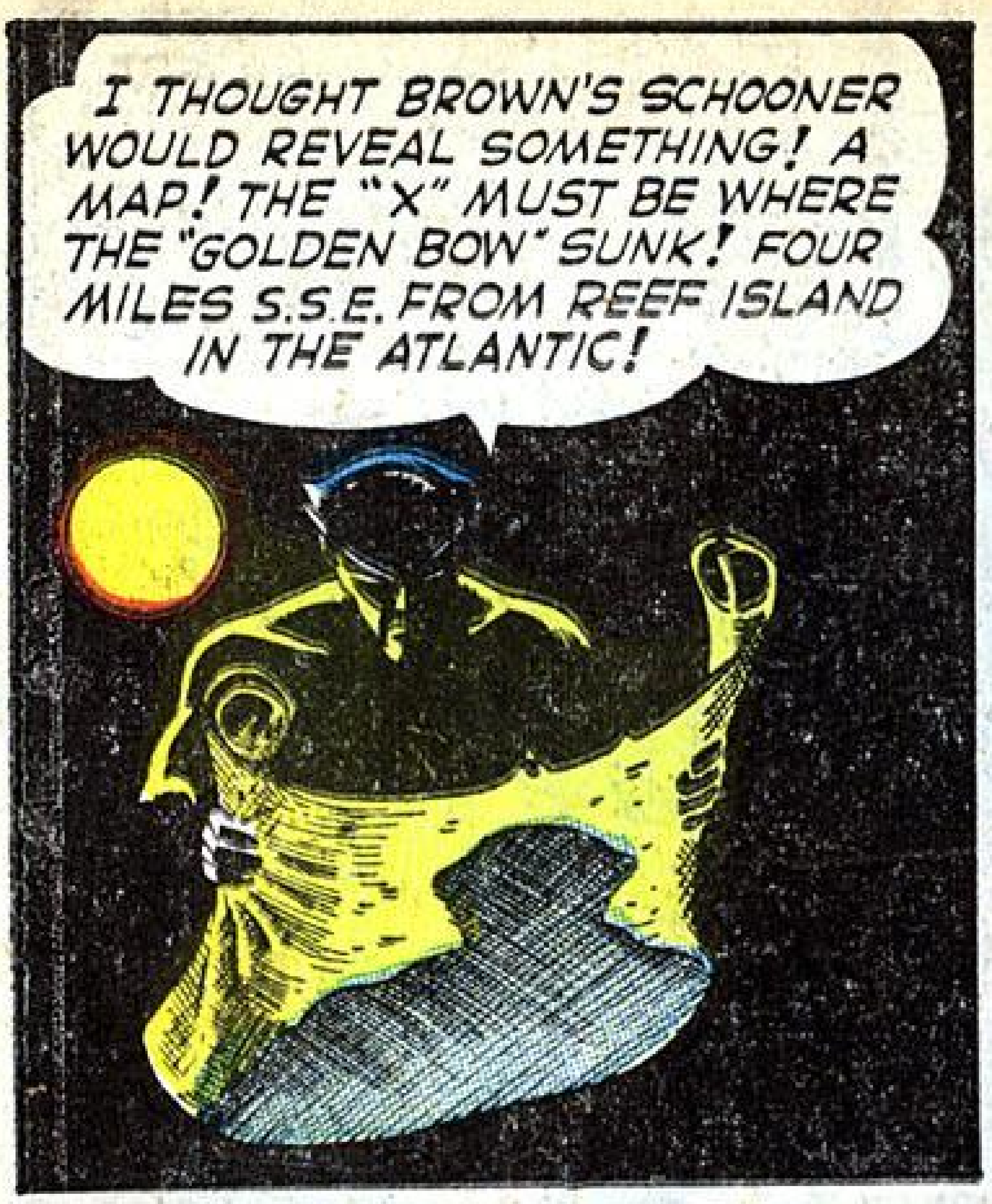

FIRST ONE WAS ED LEIDEN, PRISON EXECUTIONER! SECOND WAS A GUARD, AND THE THIRD THE PRISON DOC! QUITE AN INVENTOR TOO, THE DOC! SPENT HIS SPARE TIME IN HIS WORKSHOP, AND THAT'S WHERE WE FOUND HIS BODY HANGING!
THOSE THREE FIGURED IN MUNSON'S EXECUTION?
YEP! MUNSON MADE HIS THREAT TO THEM! BUT TOMPKINS HADN'T FIGURED IN THE PICTURE. HARDLY EVEN KNEW MUNSON--THAT MURDERING GHOST'S ON A RAMPAGE! ANYONE MIGHT BE NEXT!
JUST A FEW MORE QUESTIONS, AND I'LL START MY GHOST-HUNT!
LATER...
THEY SAID MUNSON KILLED A MAN IN A CARD GAME QUARREL AND CLAIMED THE GUN WENT OFF BY ACCIDENT... MMM, IF REVENGE IS REALLY THIS GHASTLY KILLER'S MOTIVE, WHY HASN'T HE STRUCK AT ANY OF THE JURY, THE D.A. OR THE SHERIFF? THEY WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS CONVICTION!
WHAT A MESS! I'M ON A GHOST-HUNT AND DON'T KNOW WHERE TO--- OH, OH. ANOTHER OF THOSE DEADLY NECKLACES, WITH A PAPER TIED TO IT!
Sub-mariner:
Now that I'm dead,
I enjoy the tussle
with a living crime
fighter. Dig this--
'London Town-
done up brown.
A high-stakes bet-
in a net.'
The Dead
Hangman of
Rivertown
MOMENTS OF THOUGHTFUL SWIMMING, AND...
LONDON TOWN (MUMBLE MUMBLE) I SAID IT A DOZEN TIMES AND-- BUT, OF COURSE! NET--FISH--A HIGH STAKES BET--CHIPS--FISH AND CHIPS--A POPULAR ENGLISH DISH!

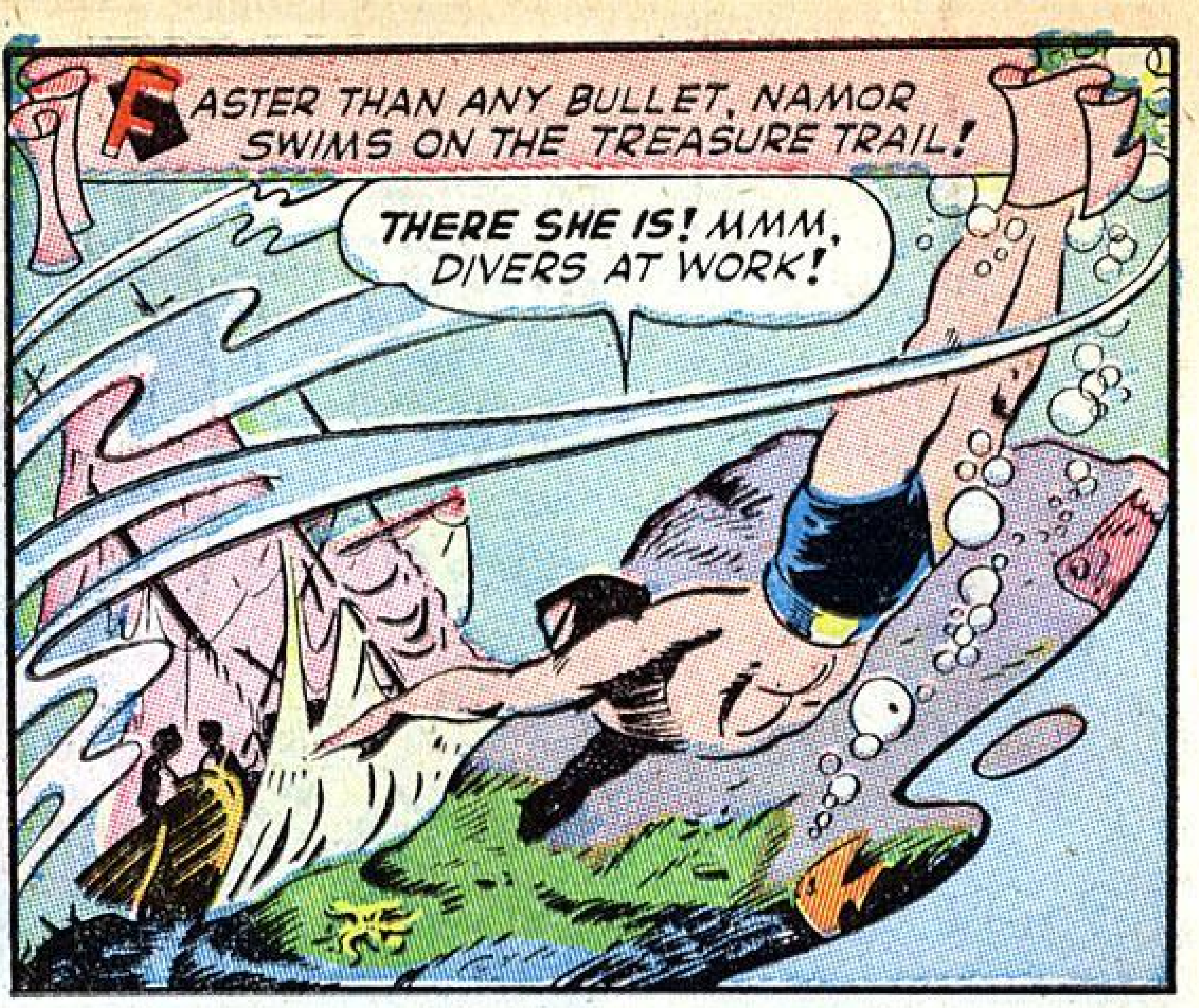

ANY PLACE IN TOWN THAT SERVES FISH AND CHIPS?
AL BROWN'S DINER! NEXT WHARF! A NEW PLACE AND PLENTY GOOD!
SOON...
AL BROWN? HE'S GONE OUT ON HIS SCHOONER---WHY DO YOU WANT TO SEE MY UNCLE?
YOUR UNCLE, EH? IT'S VERY IMPORTANT. DID HE GO ALONE? WHICH WAY?
SOUTH--DOWN THE RIVER, ALONE! HE SAID HE HAD SOMETHING IMPORTANT TO DO! IS ANYTHING WRONG?
I HOPE NOT! I'LL OVERTAKE HIM!
THERE'S THE BOAT, DRIFTING AIMLESSLY!
IN SPEEDY SECONDS, THE MIGHTY ACE OF SWIMMERS BOARDS THE CRAFT...
MY HUNCH WAS **RIGHT!** BUT I'M **TOO LATE!**

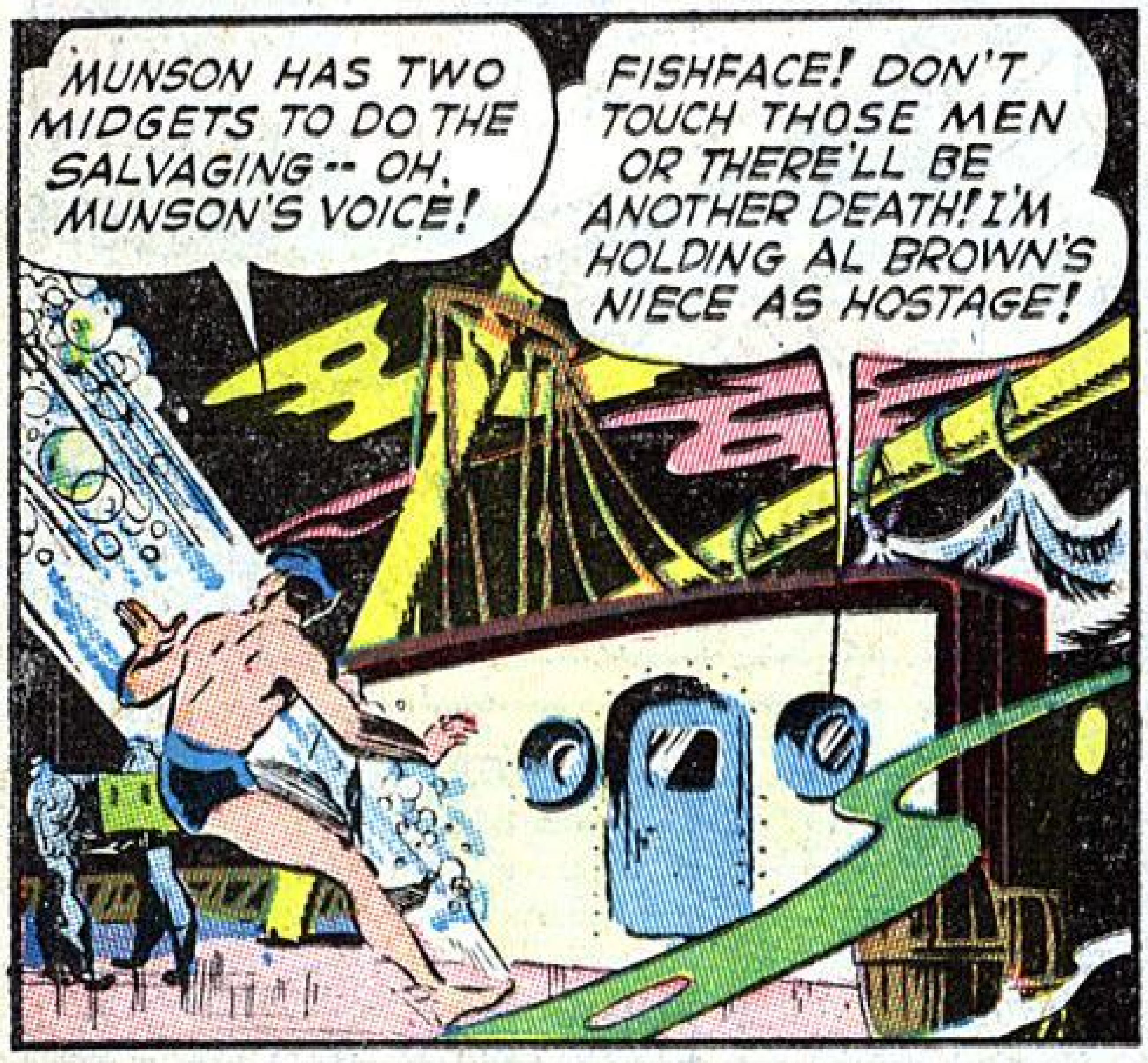

YOUR SKIN'S COLD AS DEATH! BUT MY FISTS WILL WARM YOU!
WHISTLE
AN EERIE WHISTLE...
TSK, TSK, PUPS--- WITH THE BAD COMPANY YOU KEEP, YOU'RE GOING TO THE DOGS!
SMACK!
POP!
YOU'RE HITTING THE DECK! THIS PROVES AGAIN, FISH-FACE, YOU CAN'T WIN AGAINST ME!
SOME TIME LATER...
THIS ONE MAKES THE FIFTH VICTIM OF---HO. WHAT'S THIS? ANOTHER LOVE-NOTE FOR ME!

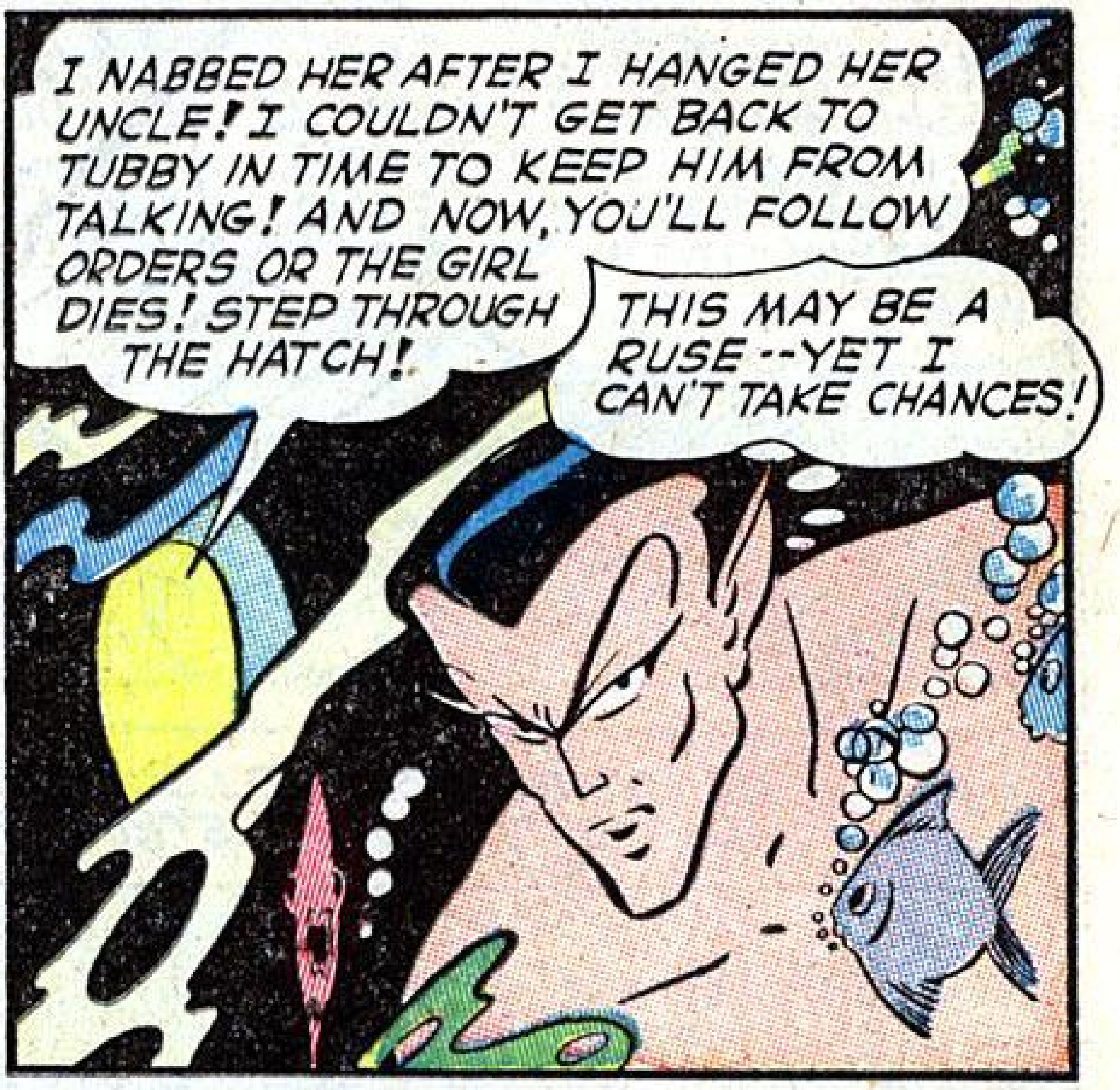

School is over for a prize teacher When I get my noose under the chins of that creature The Dead Hangman of Rivertown
NOOSE--UNDER--CHINS-- I COULD MAKE INQUIRIES ABOUT RIVERTOWN'S FAT SCHOOL TEACHERS! BUT I DON'T THINK THIS NOTE REFERS TO ANYTHING SO OBVIOUS! KILLER'S TOO CRAFTY---
IN A FISHING TOWN LIKE THIS, SCHOOL DOESN'T NECESSARILY MEAN AN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTION! THESE WATERS ARE KNOWN FOR THEIR SCHOOLS OF FISH! I'VE A HUNCH THAT'S IT!
QUICKLY...
WHO'S YOUR BEST SCHOOL-RUNNING FISHERMAN AROUND HERE!
TUBBY BATES! GETS THE BEST SALMON SCHOOL CATCHES! IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR HIM, HE'S HOME, AND HOME'S HIS SHACK NEAR DOCK 17!
TUBBY'S SURE A FAT ONE!
HE'S THE MAN I WANT! I'M OFF TO DOCK 17--ON THE DOUBLE!
ONE GUESS THAT'S TUBBY! HEY, TUBBY, WHY WOULD THE GHOST HANGMAN WANT TO KILL YOU?

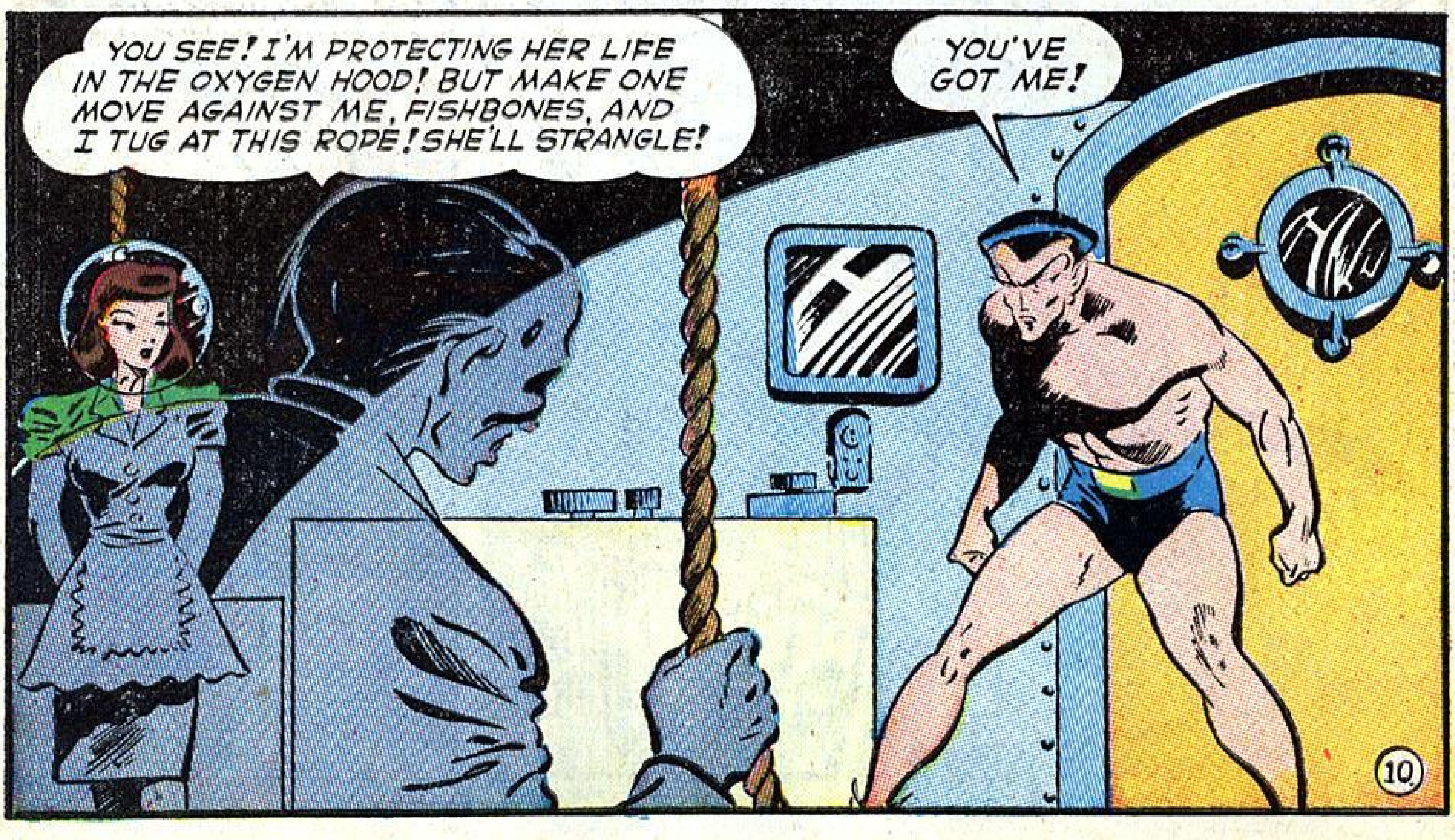

I CAN'T STAND KEEPING THE SECRET ANY LONGER! WE WERE THE CREW OF THE "GOLDEN BOW" CARRYING A CARGO OF JEWELS WORTH A FORTUNE LAST YEAR! SHE BLEW OFF COURSE, THEN SANK! MUNSON, TOMPKINS, BROWN, ME AND NILS-- FELLA MUNSON FIRST KILLED--WERE THE ONLY SURVIVORS! NO ONE KNEW WE SURVIVED, OR WHERE THE BOAT SANK!
OUR PLAN WAS TO SALVAGE THE TREASURE FOR OURSELVES IN A FEW MONTHS! THE JEWELS WERE TOO HOT TO CASH IN YET! THEN MUNSON HAD THE FIGHT WITH NILS! IT WAS REALLY A SQUABBLE ABOUT HIS SHARE OF THE ROCKS, BUT NO ONE ELSE KNEW THAT BUT US!
BROWN AND TOMPKINS HAD A FEELING MUNSON WANTED TO KILL THEM, TOO! EVEN IN DEATH HE'S STRUCK! BUT I'M THE ONE WHO SAVED HIS LIFE IN THE BOAT WRECK --- HE WON'T---
LOOK OUT!
As NAMOR BREAKS THE NOOSE'S DESCENT, A BULLET STRIKES!
HE WON'T KILL-- AGHH!
ZINNNNGGG!!
HE'S DEAD! THAT NOOSE WAS MEANT TO DIVERT ME! SO THE GHOST HAS RESORTED TO GUNPLAY! BUT THIS TIME HE'S OVERPLAYED HIS HAND! I'M GOING BACK TO AL BROWN'S SCHOONER, DRIFTING OUT THERE!

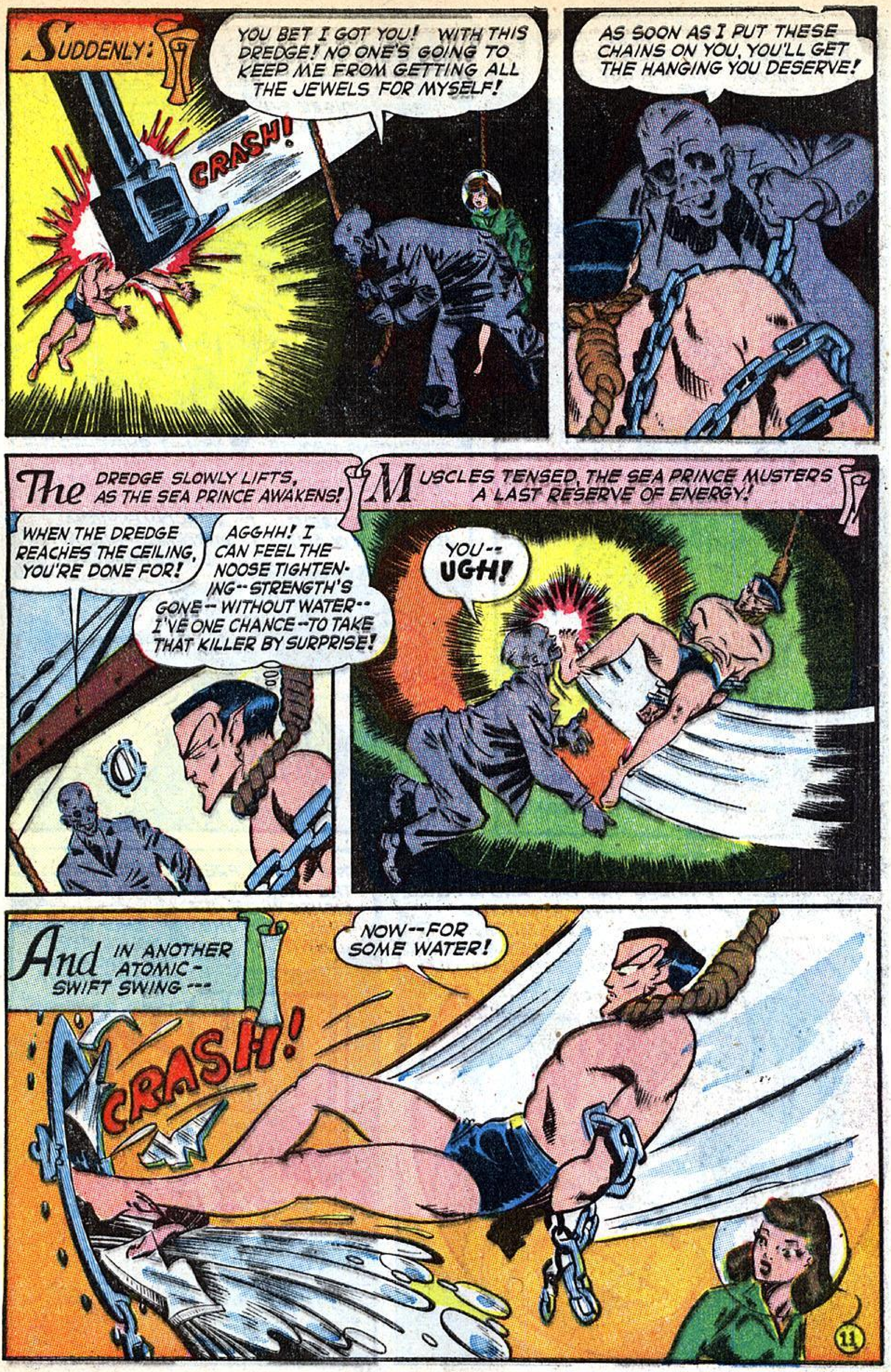

I THOUGHT BROWN'S SCHOONER WOULD REVEAL SOMETHING! A MAP! THE "X" MUST BE WHERE THE "GOLDEN BOW" SUNK! FOUR MILES S.S.E. FROM REEF ISLAND IN THE ATLANTIC!

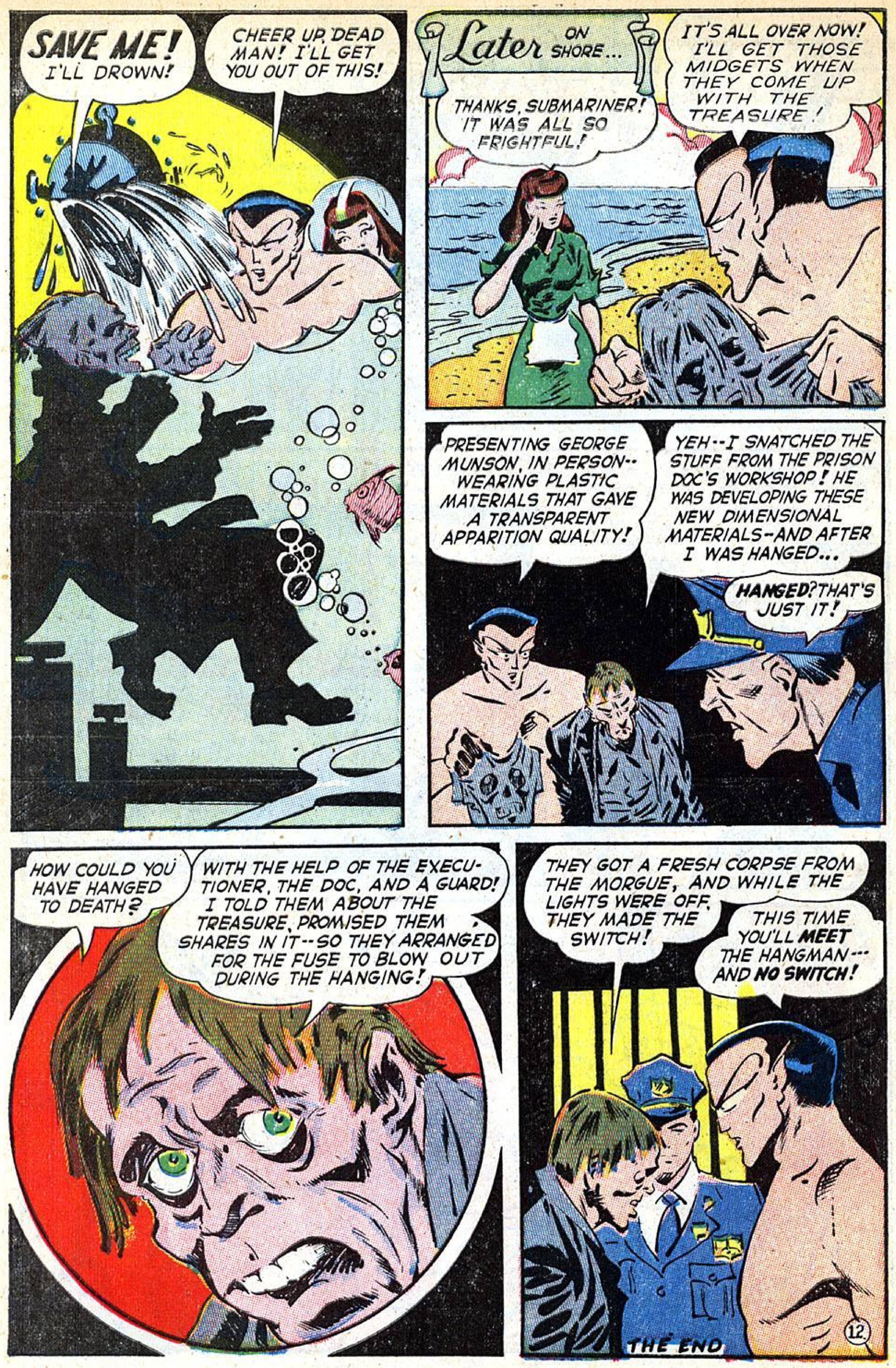

FASTER THAN ANY BULLET, NAMOR SWIMS ON THE TREASURE TRAIL!
THERE SHE IS! MMM, DIVERS AT WORK!


MUNSON HAS TWO MIDGETS TO DO THE SALVAGING -- OH, MUNSON'S VOICE!
FISHFACE! DON'T TOUCH THOSE MEN OR THERE'LL BE ANOTHER DEATH! I'M HOLDING AL BROWN'S NIECE AS HOSTAGE!


I NABBED HER AFTER I HANGED HER UNCLE! I COULDN'T GET BACK TO TUBBY IN TIME TO KEEP HIM FROM TALKING! AND NOW, YOU'LL FOLLOW ORDERS OR THE GIRL DIES! STEP THROUGH THE HATCH!
THIS MAY BE A RUSE -- YET I CAN'T TAKE CHANCES!


YOU SEE! I'M PROTECTING HER LIFE IN THE OXYGEN HOOD! BUT MAKE ONE MOVE AGAINST ME, FISHBONES, AND I TUG AT THIS ROPE! SHE'LL STRANGLE!
YOU'VE GOT ME!


SUDDENLY:
YOU BET I GOT YOU! WITH THIS DREDGE! NO ONE'S GOING TO KEEP ME FROM GETTING ALL THE JEWELS FOR MYSELF!
CRASH!
AS SOON AS I PUT THESE CHAINS ON YOU, YOU'LL GET THE HANGING YOU DESERVE!
The DREDGE SLOWLY LIFTS, AS THE SEA PRINCE AWAKENS!
WHEN THE DREDGE REACHES THE CEILING, YOU'RE DONE FOR!
AGGHH! I CAN FEEL THE NOOSE TIGHTENING--STRENGTH'S GONE--WITHOUT WATER--I'VE ONE CHANCE--TO TAKE THAT KILLER BY SURPRISE!
MUSCLES TENSED, THE SEA PRINCE MUSTERS A LAST RESERVE OF ENERGY!
YOU-- UGH!
And IN ANOTHER ATOMIC-SWIFT SWING---
NOW--FOR SOME WATER!
CRASH!
11


SAVE ME! I'LL DROWN!
CHEER UP, DEAD MAN! I'LL GET YOU OUT OF THIS!
Later ON SHORE...
THANKS, SUBMARINER! IT WAS ALL SO FRIGHTFUL!
IT'S ALL OVER NOW! I'LL GET THOSE MIDGETS WHEN THEY COME UP WITH THE TREASURE!
PRESENTING GEORGE MUNSON, IN PERSON-- WEARING PLASTIC MATERIALS THAT GAVE A TRANSPARENT APPARITION QUALITY!
YEH--I SNATCHED THE STUFF FROM THE PRISON DOC'S WORKSHOP! HE WAS DEVELOPING THESE NEW DIMENSIONAL MATERIALS--AND AFTER I WAS HANGED...
HANGED? THAT'S JUST IT!
HOW COULD YOU HAVE HANGED TO DEATH?
WITH THE HELP OF THE EXECUTIONER, THE DOC, AND A GUARD! I TOLD THEM ABOUT THE TREASURE, PROMISED THEM SHARES IN IT--SO THEY ARRANGED FOR THE FUSE TO BLOW OUT DURING THE HANGING!
THEY GOT A FRESH CORPSE FROM THE MORGUE, AND WHILE THE LIGHTS WERE OFF, THEY MADE THE SWITCH!
THIS TIME YOU'LL MEET THE HANGMAN--- AND NO SWITCH!
THE END
12

Get This FREE BOOK it tells How to

have fun swingin' on a

CLIP THE CERTIFICATE BELOW FOR YOUR *GIFT* COPY OF THIS BOOK

Present the "Gift Certificate" at any Music Store for a free—absolutely FREE—copy of this colorful, pictureful book. Song Flute fun is sweeping the country. Be the first in your gang to get hep to Song Flute!

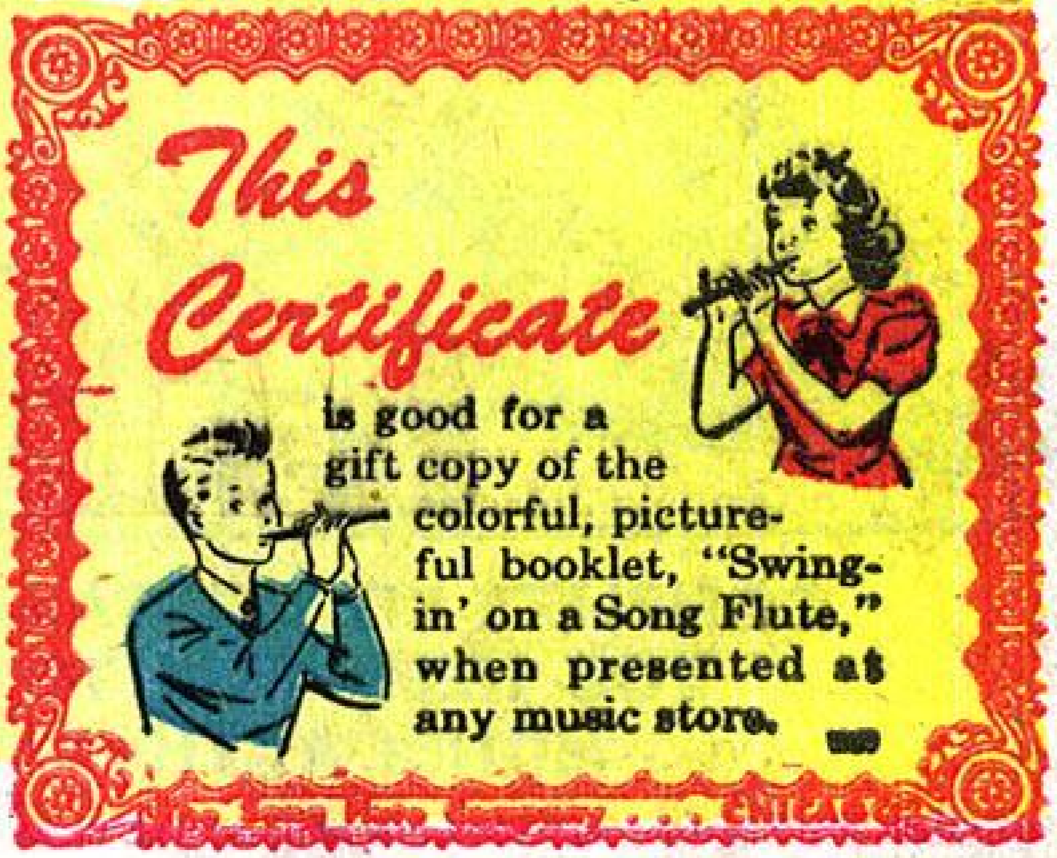
Song Flute
397B

Song Flute

Oh Boy! When tunes start purrin' from this *fun stick* you're really in the groove. 'Cause Song Flute musical merriment sets things going . . . any time, any place.

EASY TO LEARN—EASY TO PLAY

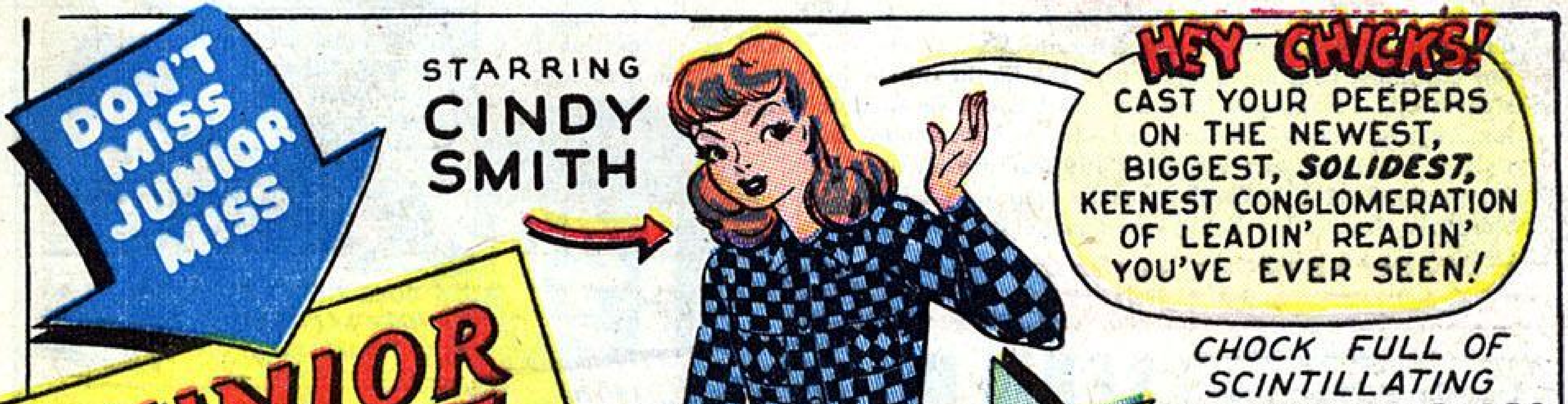
Song Flute is easier for some than whistling. Just blow gently. Finger the tone holes according to the simple chart in the free book, "Swingin' on a Song Flute." Play tunes the first time you try. No "talent" needed.



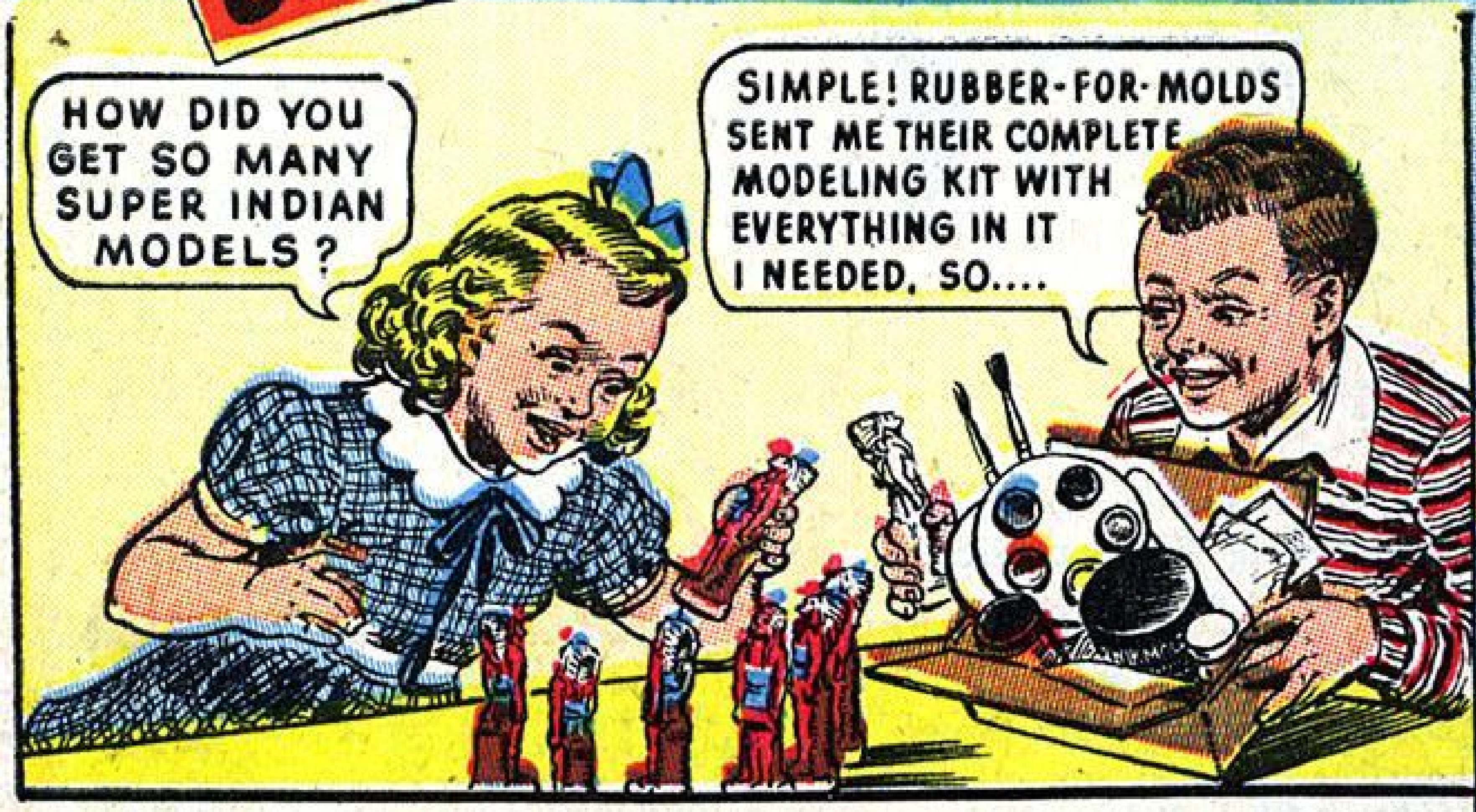
This Certificate is good for a gift copy of the colorful, pictureful booklet, "Swingin' on a Song Flute," when presented at any music store.

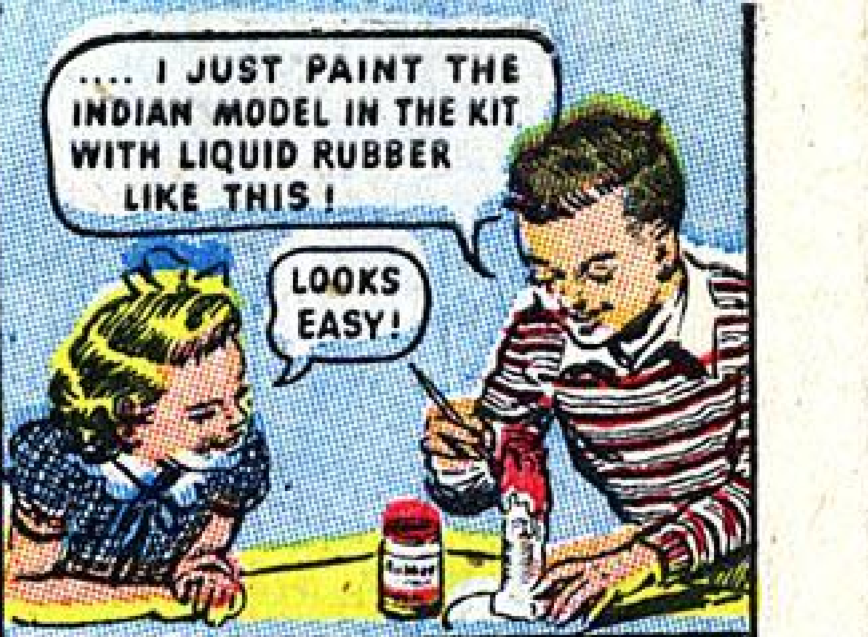
The Song Flute Company . . . CHICAGO

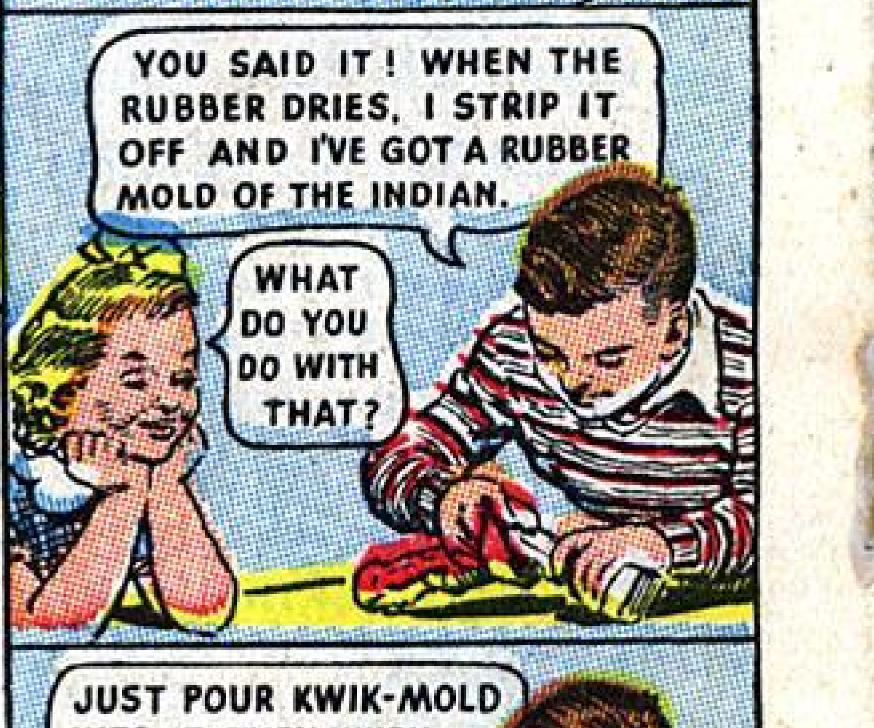
PRESENT THIS CERTIFICATE AT YOUR LOCAL MUSIC STORE

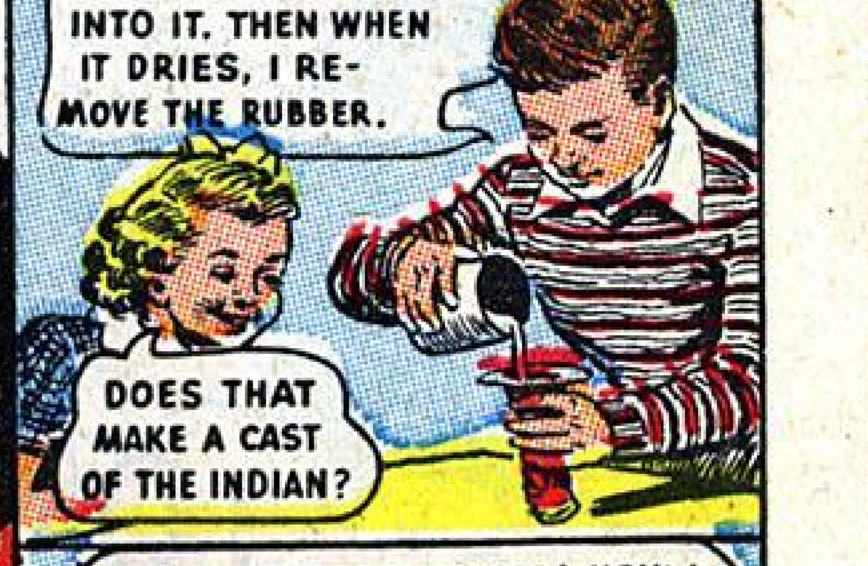

DON'T MISS JUNIOR MISS
STARRING CINDY SMITH
HEY CHICKS! CAST YOUR PEEPERS ON THE NEWEST, BIGGEST, SOLIDEST, KEENEST CONGLOMERATION OF LEADIN' READIN' YOU'VE EVER SEEN!
JUNIOR MISS
ON SALE SOON!
CHOCK FULL OF SCINTILLATING ALL-STAR FEATURES
THE STORY OF JAMES MASON
"DOTTY AND DICK"
STORIES
"JILL'S DIARY"
COMICS
"TEEN-TYPES"
"JINNY"
"FASHION FACTS"
...AND MANY MANY MORE...

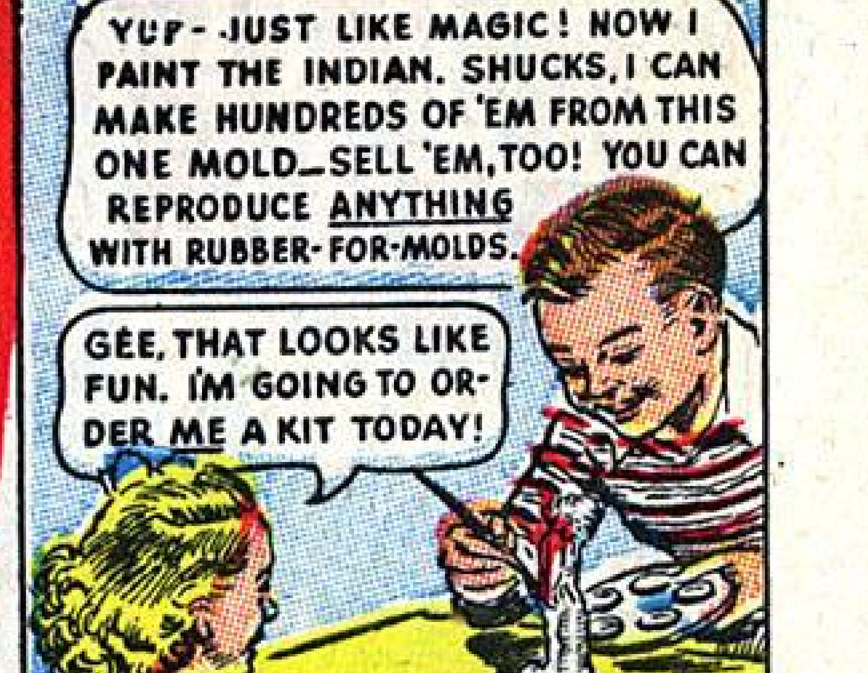
BOYS! GIRLS! *Make Your Own Models* OF DOGS, SOLDIERS—*ANYTHING*—THIS *EASY NEW WAY!*


HOW DID YOU GET SO MANY SUPER INDIAN MODELS?
SIMPLE! RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS SENT ME THEIR COMPLETE MODELING KIT WITH EVERYTHING IN IT I NEEDED, SO....


.... I JUST PAINT THE INDIAN MODEL IN THE KIT WITH LIQUID RUBBER LIKE THIS!
LOOKS EASY!


YOU SAID IT! WHEN THE RUBBER DRIES, I STRIP IT OFF AND I'VE GOT A RUBBER MOLD OF THE INDIAN.
WHAT DO YOU DO WITH THAT?


JUST POUR KWIK-MOLD INTO IT, THEN WHEN IT DRIES, I REMOVE THE RUBBER.
DOES THAT MAKE A CAST OF THE INDIAN?


YUP - JUST LIKE MAGIC! NOW I PAINT THE INDIAN. SHUCKS, I CAN MAKE HUNDREDS OF 'EM FROM THIS ONE MOLD—SELL 'EM, TOO! YOU CAN REPRODUCE ANYTHING WITH RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS.
GEE, THAT LOOKS LIKE FUN. I'M GOING TO ORDER ME A KIT TODAY!

COMPLETE KIT CONTAINS EVERYTHING YOU NEED—FUN TO DO—EARN MONEY AT THE SAME TIME

Here's more fun and excitement than you've ever known before! This amazing Rubber-for-Molds complete Modeling Kit contains everything you need to reproduce statuettes, plaques or any other models quickly, easily and at a sensational low cost. Just coat any subject with the liquid rubber in the kit, allow it to dry, strip it off . . . and you have a mold that can be used to make hundreds of castings like original subject. Kit includes Indian warrior model to start you off. Illustrated, easy-to-follow instructions make it simple to make your own models. Start new fascinating hobby—even make it profitable! Order your kit today.

COMPLETE KIT ONLY $1.49

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Use Same Mold Over and Over—Reproduce in Quantity! Loads of Fun, a Great Hobby, You Can Even Start Your Own Business.

SEND NO MONEY

Fill in coupon now to get your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS Kit. Send no money. On arrival, pay postman only $1.49 plus postage for the complete kit of *14 different items*. Then follow the easy instructions. If you don't agree that this is the most exciting little outfit you've ever seen, if you aren't delighted with the wonderful results you get, simply return the unused portion of your kit and your money will be refunded immediately. Don't wait. Start this fascinating hobby, learn how to make extra spending money by mailing coupon right now.

Kit Contains 14 Different Items—Everything You Need! FAMOUS INDIAN WARRIOR MODEL IN BRIGHT COLORS; GENEROUS SUPPLY OF LIQUID RUBBER; KWIK-MOLD MOLDING POWDER; BASE ON WHICH TO MOUNT SUBJECT; SHELLAC FOR FASTENING TO BASE; BRUSH FOR SPREADING RUBBER; EXTRA BRUSH; GAUZE; SANDPAPER; TALCUM FOR DUSTING; TALCUM PAD; SPATULA; PALLETTE OF COLORS TO PAINT MODELS; BOOK OF INSTRUCTIONS.

RUSH THIS COUPON!

RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS, Dept. 54-A7
521 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Illinois

Please send me your complete RUBBER-FOR-MOLDS Modeling Kit for which I will pay postman only $1.49 plus postage. (Send $1.49 with order, we pay postage). If I'm not completely satisfied with this wonderful, new type modeling kit, I will return purchase for full refund.

NAME____________________
(Print Plainly)

ADDRESS____________________

CITY__________ ZONE____ STATE______

LONGER LOOKING JET BLACK COLORED *Hair*

In 7 DAYS....OR MONEY BACK

(or Black—Dk. Brown, Med. Brown, Light Brown)

If You Crave Longer, More Beautiful Hair, Try This Astounding New Hair Dressing That Helps Prevent Brittle Ends From Breaking Off Colors Hair Glossy Jet Black at the Same Time!

Gloriously long, silky-soft and lustrous hair is the dream of every glamorous woman. If your dull, dry, unruly, brittle and breaking-off hair has caused you unhappiness and embarrassment, don't give up hope for longer-looking, beautiful, JET BLACK hair until you've tried this truly miraculous new system. Nora Lee is an amazing new type hair dressing that colors the hair a smooth, lustrous jet black at the same time it grooms! Entirely different from anything else you've tried, this hair dressing has successfully helped women—and men, too,—to find new happiness and confidence that comes from knowing their hair at last looks its best . . . neat, smooth, glossy black. Nora Lee helps soften harsh ends that keep breaking off because of their brittleness, thus keeping hair short and unlovely. Once this breaking off process is retarded, the scalp and hair condition being otherwise normal, HAIR MAY GET LONGER! That's why Nora Lee is so wonderful . . . it not only colors and dresses dull, drab faded hair into smooth, lustrous beauty temporarily . . . but it actually helps your hair and scalp toward a healthier, more normal looking condition. Make this sensational 7-day trial right now. Order your box of Nora Lee and test it for just 7 short days. If, in that time, your hair does not take on new beauty and lustre, does not have a longer appearance, every cent will be refunded! What could be fairer? You have nothing to lose, may gain so much happiness. Mail the coupon now.

2 QUICK, EASY STEPS TO THRILLING LONGER, JET BLACK HAIR BEAUTY

Never worry about tedious fussing or messy preparations with Nora Lee. In just two easy, quick steps, your mirror may show exciting results you never dreamed possible. All you do is rub Nora Lee into your hair and then comb. Before your very eyes your drab, unruly hair will be temporarily transformed into smoother, straighter, longer looking loveliness! Delight in how much easier-to-manage your hair becomes. You have a right to enjoy all the advantages gained from sparkling, lovely hair. Make this easy test and find out if all that your hair needs in order to become more attractive, longer looking is Nora Lee to help prevent dryness, add new lively sheen, and colorful appearance. Take advantage now of this thrilling 7-day trial offer,

Test Nora Lee Today—Just Mail Coupon

Why just dream of having gorgeous, glamorously long hair, sparkling with healthy good looks? Instead, take advantage of this amazing offer and prove to yourself what Nora Lee may do to help your dry, brittle, faded short hair problem. Sleek, colorful, long hair is one of woman's greatest allurements to men, and the envy of all other women. Fill out the trial coupon and mail today. After 7 days you may see hair glory that far excels your fondest hopes and dreams. Be convinced—MAIL THE COUPON NOW!

Send No Money MAIL COUPON TODAY

Don't let bad-looking hair worry you, shame you a minute longer when it is so easy to try to help the condition, perhaps open a whole new life of success and self confidence for yourself. Try Nora Lee. Before you know it, your hair should be so soft and so easy to take care of that you should be able to dress it in all the latest, attractive hair styles that adapt themselves so well to long hair. Order now. Send no money, just the coupon. On arrival pay postman only $1.00 plus federal tax and postage. Then test for seven short days. Your mirror will reveal the thrilling results, and how your friends will admire and exclaim! But, if you aren't delighted with the colorful lustre . . . if you aren't amazed at the ease with which you comb and manage your hair, just return the unused portion of Nora Lee and your money will be refunded in full! So hurry. If you do want lovelier hair . . . mail the coupon right now!

NORA LEE COMPANY, Dept. 580-N
215 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois

7-DAY TRIAL COUPON

NORA LEE COMPANY, Dept. **580-N**
215 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Ill.

I do want longer, more colorful hair. Rush me amazing Nora Lee in the shade checked below. On arrival I will pay postman $1.00 plus tax and postage. If not delighted in 7 days, I may return for full refund.

☐ Jet Black ☐ Black ☐ Dark Brown
☐ Medium Brown ☐ Light Brown

( ) C. O. D. 1 Box—$1.00 plus federal tax and postage.
( ) Cash with order we pay postage.

Name . . . .

Address . . . .

City . . . . *Zone* . . . . *State* . . . .

GARY WILK
600 W. 183 St. Apt. 4
New York, N. Y. 1003

BE A MOVIE PRODUCER!

TECHNICOLOR COMICSCOPE

IT'S LIKE HAVING YOUR OWN THEATRE!

Oh boy! Just imagine being a big movie magnate and producing your own private shows; projecting your own pictures right on the screen in your own home. The COMICSCOPE will bring your dreams true . . . it's the wonder projector of the times. You can use *photographs, comic strips, cartoons, original drawings, films,* or *small objects* and flash them on the screen in *technicolor.*

$1.98

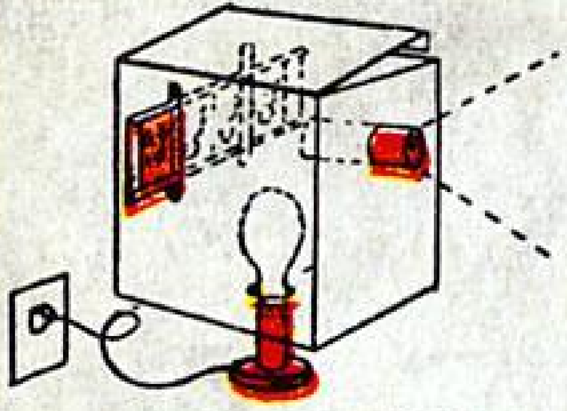
Complete With Cord And Sockets. Plus Postage

NOW A 3-WAY UNIT

- **PICTURE PROJECTOR**
- **FILM PROJECTOR**
- **MOVIE VIEWER**

The COMICSCOPE is a *real projector!* It flashes real pictures on any wall or screen. There is no fuss or bother to operate this new 3-WAY COMICSCOPE. The fine lens is adjustable to size and clearness. Everything is complete when you receive your 3-WAY COMICSCOPE too . . . including extension cord, plug and socket, pictures and screen . . . *The COMICSCOPE operates on AC and DC current.* The whole family will enjoy the COMICSCOPE. Just imagine sitting for an evening and seeing photographs from last summer's vacation flashed on the screen . . . or your own original drawings in a series of pictures compiling a real movie story . . . or comic strips almost living before your very eyes. The 3-WAY COMICSCOPE is *new* . . . it's *entertaining* . . . it's *fun* . . . and we guarantee that any child from 7 to 70 will enjoy using it.

U.S. PAT. NO. 2,301,114



EASY TO USE

The COMICSCOPE comes complete together with extension cord, plug and socket. After inserting an electric bulb into the socket, it is ready for immediate use. FREE pictures and instructions included. Any child can use a COMICSCOPE

PROJECTS and ENLARGES

- PHOTOGRAPHS
- COMIC STRIPS
- SMALL OBJECTS
- LIFE PICTURES
- PICTURES
- CARTOONS
- ORIGINAL DRAWINGS
- FILMS

5 DAYS FREE

Examine and try the COMICSCOPE FREE for 5 days. If at the end of that time you are not satisfied, then you may return it to us and we will refund your $1.98 purchase price.

PROJECTOR SALES CO., Dept. 1712
72 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

PROJECTOR SALES CO., Dept. 1712
72 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

Enclosed find $1.98 plus 11¢ handling and postage costs for my COMICSCOPE. It is understood that I may return it within five days if not satisfied and my money will be refunded.

☐ Send C.O.D. I agree to pay postman $1.98 plus C.O.D. and postage charges.

☐ Enclosed find $2.09 in full payment.

NAME..

ADDRESS..

CITY..................................**ZONE**............**STATE**..................